

POEMS

BY

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DEDICATION

Once more fair Spring unfolds her heavenly face,
And joy and happiness every heart pervade;
Moon with stars renews her divine embrace,
And Nature smiles, with greenest beauty graced.
Nor He blends not His heart with ours, Who made,
For faithless man's delight, each lovely thing,
Bright as His own brightness, of light and shade.
And me doth Spring a bliss sublimer bring,
For in my heart is love, and in my soul sweet Spring.

This Spring is mine and thine and theirs who know
The bliss supreme of unembarrassed love,
That in its even course can give and show
Far other joys that mortals know not of,
Save those whom Muse inspires to woo the grove.
With Spring's return I too return to thee,
For thou art sweet and gentle as a dove;
And I too in thy love as bold could be
As I am now, when other loves are ta'en from me.

When o' the past and present I sometimes think,
What I am now, and what I once had been,
And smell in that mood the past wintry stink,
How sweet "am now" sounds to how sad "had been"!
For thou, sweet friend, hast lifted up the screen,
And showered in my path warm sunshine bright.
Thou showed to me what I had yet not seen,
What time thy hand split the dark thick-spun night,
And thou gav'st light to dark, to sorrow love's delight.

What I had been ! oh, let me think what I
Am now, when, happy in thy love of me,
My heart is no more stifl'd with inward sigh ;
I am myself what I should wish to be,
So loving and so loved, so close to thee,
Two blossoms of the kindred plant that seem
Twin-born, eternal as eternity :—
Such love as might ideal lovers dream
On an embalming night, and catch in morn its beam.

What thoughts, what fears, what hopes had once been mine :
Thoughts and hopes and fears, unfulfilled, unknown ;
Fears that had in them something of divine,
When on this plenteous earth I moved alone,
Nor, though planting, my barren hands had grown
A garden of flowers rich with the voice of Song ;
Nor time was ripe, nor were the seeds yet sown.
I fled from the tumult of the kindred throng,
Alone, apart, and did all to myself belong.

Thoughts like these were mine, such fears and such hopes,
When once in sleep a vision did unfold,—
A vision that comes and as soon elopes,—
That something with a mystery foretold
I knew not what ; yet my weak heart grew bold,
And my soul beheld a new world more fair,
Wherein a dweller I was bound to hold
My stand till death, and unpartaken share
Its sorrows and its joys, and anxious toiling care.

And Beauty ideal and ideal Love,
Earliest comrades of my pilgrimage lone,
From first were mine, with amplest charms to move
My heart to music which was all its own ;
And I a soul descried to music prone,
Which first I poured in thy attentive ear,
Whose breath was with the blending breezes blown ;
This was the voice thy heart leaped up to hear,
Wherein it lay impressed the same from year to year.

On fairest visions I fed my dreaming soul,
And lovely things of divine fairness born,
And pensive passions too fiery to control;
And taught my young pen to paint and adorn
The evening's calm and beauty of the morn;
Yet in my heart and mind there was no calm,
For oft my heart with fretful thoughts was torn,
And pined and craved for some untasted balm
To cure its inward pain with its unfailing charm.

Mine too in Fancy's wide domain to roam
A mad wanderer, and traverse through the field
Of Poesy, with heart fickle as the foam,
And bound like Nature's solitary child,
While voice of song my lonely way beguiled;
Yet love was none, nor the lustre of it shown;
Love of a kindred soul had yet not smiled.
Thick o'er my eyes a heavy veil was thrown,
And my heart sighed and sobbed, until it was withdrawn.

Within my heart there was a blank and void,
Which Love's sweet presence serene did yet not fill,
Whose absence had my holy peace destroyed;
And oft I sobbed and groaned and hoped, and still
Despaired, and trusted to the heavenly will.
Oh, what hot tears I wept, and wailed aloud,
I knew not why,—some want my heart did feel.
Fretful as a child in its new-wrapped shroud,
I was wandering through sunshine like a lonely cloud.

Till thou, sweet friend, with thy spring-sweetness came,
And poured it in my wintry cup, and thou
And I became one person and one name;
As e'en this hour serene can show me now
That thou the same mark bearest on thy brow
Of that spontaneous love which thou didst first
Bring to my heart, when cares had laid it low,
To glut with thy gift its long-lurking thirst
For love and happiness, when with drear sorrow curst.

This was of my life the springliest spring,
Full woven with all flowers by a hand of might;
When thou with thy love sudden bliss didst bring,
And I had amplest of my heart's delight,
And my sad soul ceased with itself to fight.
How from a heavenly dream I once awoke,
One serenest morn of a dreariest night,
That cleared from my sight the long mist of smoke,
And open'd out the light of love, when my slumber broke.

Oh, how angelic was that love supreme,
Love long felt at heart, yet not breathed in word,
That well had been a dreaming poet's theme,
Till I could know wherefore thy blood so stirred!
I thence full-falling on thy bosom heard
The mystic working of heart's inmost core,
Whose meaning had thy lips so long deferred.
Then did thy heart in mine its secret pour,
And I a sharp arrow felt, never felt before.

Therefore, since love profound and bliss have been
The noblest portion of our life so blest,
Where Sun shines bright and leaves no cloud between,
Take thou this book of Song, and keep it prest,
Since thou and I are one, to thy sweet breast,
That thee the keeping it may keep the same,
(A sure relief when thou art sore opprest)
And thou and I for ever be one name,
And all my joys and sorrows thine, my fame thy fame!

Therefore, friend more dear than the coming child
To its expectant mother, or sudden rain
To starving soil that smiles, as first thou smiled
On my cold heart, and cleaved its inward pain,
Take thou these songs, though of a feeble strain,
And though their infant tone be far from pure,
For their voice once hushed will not speak again.
O therefore take, and pray they may endure
Beyond the grave, that I may of their fate be sure.

Would I could give for thy dear sake yet more,
That thou may'st prize thy first-and-last-made choice,
And mine in thy own heart more music pour,
And in its core the echo of my voice,
That thou mayst hear it, and thy soul rejoice!
Drink we from cup of love, O yet more drink,
So that when my immortal soul doth poise
Between the unseen world's and this world's brink,
The voice that once thou heardst may in thy heart yet ring.

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SONNETS (*cont.*):—

POEMS



TO MY ONLY BELOVED

I

O LOVE that art, and art to be,
O love whose breath is in my breath,
And even in the breath of death,
Breathe but for me, and live in me:

I love but thee—but thee adore;
And more thou canst not take from me;
For all is given unto thee,
None but thy God can love thee more.

The worship of my heart and soul
To thee I pledged with Love's own troth;
My heart is boiling like the broth,
And all my thoughts for ever roll

To one sweet thought—the thought of thee.
My thoughts are waves, thy heart the shore,
Whereon they break for evermore
With Love's sweet, silent agony.

Thou with thy love hast filled the blank
In the fragrant garden of Love,
Wherein we stand and lift above
Our hearts in mutual prayer and thank.

I knew not yet what thou didst mean,
Although my eyes looked love on thee ;
I knew not yet if thou on me
Smiled with the smiles of love serene,

Till there, from thy unlying tongue,
Fell on my ears, "I love thee, love !
And all my inner passions move
To thee alone ; Love hath unstrung

His piercing bow within my heart,
And loosed my very soul to thine,
With therein something of divine,
That cannot wither, cannot part."

III

Thus spake thy love, and filled my soul
With fragrance of a fadeless rose ;
And as the sun his splendour throws
On things he loves, not part, but whole,

So thou, my sun, with radiant beams
Purged off my soul with thy own light,
And woke it to some pure delight,
Which even at this moment seems

Some joy I could not hope to find,
Some dream the dreamer only dreams,
And finds not, as in sleep it seems,
Whose only home is heart and mind,—

Some heaven of heav'ns, some paradise,
Which I, unworthy there to live,
Could hope and dare not to achieve,
More fit for spirits of the skies.

IV

Ah me ! 'tis the excess of love
That makes its joy too much for me ;
Makes myself too little for thee,
And thee too much for me to love.

I know, and thou too knowest it,
That love can never dry or fade,
Nor hatred cloud it with its shade,
If soul have aught to do with it.

The love to which soul puts its flame
In mute abhorrence of the flesh ;
The love which counts as naught but trash
The love which, born of flesh, brings shame,

Hath sure in it the touch of God,
The seraph's word, the angel's heart,
Unbitten by a pain or smart,
To faith and faithfulness betrothed.

V

And if the light of this pure love
Clothe in its radiance undefiled
Thy soul and mine, and like the child,
Borrowing its breath from heav'ns above,

Keep thee and me for ever pure
In sameness of the heart and soul,
In union of the whole with whole,
And ever of each other sure,

What boon there were on mortal earth,
Oh, what boon more heavenly than this,
What purer joy, what mightier bliss,
What happier way to death from birth

That we should crave?—if both were one,
And soul with soul, hand clasped in hand,
Together on Love's Parnassus stand,
Eternal as the lasting sun.

VI

Of that sweet night it is the morn,
That lovely April night of spring,
When, conscious of the hidden thing
With whose hiding my heart was torn,

My heart, by might of Love subdued,
Too weak its passions to restrain,
And too bold longer to refrain,
In broken accents harsh and rude

Poured out its tale within thy heart,
And startled it with words most strange,
And thou didst glance for glance exchange,
Full looking up "No more to part!"

"No more to part," my heart replied,
"For ever one in death and life,
Both one through life's most weary strife,"
And oh, I found thee by my side.

VII

It was the time of full-blown spring,
When love, as equally full-blown,
Afraid lest it be overgrown,
And, like an over-nurtured thing,

Be killed by food it fed upon,
Passed down its stream within thy heart,
Wherefrom it nowhere could depart,
Though life itself were dead and gone.

Let that spring which hath given birth
To this our spring-like love supreme,
Mellow with every hallowed dream
Our mutual lot on mortal earth;

And may the wintry footsteps cold
Not ever cross our blissful way,
Which spring keeps fresh from day to day
With leaves of love bedecked with gold;

Nor clouds of hate may come between,
Our love to darken with their gloom;
But let that love for ever bloom
Like one eternal sunshine green.

Though all leaves and flow'rs faded be,
And things of Nature born, be gone,
Our love for ever shall flow on
Like one vast and eternal sea.

VIII

When I, with more than kingly pride,
Crowned thee with more than royal crown
Of Love, over thy ringlets brown,
With joy I found thee by my side.

Then keep me ever by thy side,
Full fragrant with the breath of love,
Which death itself cannot remove,
Unconscious conqueror of my pride!

From thee, O love, I will not stray;
My thoughts for thee will wander far,
As moon's thoughts wander for her star:
My love will keep no holiday.

Then be for ever what thou art,
Nor change, nor hate, nor coldness know;
And I am thine, be weal or woe,
Loving and living in thy heart.

LONDON, *April 27th*, 1902.

THE PROMISE OF LIFE

This unto thee, since thou the task ordained,
Beloved! I with many a hope commend!
Since but for thee I might have else refrained,
It is but fit for thee that thou shouldst lend
Thine ears to my song, though it be not meet
To tempt them with its voice, or charm thy soul.
Yet, beloved! so gentle and so sweet,
Since the whole of mine hath mingled with thy whole,
Let Love, which bound us twain in one, and shed
A new light from Heaven all around our way,

Accept this song with blessings on my head,
Unworthy to survive another day.
I have not made this song to prove again,
Or to infer the warmth and strength of love.
The song I make is of a nobler strain :
Love prompts it, and Heaven inspires from above.

Therefore, O heart of heart, this unto thee,
With faithful pledges of a lasting love,
I offer with a secret ecstasy !
And if the thoughts therein thy soul can move
To something nobler than the common aims
Of common hearts, and higher raise thy mind,
I then might buy what Love but justly claims,
And leave a treasure in thy heart behind.

The promise given by thy lips and mine,
The blended promise of a golden life,
Illumined by the light of love divine,
Will yet be fulfilled in the future wife.
That promise sweet was sealed up in the kiss
When lips with lips their mute conference held,
Speaking joy, and portending future bliss.
Thy vow, " I will be true," my doubts dispelled,
Which like a mountain pressed against my heart,
And buried it beneath its awful force,
Which thou for good removed, " I will not part."
Our love, which sprang from the soul's intercourse,
And not from the desire of flesh for flesh,
Will shine like a star of eternal light,
And behind will leave nothing to abash
Thy soul or mine, but keep them ever bright
In its own radiance clothed. And Hope will tear,
Hope born of Love, which born for ever is,
The thickest veil of gloomiest despair,
And dream and feed upon the dawning bliss.

What, then, should a huge and tremendous world
Of dark-miened jealousy and scorn and hate
With all their bitter blows be 'gainst us hurled ?
These hostilities never can create
A change in us ; for ever still the same,
For ever and for ever, uninjured we

Will stand the war, glorying in the fame
Of faithful love, and care not what it be !
Where lesser and less certain hearts might yield
To the might of such crushing cannonade,
We shall, hand in hand, in the hostile field
Unshaken stand, cover'd 'neath the glorious shade
Of love ! Of love the loveless knows not aught,
Whose heart, imbued with vulgar thoughts, believes
That love is such a thing as could be bought
By gold or the glamour of luxuries.
The love that made my soul leap up to thine
Felt its own strength a thousandfold more sure
When thy sweet soul responded unto mine,
And shed its smiles benign for evermore.
The golden promise with its hidden sense,
Which I, first gazing in thy honest eyes,
Read in their silence speaking eloquence,
Love will maintain in its own paradise,
And keep for ever fresh and green like spring.
Thence are we free : let, then, betide what will,
Come hate or spite, or slander's thundering,
Love gave the promise, and Love keeps it still.

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER

Now sets the sun with a long farewell sigh
To breathe light and heat on the God-bless'd Land,
Where one, that seems so far and yet so nigh,
Lives for aye, and bestrides the golden sand ;
And bends with benediction down from high,
O'er my oblivious eyes, her blessing hand.

So guards the dear watch-hand from night to night,
Though the hand I see not by dark or light,
Save what the suns that set and suns that rise
On the azure and the horizon skies
Show of the image to my wandering eyes—
Show what doth to my soul seem fair and bright.

Lo ! the evening heavens hang over the earth,
And the deep skies embrace the ocean's breast
With one word only on their golden crest,
One word only in fading grandeur drest,
For despair that sees not aught beyond death,
That death is gateway to a higher birth.

Behold ! the sun sinks in his western cave,
And slowly dies away the sobbing wave,
And hushed is its music in its ocean-grave.
Aye, even so declines the burning sun
Of life, to God predestined to return,
When by the soul advised the earth to spurn.

Life is death, not death, death's life ; death will live
When all that lives is dead. And who would live
And not die, since to live is but to grieve ?
And who would grieve at death, since death is life,
Where all things with love infinite are rife—
Where live no more nor pain nor grief nor strife ?

And must I live and grieve, from me to miss
Thee, mother ? dearest pledge of all my bliss !
The star whose womb was fraught with Heaven's own light,
Uneclipsed through each light-eclipsing night.
That now for all time thou hast crost the bar,
Now like a god thou watchest from afar ?

If grief be pure that grieves from inmost heart
For one, once so nigh, now for e'er apart,
Take to thy heart the offering of that grief,
This sad offering of all my griefs the chief !
And let thy face the morrow-rising sun
Beam forth, that doth across my vision run.

Nor is my grief not pure that grieves from heart
Of hearts, so thick with inward tears convuls'd.
For whom there's now no ceasing of the pulse,
Deny not this requiem, which is a part
Of my soul, that like star-abandoned sky,
So tries to find thee near, yet finds not nigh.

If tears be the measure of that large grief
That, like love's hot fire, where it burns, consumes,

Take this moisten'd wreath to thy sacred tomb,
This filial tear-embalm'd wreath, and give relief!
Of the white garland is suffused each leaf
With tears, as the shore with the wailing foam.

There with the parting sun, thy parted son
Low prays to send this fadeless memory's wreath;
Take, and with the morn's messenger return
A word of thanks. Let his first-risen ray
Show what is never shown by night or day,
That I may hold my peace thy smile beneath.

Not shown by night, because the moon is hid!
Oh, I am blind! beyond, afar, I see
In one peculiar star that opes its lid,
While all its sisters might in slumber be,
Thy face God in His Spirit doth transform,
Which fills my eyes and makes my bosom warm.

Not seldom on many a starless night,
Have I seen in Heaven one lingering light,
Pure and transcendent 'mong the starry crowd,
Beckoning through the uneclipsing cloud,
Like an eye peeping from th' ethereal shroud,
Impressed with thy face for my heart's delight.

I have seen the face of the sun-bathed morn,
And oft have I beheld Heaven's eldest child,
What time he hath with love paternal smiled;
And I have seen with eyes, with raptures wild,
Upon his shoulders hung thy face full-born,
Which God in His own splendour doth adorn!

I have seen thy light, mother! I have seen
What other eyes have not; and it hath been
To me a saviour who could intervene
For those dark sins which taint this life of mine;
Nay more—a comfort, and a guide divine,
My second god that on my soul doth shine.

Thee have I built a temple in my heart,
Where kneels my weeping soul, and hourly prays

To invoke thy aid in all its winding ways
Through the earth's tour, that calms awhile the smart,
Which like a worm must cling through lifelong days ;
For when I wake, O woe ! thou art apart.

Alas, woe still is me ! though Spring is come,
And smiles benediction around thy tomb,
Joy returns not with the returning Spring.
Thence, my mother ! thence waft me on thy wing,
And find my soul, which e'er to thee shall cling,
A peaceful home in thy empyreal Home !

How shine the sun.and moon ! but not for me,
O not for me ! O never, never more !
Whom joy joys not, but grief eternal feeds,
Nor fame delights, wrought of immortal deeds ;
For thou, mother, art driven from this shore,
And borne to the sea of Eternity.

To me nor joy remains, nor aught of bliss,
Me, thy poor son of misery and woe !
Whom death, though oft invoked, remains a foe,
Save that I bend at th' inner altar low,
And weep, and pray, and thy dear image kiss,
Rejoicing in the momentary bliss.

Me no more the sweet forest-songs delight,
No more for me the hills their beauty wear,
For me there is one dark, eternal night ;
To me seems not the dewy morning fair,
Who night and morn with unfatiguing eyes
Stare at one face in the consoling skies.

Who grieves can joy not, though of joy be left
In grief's absent hours a portion immense,
Of whose life's whole bliss Time hath made a theft.
There are who grieve, and yet through grief can joy ;
Not I whose grief is of a higher sense—
The man hath keenlier sorrows than the boy.

In my hand thy once living face I see,
With speech alit upon that silent lip.

O that a moment thou couldst speak to me,
And my long sorrow-drownéd heart could sip
The lucid cup, and lips with lips could meet,
That my soul would not its old plaints repeat!

O for an immortal art, that could invest
Thy mute image with new-blossoming life,
And make thee breathe again at my behest;
That I might feel no more the killing strife
That wages in my heart and curses earth,
And buried hopes might have a second birth!

O fond desire, of fond delusion born!
Nature doth not mend what herself hath torn.
Now thou art fled, never more to return,
Eternal woe to thy sorrowing son.
But three years with me—O mysterious haste,
That snatched from me the flower that was no waste!

Father of all that lives, and all that dies!
Father of all things that will be and are!
Father of mortal earth, and immortal skies,
Why was I not taken for that ill-spared star?
I was then a child, not to sin addict,
And had thence for Heaven been an inmate fit.

Father of brightest grace and love! forgive
That my unhallowed tongue should give it leave
To ask the doing of what by Thee is done!
Why a star dies not for the greater sun?
If wrong, pardon. I dare not question now,
But humbly to Thy mightier will must bow.

Mother! that thou couldst speak once more with me!
O for thy smiles, serene and sweet and mild!
O for thy kiss, that I, thy wretched child,
May see thy face, and cease to mourn for thee!
Fond idle wish of fond bliss-dreaming heart,
Nature restores not what her own hands part.

If thou didst know thy soul for Heaven was bound,
Why didst thou fly away single and alone,

Leaving me behind to feel the present wound
Of double singleness? With flowers unstrewn
Before me lies my sad and cheerless way,
That grovels in the night and finds no day.

Wherefore unto me was left the dark morn
Of the dark night that found for thee a tomb?
Why did I not fly with thee, yet unborn,
Happy and unconscious i' my inner home?
That at this hour my heart had not been torn
With speechless longings in thy arms to come!

Fly away, fly away, unhappy thought!
Why shouldst thou weep o'er my unmothered lot,
Since now, no more perturbed by worldly stir,
Happy she revels in that sphere afar?
Bemoan not death, but life. 'Tis sin to blot
The memory sacred to a vanished star.

Quench thy burning fount, sad soul! weep no more,
And taint not with tears thy untainted core:
Let this sad, sweet page consecrated be
To her who hath passed to eternity;
And pause to think what thou at last shalt be
When death will unto thee the lost restore.

Forgive! my tongue those virtues cannot sing,
That shone around thy heart, a moonlike ring,
Thick as the stars that sow the summer skies,
Which was thy own man's pride, all men's surprise.
Yet why? thou art thyself above such thing
As fame for the wide world's wide-gazing eyes.

Thou hast no cause for tears, no cause to grieve,
Who art past for ever earth's grief and joy.
I have alone grief, all in all, who live;
Thou hast thy bliss that earth cannot alloy.
Seraphs sing thy virtues, song's worthier sires,
And proclaim thy name on immortal lyres.

For me, sweet spirit, pray and intercede,
That every thought I think and every deed
I do may prove me worthy of thy womb,
And bear me at last to a Heaven-fit tomb;

So pray and ask what I cannot implore,
And send me hopes that I may cry no more.

God-wedded mother ! so ask of God, and pray
That far from me be night, and nigh the day !
Plead for me, mother, in a solemn strain,
That I may not my life count void and vain,
And from my path ordained walk not astray,
And, if apart, may be restored again.

Plead and pray when comes the solemn hour last,
With inward peace I may behind me cast
A look of holy joy and comfort true,
That my soul need no more atone or rue,
But meet thee there, and from the day not part,
And perfect peace pervade my aching heart.

O for the day of days when I shall stand
By thy own side, hand clasped in welcome hand,
Lip to sacred lip, heart to blessing heart,
And eye to eye, with love's reciprocal dart,
In eternal union, and thence not part,
And dwell with thee in that immortal Land !

Till then, farewell ! ah, more delicious far
To die than bid adieu ! but yet farewell,
Till death breaks at last the unbroken spell !
No more what thou wert ; an elysian star,
Thou far'st in all things with thy God so well,
For Heavens do not white chastity debar.

No more of earth retained : a glorious change.
Thou hast no more to traverse through the range
Of Death ; thou art amidst the suns that rise
And never set, secure of earthly strife,
Now a dweller in the eternal skies,
Thou hast Heav'n thy meed for a guiltless life.

Heav'n is thine ; to me still remains the earth,
The double earth of rose interwove with thorn ;
Until like thee again, in God re-born,
And blest at thy dear feet with kindred birth,
I see the face of the eternal morn,
Where Life, born of death, scorns and laughs at Death.

January 1901.

INVOCATION TO THE IDEAL POETESS

O SING, while yet the sun talks with the sea,
And shepherds hear the soothing voice of bird,
Sing, Ideal Poetess! for thine should be
To me the loudest heard.

Sing, sing while yet the sun talks with the sea,
And lighten with thy song my day of care,
Lest, left unsoothed and grieved, should come to me
The night of dark despair.

Pour heavenly balm o'er th' ocean of despair;
Let not the soul its inward peace destroy;
And pour the cataracts (for many are there)
Of rapture and of joy.

Thou who hast heard that voice that skylark-like
Flung from its throat thrilling notes divine,
Ere comes in the after-sunset dark, strike
More thrilling notes of thine.

I too have heard that voice, that made divine
Through thirty summers on earth, did sing to thee;
But now I long to hear thy voice, for thine
Diviner ought to be.

O thou who art wreathed with ethereal vine,
Let me behold thy God-resembling face,
Me, thy suppliant, who kneel before thy shrine
In worship of thy grace.

I've made the vow too sacred unto me,
And unto thee too deep, too sure, to lie,
That I with faith would consecrate to thee
My life, until I die.

And I have kept the vow; keep thou thine own,
Thy solemn vow that thou wouldst ever come,
When sought, and have that path with flowers bestrewn
Where all my fancies roam.

And I invoke thee now, Unseen ! come then,
At this divinest hour of hours divine,
The sweet and silent hour of the setting sun,
The dear hour which is thine.

Come, O mother-minstrel ! come thou to me,
With thy amplest lore of ethereal song,
And cheer with thy melody the sobbing sea,
And here stay with me long.

Like the long-sleeping, long-expected moon
That makes of night a day more sweet than day,
Fly at this hour with thy immortal boon,
Nor walk thou hence astray.

And make the night a day of merry song,
And the midnight a noon of happy thought;
And with the passions of the singing throng
Let my own soul be fraught.

If spirit in spirit like flowery folds
Mingle and be one and breathe the same thought;
If earthly with divine communion holds,
With hidden secrets wrought;

If a mortal with an immortal soul
Grow one in love (have I not grown in thee?),
And to this love be needed no control,
Come thou, come thou to me.

To these deep appeals shouldst thou fain respond,
And by my cries should thy sweet heart be stirred,
Come with the music of the world beyond,
Which thy Shelley's ears heard.

Have I not seen thee soul to soul, divine?
When thou art wide awake, when have I slept?
Has not my spirit blended into thine,
In vast communion rapt?

Thee I invoke, when by the sea I stand,
Singing of heavenly joys or earthly woes,
What time a spring of songs thy bounteous hand
Like manna from heav'n pours.

Save those who, fired with love of mystic song,
Converse with thee, and do thy soul adore:
Save these, the secrets which to thee belong,
Who ever can explore?

And if of these few blest, O blessed fate!
Am I, fond desire of a fondled breast,
To thee I dedicate, I consecrate
My life, though sore opprest.

Didst thou, of poets divinest as thou art,
Hearken to my song, with trembling weakness sung,
Then would I deaden and shut out my heart
To praise of mortal tongue.

Didst thou list to my transient voice of earth,
Perchance one moment's cry, I were most blest,
With pride richer than the pride which birth
Hath pampered in its breast.

But oh! without thy voice, voice have I none,
No sound but for a moment to endure;
Without thy wings to waft me on and on
To heavens not seen before,

Of thy sweet heaven of heavens how can I sing,
Till thou give tunes wherewith to raise a note,
And choicest airs like a bewildering thing
Burst from thy God-tuned throat!

Then sing, while yet the sun talks with the sea,
And shepherds hear the soothing voice of bird,
O Ideal Poetess! for thine should be
To me the loudest heard.

January 4th, 1902.

ENGLAND'S GLORY AND IMMORTALITY

THOU mighty Mother of earth's mightiest sons!
England, from whom no true fame-seeker turns
With unrewarded toil and worth unprized,
Nor Genius sinks neglected and despised;

Thou earthly heaven of never-setting sun,
Where disappointed hopes with hope return
To seek and gain what did they elsewhere seek
But found not; where the great remain not weak.
Thou sea-girt Empire of an illustrious race,
In whom all thy great sister-empires trace
All that makes a nation great and sublime,
Orbed with glorious light, not disorb'd by Time!
Thou great Recorder of immortal deeds,
Wrought by thy own of pure unwithering seeds!
Thee with thy faults (what nation hath not faults!),
Each day each deed of high renown exalts
Higher and higher, of highest glory born,
That uneffaced from age to age adorn
Thy world-mouthed name, not fearing, yet much feared,
A name to the ruling and ruled endear'd.

Thou that didst give the world that mind of minds,
Heaven-high Shakespeare, whose sunlike glory binds
A wreath of eternal fame around thy heart,
And many more who glorified each art
With help of mind, strong as the suns that rise,
Whose deeds have earned thee world's fame and surprise;
Or power of hand that learnt and taught to shield
Thy ocean-shielded shore that will not yield.
Thou holder of many an immortal tomb
Of thine own sons from thy own flowering womb!
Thou nurse of many a mighty-rearéd soul,
Whose name and voice resound from pole to pole!
Glory-pregnant land on whose fertile sod,
There once, as of a human goddess, trod
Victoria's godlike feet, queenliest Queen,
Whose name an echo in our hearts hath been,
On whom suns set not, but eternal rise,
Live in thy freedom free, all fears despise.
Thee with its waves the ocean will defend
Against each foreign foul designing hand;
For thee the seraphs and the gods will fight,
And heavens pour their inextinguishable light.
The ocean that girds thee may once run dry,
But *thy* name and fame shall not fade or die,

From isle to isle, land to land, sea to sea
Reverberate ! Yet more thou canst not be.
Great art-and-arm-renown'd Land, of queens the Queen,
Thou wilt be ever great as thou hast been !

1900.

FAIRIES AND THE IDEAL

WHAT voices these that solemnly awake
Ethereal sounds? What attitudes are these,
Beatific Forms, that ever floating make
Their dance with music whose deep tones increase,
And o'erflow my astounded ears and brain?
Ah ! fain would I rehearse
These sounds methought were of celestial strain

The voices and the forms I heard and saw
Sounded not nor seemed as of earth that groan,
Such forms as inspired everlasting awe.
Earth blushed, nor traced the image of her own
In those faces of heavenly life and light,
Which like the moonbeams thrown
O'er the world, smiled and sparkled with delight.

Not so sang the nightingale, when love-beguiled,
She wept herself in a melancholy bird !
Not half so fair, when first great Phœbus smiled
And hover'd o'er Chaos, and Adam's ears heard
The melodies of all harmonious orbs !
Not so divine the child,
When with the breath of life its bosom throbs.

Inhabitants of air or sea or sky,
Who are the sunshine and the joy of life ;
Our sun and moon, when clouds are floating by,
Whose hearts are stabbed not by Death's piercing knife,
Make all the places on this earth of woe
With your sweet presence rife,
That man may higher blisses feel and know.

Or is your dwelling in the sunset skies,
Or coral caves, or in the moonlight throne,
Or in some hidden fairy paradise?
Or on the earth, to mortal eye not shown,
Or mountain cells or some legendary lake,
Whose waters weep nor mourn,
To your music and dancing mirth awake?

Love, the soul of the living universe;
Love, the sweet food of seraphs and of men;
Love, the Life wherein Death shall lose its curse;
Love, which is grace and strong redemption chain,
That binds to God with an unsevering bond
God-severed souls again;
Love, which is on earth and this earth beyond:

Is it this Love, though of unhuman birth,
That makes the business of your life to roam
From your elysium to our woeful earth?
If ye the earth cannot afford a home,
Fly not to Heaven to seek a home above,
But near and nearer come,
And find it in my heart athirst for love!

Fairy-spirits of an ethereal dream!
My soul doth wail and for your voices pine.
O strike your harps and pour the sacred stream,
On my sad soul, of those wild sounds divine
That, methought, in a waking dream I heard!
O that your lot were mine,
Or that my heart were with your passions stirred!

How could a wakeful dreaming soul like mine
Endure the agonies of its earthly bond,
Unless it dreamt of the Ideal Divine,
And sought for food for such a spirit fond,
And brooded o'er beauties unseen yet felt,
Whose dwelling is beyond,
Where heavenly spirits have for ever dwelt.

Dream, wild and restless soul! and make my life
A maze of golden dreams! Oh, let me dream
Of love devouring hate, peace conquering strife,

Of glories that exist but do not seem
Living to mortal eyes. The Unbeheld,
 The one Eternal Beam,
From whom, like living, are not dead withheld!

Life is too short; O dream your life away,
And from the glories of the moon and sun
Catch a vague glimpse of the Remotest Ray,
Th' Eternal King, th' Unconquerable One,
Who takes to His bosom fallen souls again;
 Though they that Spirit shun,
And think ingrate they owe Him not a grain.

This earth, O brethren! this soul-alluring earth
Is the shadow of the unreal that will die.
The real substance of diviner birth
Will have its rising in the sunrise sky,
Or there where far above the sunset home,
 One ever-wakeful Eye
Doth o'er all the earth and all the heavens roam.

July, 1901.

A BALLAD IN REVERENCE OF DEATH

I

The living weep for the dead as flowers that have faded,
As the dead weep for the living as flowers that are to fade.
How oft is God for the dead by blasphemy upbraided
That He should destroy and crush the things His own hand made?
How oft the living murmurs waylay the almighty ears,
How oft blaspheme His name the futile human tears!

Ah! how sweet to the dead, to us how sad, the tears we drop
Over the dear dead souls that will not smile nor see again!

But we know not, fond mortals! that the once faded crop
May revive and breathe again, though we think it in vain;
And breath will surely return where to us seems breathless,
For souls that are born of God are for ever deathless.

III

Who can command and bid thee? thy power who can control,
O sweet and lovely Death, more lovely in thy sweet last sleep?
Or why should we blame thee, Death, when thou dost not spoil the soul?
Thy advent why should we dread, thy conquest why should we weep?
O why should we mourn, if full graciously thou give
More than thou tak'st from us, more than thy hands achieve?

IV

What shall we give thee, Death, for the sweet, immortal gift
Thou on the indebted mortals dost lastingly bestow?
Not to be is not to cease nor die; 'tis but to shift
To a mightier change, freed from sorrow and woe.
For Death with his love of life doth from his womb create
A birth where all is love, and nothing is left for hate.

V

What wilt thou do, O man! to wipe off the gorgeous debt
Thou hast incurred of Death, incurred of his love and grace?
What wilt thou do for him, who frees thee from the 'tangled net
Of gnawing troubles on earth, read on thine eloquent face?
Of Death, who is mine and thine and all's, be not thou the scorner:
For not a soul but dies; not a grave but hath its mourner.

VI

Climbing the hill of life or falling, sometimes devote a thought
To the saviour of all thy woes, from whom thou canst not fly.
When thou by chance beholdest some death-belovèd spot,
Pause but a moment, O man! and think thou hast also to die;
For death, unvanquished of men, is busy everywhere,
Sole bliss beyond all woe, sole bliss beyond despair.

VII

Thou art almighty, O Death ! on earth thou art all supreme !
Thou hast no equal to match, thou hast no rival to meet ;
How happy are they who are crowned with thy life-crowning beam !
O how blissful the soul that sleeps in thy bosom so sweet !
Victor of victors sublime ! conquered by none but by God,
We bow in homage to thee, and honour thy unconquered rod !

December 29th, 1901.

A GLORIOUS NIGHT

A BALLAD

I

I SLEPT a happy night, as glad and careless spirits may,
And in the morn awoke as joyous souls may rise with day ;
I woke in joy, for I, methought, in some sweet dreamland slept,
Wherein forms not of men I saw, to whom my bosom leapt.
I saw unearthly miens that glowed with godlike love and grace,
And light and glory which no human power could efface.
How sighed those angel-hearts that man was so ingrate to man,
And wondering asked if men like angels could not be again !
What love was in those eyes, what virtuous joy on every face !
What consciousness of bliss, and God's unfading love and grace !
What sounds flowed from those lips, on earth nor felt, nor touched, nor heard !
What melodies divine by which my listening soul was stirred !
They lived in mutual love, and on their lips a sunlike smile,
And ere I left that sphere of bliss, I paused and mused awhile.

II

If men could feel as angels feel, and love as angels love,
Heavens themselves would bow to earth, earth ascend to heavens above.
Or could they think what angels think, and do what angels do,
What cause was left for men to mourn, what cause to sin and rue ?

Oh, could the flesh submit to soul, and soul victorious rise,
There were no sin and woe, and men were spirits of the skies!
Could virtue hold her hallowed sway over the human heart,
Men would be more akin to God, nor be from Heaven apart!
What joy, what bliss, if mortals heard the voice of God within,
And no more by the Devil led, they shunned the path of sin!
Like seraphs of my happy dream can men be ever pure?
Or can they like the angels act and of themselves be sure?
O God! can it be that this vision was an earthly dream,
And those were men in dream I saw who did like angels seem?

July, 1899.

THE VANISHED VISION OF LOVE

I

To me it was indeed the happiest of a mortal night,
When all the stars awoke, and wore their uniform of light;
The fair luxurious moon beamed with smiles her uxorious glance
O'er all the things she loved, and over me a sleep of trance;
It was a sleep, when moon is lulled into her midnight dreams,
And all heavens wear and smile a jubilee of starry beams.
From earth I seemed lifted into a starry paradise,
Where angels were at feast, revelling in daintiest delights.
And here I saw and loved and wooed an unbeholden face,
Whose splendour from my mind no earthly beauty can efface.
On me it looked and gazed with love, and gave a smile serene:
It was an angel-woman's face, and whence it could have been!
And ere I could approach and kneel, I back to earth was hurled,
O for the love I left behind in that ideal World!

II

Again I slept on earth, and dreamt of my forbidden joy,
And mourned that even heavenly bliss was not without alloy;
When lo! methought I saw again, as with full-open eyes,
In sunlight glory clad a gentle spirit of the skies.
I heard a voice, and felt the breath of an ethereal kiss,
And never knew nor felt till then such an unmortal bliss.

Ah me! it was the image of my own ideal love,
That on earth never found, in sleep was sent me from above.
I cried aloud in joy, "Sweet love! I love and worship thee;"
And O! she said, "Alas! for thee, I human could not be!"
What sorrow divine tinged my divine love's response!
I wept a woe: "O love! and this is all thy recompense."
But ere my sigh was heard, from me the splendid vision fled,
I woke as from my grave, and thought the living world was dead.
And as the melancholy Endymion, as sad did seem,
And thought it was the nothingness of a fallacious dream.
Where is it now, the glory of that happy dream of night?
I gasp, I sigh, I faint, I weep over a lost delight.
O heavens and earth! where could that vision and that glory be?
O my lost love! alas for a face I'm never to see!
Whither fled the vision? oh, where did the glory depart?
It died, and left me the legacy of a broken heart!

July, 1901.

THE LOVERS

FORTH from his gorgeous palace in the East,
With all the worship of a pious face,
Stepped out in regal pomp the morning Priest
Of heaven, and with his wonted smiling grace,
Invited the earth to th' ethereal feast.
Now mounted high, he soon began to trace
His golden steps on the resplendent arch,
No cloud to war against his glorious march.

And all the earth with living breath now stirred;
Some lone bird chanted in its lonely grove,
While from the depth of vales sweet sounds were heard,
Enamouring the silence that like a dove
O'er the sun-wooing and sun-woo'd nature furred.
This was a time for joy, and innocent love,
To blend its heart with the sun's courting hue,
And melt in the bosom of the morning dew.

Love to which heavenly innocence imparts
A strength and hope that lesser knows not of;

That imageless love that finds not in hearts
A home that have no thirst for higher love,
Was sleeping 'neath the sun's mild-shooting darts,
With joy-swollen breast that now and then did move
With some quick impulse and melodious sense
Of something lodged within that heart, intense.

Beneath an archèd bower at ease was thrown
A tender mould, that earth would soon inter
Within its hollow breast. She mused alone,
The very sunbeams making love to her.
And now she sighed, and now was heard to groan,
Impatient what it was that could defer
The darling steps, to her familiar grown,
Now more dear since their secret she had known.

A maid with dreaming eyes, idealis'd soul
For Shelley's love, capable of divine;
A holy presence sanctified her whole,
And like her own spirit made all things shine.
Such eyes, which in their spheres like stars did roll,
As men, gazing, would straightway thirst and pine
For a visit of one o' those hallowed dreams
That ever flowed in those two sunlike beams.

Each shaper of beauty, with fullest grace,
On every member of that tender frame
Deep set its seal. You looked upon that face,
And asked in wonderment from whence it came.
Earth stood abashed, seeking in vain to trace
In her its stamp; she bore an earthly name,
Yet looked a vision of ethereal mould;
And yet she human was, though angel-souled.

God, is she not the image of Thy own,
When Thy woman, so perfect through each part,
On purest thoughts hath fed her soul and grown,
Ministering angel to the mind and heart;
And like a goddess to men's sight is shown,
Whose heart, to love so sensitive and smart,
Glows with the spark of that immortal Love
Which smiles on earth, and blesses from above?

So stretched at ease, 'neath the full leafy shade,
In silver sleep of love her limbs she threw;
Of her bright locks, in native ringlets made,
The gold was as deep as the sunrise hue.
Of that zigzag hair shone like sun each braid,
As if it only 'midst the sunshine grew,
Of which each several thread, more rich than gold
Men fain would keep, too precious to be sold.

While she lay, half in sleep and half awake,
Undreaming, and dreaming of things unborn
(For dreams of moons to rise do scarce forsake
The joyous soul which is not yet forlorn),
Some steps, eager made by love, were heard to make
Thither their way where, with her limbs full strewn,
Unconscious all of death, the maiden lay
Like a new-born flower of the new-born day.

O'er her he bent, and pressed a fervent kiss
On her sunny lips and half-dreaming eyes ;
Then wept, as if to wail his heavenly bliss.
These words he lifted high, "What if she dies,
And Heaven my love too early would dismiss,—
Though Death could never snap our holy ties?"
That she was Death's he loved her all the more,
And sucked her honey deeper than before.

She felt, and woke ; and thought, how keenly too,
That had she died, that touch would have infused
New life in her dead breath. "Love, is it true,"
She woke, "that hearts in which love hath infused
Its chastest power are ever green and new?
Oh how poor is the heart of love refused!
In my own I feel its delicious breath,
That will survive beyond the tomb and death."

Scarce had the last word from her lips so chaste
Fallen on his ears, when did the lover start,
And, twining his hand round her tender waist,
He pressed her closer to his anxious heart,
That breathed the low complaint, "O Death, why haste
To make my only joy so soon depart?"

He smiled ; as soon from her he wept away,
Cursing in his heart the accursèd day.

She lived to think the earth a summer-bower,
And herself beneath it a summer-bird,
Who, glad and full at heart, poured forth her shower
Of amorous raptures, of her lover heard,
Which did his heart with fresh hopes empower.
And now he sighed, and now his bosom stirred
With ecstasies exquisite and divine ;
But these were joys that did in secret pine.

Awake in love, like an insomnious soul,
She lived each day of this her earthly span.
But oh ! her lover knew her cough did toll
The knell of death : his wakeful eyes could scan
A worm in her bosom that would soon enroll
Her 'mong the dead, never to wake again.
And when her eyes with love's pure radiance shone,
He joyed with her only from her to mourn.

Alas ! there was a canker in the rose,
Feasting on the flesh which it doated on ;
As worm, enamoured of the flow'r that blows,
Dines upon it, till wholly it is torn.
And this the lover saw, and mused morose,
"How could he ever live when she was gone?"
He heard her death-knell in her very breath ;
The hue on her cheeks was the snow of death.

Alas ! how many flow'rs, fairest in the land,
That once adorned the gay and merry hall,
Are blasted by the dark invisible hand
Of fell consumption ? They obey the call.
How many every day dost thou disband,
And from their throne of joys and hopes enthrall,
O ruthless monster ! of those chosen few,
Whom else death would come like the falling dew ?

That she might not read the ominous thought
That writhed for ever both his heart and mind,
He held her to his breast, and smiling, sought
To soothe with kiss the purest of its kind.

How innocent of her short-destined lot,
She loved but him, around his heart entwined,
And thought his arms her only safest nest!
She smiled, and on his ears these words imprest:

" Last night I saw a dream beyond the gloom
Of this our mortal world, so dark and drear;
Methought the vision came to seal my doom,
And free me from this smoky atmosphere,
When, behold! all at once my soul did plume
Its wings, and journeyed to the seventh sphere.
O love, what splendid sights of taintless love,
Methought, I saw in that bright realm above!"

" What else thy soul is fitted to behold?
For love, which is rear'd in a paradise
And, ever green like summer, grows not old,
Is taught in dreams to see with inward eyes
Fair sights of bliss, to others not foretold.
And what beyond the mortal vision lies,
This, this alone, my love, thy soul must see
And find that life a sweet reality.

" What else a soul like thine can see and find,
Unthinking aught save love that cannot die;
What other thoughts could feed thy heavenly mind
Than those that only dwell beyond the sky?
Sweet dreams a soul like thine alone can bind
To scenes so fair, meet for thy holy eye.
Could aught of pain and woe there ever be
For that untainted love thou feel'st for me?"

She smiled; on him with eyes in eyes she hung,
And lips met lips in love's holiest kiss,
That killed the fear wherewith his heart was wrung.
Ye too, ye happy souls, have felt that bliss,
Whose tender hearts, by kindred love unstrung,
Have found love's heaven, where nothing painful is,
Where flesh is consumed by the fire of soul,
Where naught but purity pervades the whole.

Live in that love that cannot die or fall—
That love that forgets hate and self-esteem;

Where virtue holds eternal sway, and all
Is conscious innocence—that love supreme
That ever nor death nor fear can enthrall,
Nor winter quench its hot volcanic steam.
Sweet love from Heaven will visit ye in sleep,
And leave not aught behind to mourn or weep.

Love whose hand made the heavens and universe ;
Love whose touch makes all human all divine ;
Love whose might eclipses Death's vaunting curse ;
Love whose heavenly virtues for ever shine ;
Love whose pity doth hell to Heaven reverse ;
Love whose forgiveness and sweet grace entwine
The faithless erring round the heart of God,
Who sways but with love His almighty rod ;

Even such love smiled on these two, benign,
And lighted them with glory undefiled :
Not love that smiles this hour, the next to pine,
But love that ever smiles where once it smiled,
And kindles the eyes and makes the bosom shine
With taintless radiance of the new-born child.
For thoughts the purest dwell, where yet the hand
Of lust hath not stamped its infamous brand.

He laughed with her ; then suddenly did grow
Fearful, when startled by that ominous cough.
But little did she feel, or dream, or know
The grief that was hid underneath that laugh.
His secret heart told him the mightiest woe
Was soon to come. Soon came the winter rough,
And blasted with his foul and chilly breath
Nature's sweetest child who had enamour'd death.

" Ravenous vulture ! " he cursed, " hast thou indeed
Fixed thy mortal home in that tender breast,
To relish and enjoy thy daily feed
Upon that flesh in pious beauty drest ?
Why not feast upon some inferior breed ?
Why spoil the climax of our love so blest ?
Must thou luxuriate on the richest food ?
Alas ! evil is mine what seems thy good ! "

Then, turning from this ever-present train
Of gnawing thoughts, he smiled with love's delight,
Which did his heart revive awhile again.
But well he knew her bosom felt the might
Of Death, who, counting all attempts as vain,
Waited grimly for his terrible night.
"Death!" he cried, "come not with thy fatal kiss:
Oh, woe is mine in that which seems thy bliss!"

"Sweet soul! when I consider when we two
By death from each other are cast in shade,
Something tells me we'll meet in Heaven anew;
Divine consolation! Yet is my soul inlaid
With doubts that ask whether all this be true,
Or we by fancy are delusive made?"
So spake the maiden to her lover mild,
Then paused, and again like a sinless child:

"That sweet secret emotion that disturbs
My inmost soul, what can it mean or be?
Whose awful might death nor controls nor curbs;
My innermost heart rushes out to thee
As thine to me, like drops that feed the herbs;
My very blood and all that is in me
Is thee-ward drawn by some mysterious force,
Working unwearied in its silent course.

"And can it be that Death will snap the chain
Of this union so blest of heart with heart—
Drift us apart, never to bind again
What with his cruel hand himself doth part?
Are all our sorrows, and all hopes in vain?
There must be some reward for *that* quick smart
That smites the broken heart—some recompense
Of joy eternal that will grieve not thence."

"It must be so, will be, and ever is;
Or why, though suffering, the heart is prone
To secret desires through our mortal bliss,
Which cling to some immortal bliss unknown?
So death will right whatever is amiss.
It is then folly to be weary grown

Of earthly woes, where hope should smile benign—
That very hope that links us with divine.

"Can love like ours be born to die in death,
And wake not anew to its hoped reward?
Death can never chill its immortal breath;
Through death itself that love shall be restored,
When like a vestal light, from 'neath the depth
Of heaven of heavens, where life is ever stored,
New life in blest eternity shall spring,
And all above immortal Love shall sing."

"How sweet thy heavenly words on my ear fall,
Like dewdrops which the thirsting flower revive!
That hope have I, when soul assures that all
Will perish not but e'er through death survive.
This hope disarms of dread the final call;
Hope is my life. How foolish they who strive
And struggle to escape the fatal clasp
Of Death, though sure to yield within his grasp!"

"Enough! talk not of death, but life before,
And seize the present joy as best we can,
Though once this earthly joy will be no more;
Nor presume we yet the unseen to scan.
This is my heaven, that I love and adore
Thy heart and soul to me which appertain;
And so in loving thee, though of the sod,
Do I not love the noblest of its God?"

Oh joy, where each in th' other is insouled!
She knew his heart had slipped within her own;
Nor she forgot how oft her own had told
The same; his kindred soul had made its throne
Within her soul, which was at birth foretold
For ever his. They seemed like twin flowers grown,
And nurtured on a common hope and joy
And mutual bliss which nothing could alloy.

So lived the happy two for months and years,
He praying God with life his love to bless,
And she undreaming of the burning tears
Of which her own love was the authoress;

For nor thought of death nor its ghastly fears
Waylaid her heart, nor did she feel the stress
Of inward workings of the fatal hand
Which was to bear her to the remoter Land.

So passed many a happy and fearful day
In which he lived, to hear the mournful knell
That tolled the passing of his joy away.
She did not live to hear her wedding bell,
For cruel death made wantonly a prey
Of her. It breaks my very heart to tell
Of saddest sighs that, breaking through the night,
Obscured the lone man's path which once was bright.

Alas ! and so it is that ever vain
Are the secret proposals of the heart !
While love takes years to bind in one the twain,
—Oh happy bond that seems not to dispart,—
Comes something in and rends the peaceful chain.
Sweetest joy is trampled by bitterest smart;
And the heaven of innocent love is gone,
Though hope survives of the eternal dawn.

Hope, the pillar whereon success is built;
Hope, the only heaven of lover and friend;
Hope, whose instinctive touch sheds tears o'er guilt;
Hope, whose voice proclaims that nothing shall end;
Hope, the life which restores what death hath spilt;
With hope he cherished, and with hope did tend
The flower, so weak, though strong, so frail, though fair;
For he had hopes where others might despair.

But once too sudden came the hidden hour,
That, like an ever-restless bird, doth roam
From branch to branch and tree to tree, whose power
Invades unencountered each living home,
To uproot from its depth that tender flower.
It came too soon, earlier than feared to come;
But so like an angel soft without pain,
That one, once dead, would wish to die again.

She did not die; she only closed her eyes,
And like an angel slept for evermore,

As if in a love-embalmed paradise,
Wherefrom her soul on him its smiles could pour.
Her smiling face uplifted to the skies,
She spake—Oh, 'twas her last--" Love will restore
Thee unto me. This parting is not vain.
Farewell, sweetheart! we both shall meet again!"

Mourn thou, O Cupid! that thy daughter born
With gifts of face and soul, and rear'd by love,
That never was by dreariest tempests torn,
With something nobler blended from above,
Is dead; she hath fled to that place unknown
Where all must one appointed day remove.
Yet rejoice that human love could be
Chaste as the courtship of the sun with sea.

For tears and sighs and groans no time there was
For the lover struck dumb; he was not free
To curse or question nature's secret laws,
In swoon; nor wail his widowed misery;
Or with the sinful "Why?" demand the cause.
For these there was no time, nor blasphemy,
Perching on the lips in an hour so rude,
When curses through the midst of grief intrude.

From the hour when the only guiding light
Of life was set, and suddenly withdrawn,
Who lifted him to more than earth's delight,
He saw no splendour in the rising dawn;
Saw not the sun, but one eternal night,
All light was dark, the brightest light was gone.
What treasure is buried in a single grave!
The very Death becomes its creeping slave.

He pined in solitude as one forlorn,
But hopeful to find his lost hope retrieved.
He trusted in his heart that there re-born
His love would live again; for he believed
That life would ever father death, though torn
To bone-pieces, and in the earth received;
That life on earth but meant new life beyond,
To which his faithful bosom clung so fond.

This was the mightiest of his faith and trust.
He, written in the silent nature, read
The promise of a hope beyond the dust;
For them he grieved, and tears in secret shed,
Who thought that, dying, ever die they must,
And hoped no life beyond for all the dead;
With pity looked on disbelievers' fate,
And prayed that they might see, nor see too late.

He saw it for himself, and found it true:
He found the blessèd Home. While lingering here
In solitary sorrow, and living too
A living death, himself his sepulchre,
He took his flight, there to awake anew,
Where grief is not, nor its daughter despair.
Behold the Lovers in their heaven above,
Both together woven in the web of Love!

January, 1902.

HYMN TO THE DEAR HILL

To thee, dear birthplace of my first-born thought,
From spirit of whose mountains my spirit caught
An else-unburning fire,
Whose very flames aspire
To highest Heaven of heavens,
That invisible sphere,
Whose holy bosom leavens
With divine atmosphere,
Where naught of earthly hath its birth,
This song of thanks I consecrate,
(Though am I an hour's guest on earth)
With love divine, not to be spoilt by mortal hate.

II

While unadventured in the heavenly art
Of Poesy, although I felt at heart
Its spiritual power,
And thought it was my dower

Upon this earth of woe,
To thee did I resort ;
And I did fonder grow
Of the soul-lifting thought
That nature's the mother of the soul ;
And my unprostituted mind,
Wherein thoughts silently did roll,
In thee such joys as never elsewhere found, did find.

III

Yet free from the pressure of mortal crimes,
Thou didst teach me that Nature intertwines
Best thoughts and hopes sublime,
Surviving through all time,
For him whose heart adores
The semblance of Divine.
She in that bosom pours,
That inwardly doth pine
To see such things as are not seen,
The sea of her immortal love.
First did the mountains intervene
Between my soul and God, though far from me above.

IV

Feeling in thy presence ere-unfelt joys,
I fled afar from selfsame-aged boys,
To dwell among thy hills,
Enraptured by thy rills ;
'Neath some deep-shaded tree,
To see the lisping streams,
The daughters of the sea,
Leaven'd by the golden beams.
O how, yet in my teens, a boy,
In scorn of sports, to jump or run,
I watched with ineffable joy
The surreptitious peepings of the earliest sun.

V

Sunrise æthereal amours with the grass
I eyed, as by some hillock did I pass,
With ecstacy intense,
And with the conscious sense

Of moving, as it were,
In a heaven upon earth,
Where sorrow nor despair
Could ever have its birth .
With happy thoughts I filled my mind,
Watching thy eternal sunset ;
For in thy sunset did I find
Celestial hopes my heart can never yet forget.

VI

Was it in vain that often did I pine,
With joys and intervening hopes divine,
For our mutual greet
For ever new and sweet?
Was it in vain, dear Hill,
That I saw, not in dreams,
The sunset on each rill
And sunrise on thy stream s
Thy grandeurs to the soul impart,
In scorn of mortals' paltry pelf,
A soul, a mightiness to heart,
That with most glorious passions moves and stirs itself.

VII

By thee inspired to thee did I resort
Half of the year, still nurtured in the thought
Of that vast secret love,
By a power from above
For ever fortified—
That love that mortal hate
Hath never yet defied,
Nor yet can uncreate—
That blessed love without a taint,
Lodged in the inner of the soul,
Whose lustre never waxes faint,
Whose touch disarms all hate and sanctifies the whole.

VIII

When first to thee I fled, I had no trust
In love and friendship, them believing dust;
Till from thy streams were sent
That in each other blent,

Strange voices that announced
That soul with soul could join,
And love pure could be found.
And thence in bond divine
My heart jumped to a kindred heart,
And mind communed with kindred mind
Upon thy sister-hill apart,
And found love's happiness, not hoping it to find.

IX

To thee the noblest of my life I owe,
That found'st me so much bliss 'midst so much woe!
To thee, O dearest love,
Inspirèd from above!
Thou essence of the thought
Deep lodged within the mind,
That death can vanquish not,
My heart I ever bind!
Thy mountains did a joy proclaim;
I heard, and fully did rejoice,
That soul through death remains the same,
Nor needs the intervention of a human voice.

X

To thee this song with joys I consecrate,
Sweet birthplace of my love, amidst the hate
Of kindred human souls!
The selfsame passion rolls
In my heart's innermost.
I shall not think on woe,
Though deep in sorrow tost,
For I have learnt to know
That grief can never dwell with thee.
How oft in absence do I thirst
For thee and thine, so dear to me,
Thou first of all my loves, for ever, ever first.

September 8th, 1901.

LIFE AND DEATH

Then pause, O proud man ! and think, what is life?
It is all made of battle and of strife.
It is not a light of a lasting ray,
Meteorlike it gleams and it dies away.
'Tis no glorious length, but a meagre span ;
You walk it but awhile, and you are gone.
'Tis like the match on the box we ignite,
That yields but a short momentary light.
'Tis no certainty, but each moment's doubt,
Brief as the candle which the wind blows out.
'Tis but a beating, a drawing of a breath,
And then it succumbs to the conquering death.
'Tis a vision of a delicious dream,
That flatters while it lasts, and while doth gleam.
'Tis but a journey whose length is prescribed ;
The way is familiar, and needs no guide.
'Tis like a bird that sudden doth prepare
To fly on its wings and vanish in the air.
'Tis like a tree, of which the wintry blast
Makes a wanton prey and a rich repast.
'Tis like a wink or twinkle of an eye,
As short as a tear or brief as a sigh.
'Tis frail and fickle as a flirting maid,
In false, yet enticing, colours arrayed.
'Tis like a bubble that spreads while it flies,
But, overreaching, it bursts and it dies.
'Tis false and uncertain as human love,
Nor firm, nor steady, like the heavens above.
'Tis like the music of some lonely bird,
That sings one moment and no more is heard.
'Tis but a year, a month, a week, a day,
Tied to the earth for a temporary stay.
'Tis but a lie, a falsehood and a cheat,
A dream, a vision, and a sure deceit.
Oh, trust not life : in death it is insured ;
Of all things here, life is the least assured.

And what is Death? is it eternal sleep?
Is it, wormlike, under the sod to creep?

Or be thrust for ever 'neath the eating earth?
Or a sure step to a diviner birth?
Is it to be and then to be no more,
As if we men had never been before?
Is it to be fixed to a final date?
Or a happy gateway to a future state?
Or to retire from this woe-beset world,
And be for ever into nothing hurled?
Or be for ever to the clay consigned?
Or be for ever to a blank resigned?
Nay, nay—'tis something unto new designed,
In a life more pure, more sweet and refined!

VIRTUE'S LAMENT

Of those eternal things which dream unfolds,
And inner vision immortal beholds,
By outward vision unbeheld as yet,
I dreaming lay, although my soul was laid
With huge dismay, when with a loud regret
And such deep sighs, a spirit-voice bewailed,
    As I cannot forget.

As moon into her heaven withdraws her light
While baring to the earth her bosom white;
Or as the sunbeams' transitory peep
Is seen in winter all at once expire;
So did that spirit in a dreaming sleep
Blaze round my eyes with her ethereal fire,
    And fled, impressed so deep.

Yet with that spirit my spirit communed,
Who from its fears my troubled soul immuned.
O that sinning mortals did ever hear,
And listen only to this voice sublime!
Then might be saved many a repentant tear,
By angels reckon'd through Heaven's eternal time,
    And God on earth appear.

"Oft doth my heavenly voice to men proclaim
That through my possession the angel's fame
In heavens is sung; through me and me alone
The glory of the skies survives all change:
In stars and moon my image fair is shown,
That sing my praise through Time's eternal range,
Who know not how to mourn.

"Man oft hath seen the maiden eye of night
By trailing clouds awhile eclipsed of light;
And reasoned thence, that even the divine
Hath its troubles and cares and griefs manifold,
When all at once, through a power which is mine,
He wonders at return of moonbeams bold
And sees them brightly shine.

"Not in heav'ns alone but on earth besides,
Though long abused and fallen, my might resides,
Though oft did mortals see the moon divine
Triumphant pass through all the clouds' assail,
And her through me behold as brightly shine,
My voice, alas! did not with them prevail,
Who now are left to pine.

"From first I dwelt in love, whose golden beam
Stole over Adam's soul in that pious dream,
Which on the morrow of serenest night,
Made him thirst for a kindred of his heart
To share with him in love my pure delight;
He woke, and his eyes met the holy dart
Of Eve with virtue bright.

"Thus the first human's smiled full face to face,
And met their hearts in Virtue's sweet embrace.
They lived like human gods in heaven on earth,
And soul with soul partook love's sinless feast,
Where other desires had not yet their birth.
So they, familiar with the lowest beast,
Enjoyed their sacred mirth.

"How pure those days, O how heavenly serene!
When grief, vice-born, their hallowed joys between

Had stepped not yet with its fatalest blast,
Leaving them untouched in their paradise,
To revel at will in their divine repast.
I kept on them my ever-watchful eyes,
But Oh ! this did not last.

"Thus lived the happy two, happiest on earth,
So long as I had in their bosom birth,
But once, alas ! the voice of Vice, hell-born,
Revenge—inflamed, and in the serpent clothed,
Blew in their ears its demoniac horn,
Which admitted in their hearts, I was loathed
And all my peace was torn.

"And then they fell, as might two angels fall
From highest Paradise of God, where all
Was heav'n before, wrought with immortal bliss.
Oh what a fall it was from what a height !
Anon they hailed in courtship and in kiss
Grim Vice with all its impious delight,
And me did they dismiss.

"I fled to my ethereal home in skies,
With grief at heart, and all the soothing eyes
Of heavens afar rained out their tender tears
Over the mighty loss the earth sustained,
Which is in heaven recorded through all years.
Since then, no more in human hearts retained,
My voice no mortal hears.

"With thousand stories of the mortal cares,
The mighty ocean to the sunrise bears
Its tales of human woes, since I have fled ;
And all the waves with all their piteous moan
Bewail my death on earth, and huge tears shed,
Who from the bosom of the man am thrown,
Which now by Vice is bred.

"Man a portion of higher delight is given.
The longing of the inner man for Heaven

Could yet be kindled by my wakening voice,
Should man forego dark Vice, my subterfuge,
And lawless love, and yet in me rejoice;
Find in my pious arms his sweet refuge,
And make with me his choice.

"Once more to him I cry, 'O man, awake
In me, and this thy earthly hell forsake.
Forsake Vice and its sister Sin, hell-born,
The inward fiend quell—let it depart;
So that thou may'st, when Vice to rags is torn,
The Heav'n of heav'ns achieve, whose holy heart
My bosom doth adorn.'"

So wailed, so paused the sighing symphony,
Brief as a Siren's voice from midnight sea.
I saw the spirit fly the moon across
Into the utmost Elysium, where Love,
Unstung by Vice, bewails not Virtue's loss.
While the spirit regained her home above,
I found me where I was.

September 18th, 1901.

MY LUCY'S LOVE.

How warm and full the bright sun burns!
But warmer is my true love's dart;
How pure and chaste the fair moon shines!
But purer is my true love's heart.

How deep is the heart of the sea!
But deeper is my true love's depth;
How pure is the breath of the skies!
But purer is my true love's breath.

How sweet is the Philomel's note!
But sweeter my love's melody;
How keen is the mother's first joy!
But keener my love's ecstasy.

How true is a message from heaven!
  Not less true is my true love's word,
Breathed sweeter in my listening ear
  Than the music at midnight heard.

How sweet upon the silvery sea
  There lingers the smile of the moon!
The smile of my love on my heart
  Is a sweeter, heavenlier boon.

Swiftlier than the full-wav'd sea,
  Rolls on and runs my warm love's blood;
Nor, rolling an eternal stream,
  It falls like the frail foamy flood.

The fire that burns so hot will die,
  But quenchless is my warm love's flame;
E'en stars have their rise and their set—
  The star of my love shines the same.

The heart of my love is a sky,
  And I on its surface a star,
Which but to its sphere revolves,
  And keeps from its sky not afar.

Lucy! my only heaven on earth!
  Thy heart is my home and my grove,
Wherein I shelter and repose,
  For thy soul wears the rose of love.

DESIRES

O FOR a whisper from the twilight's breath
To strengthen and uphold my trembling soul!
O for a promise from the lips of death,
That it can neither murder nor control
The spark that burns immortally within!
O for a voice from the far voiceless Sphere!
O for a hand to lift up the huge screen,
That I might fly to higher atmosphere,
And sleep over the worldly wakeful woes!
O for a vision of the soul-craved Land,

Where heavenly grace eternally bestows,
With ungrudging and ever-blessing hand,
Immortal grace upon the graceful souls,
Belov'd of God, and to the angels kin ;
Where peace for ever reigns and love controls
The loveless lust and saves the soul within !
O for a touch of that redeeming Love
Whose smile makes the soul laugh with mad delight ;
Whose strength makes it aspire to heavens above,
Whose quenchless radiance pure makes day of night !
O for a glimpse of the Divine Unseen,
Whose breath is the life of the living earth,
Whose mighty love stands Heaven and Hell between,
Whose grace from death evolves a deathless birth !

December 1900.



FREEDOM

THOU who hast unbound the chains from the hands of the slave,
Thou who ever mov'st the young stream and the larger wave,
Thou who alone hast delivered the soul from the grave,—

Thou who hast made all glorious nations of earth all free,
Thou who hast sweetened the bosoms of land and of sea,
Thou who bringest joy and delight, wherever thou be,—

Thou who first didst give to the reasonless birds a voice,
Thou who ennoblest the soul, and mak'st all hearts rejoice,
Thou who from heaven round earth thy sunlike wings dost poise,—

Thou who draw'st to the heart of moon the heart of her star,
Thou who thyself like a star art shining from afar,
Thou who art authoress of all the blisses that are,—

Sweet-souled Freedom ! let children of earth behold thy face,
And let them feel thy breath, since thou hast showered thy grace ;
Shine round the bosom of earth, thy footsteps nor retrace.

'Tis Freedom alone redounds to a nation's glory,
'Tis Freedom whose praise is sung in the poet's story,
'Tis Freedom who has cost us many a battle gory,—

'Tis Freedom who hath made our England what she is now,
'Tis Freedom alone whose smiles England wears on her brow,
'Tis Freedom who makes other nations to England bow.

Lose not, O liberty-crowned England, thy liberty;
Scorn subjection, and be thou ever and ever free,
And let the hands of Freedom protect thy land and sea.

Be in your freedom free, O ye blessed sons of earth!
And let childen have their freedom of innocent mirth,
And wheresoever you tread, let Freedom have her birth!

September 11th, 1901.

CHATTERTON

Now cease to joy, sad heart, and weep once more;
Awhile from all thy glad wanderings turn,
And outpour a tear from thy inmost core
O'er the mortal laid in an immortal urn
Of him whose glorious race hath ceased to run.
Alas, for his bones by the base interred!
The dark deed in the darkest hour was done.
The deed is done; the doer too is dead,
Too, too short in the lap of mighty Mother bred.

Oh, weep thy bitter tears, yet weep once more
For Chatterton, whose eyes the falling tear
Can see not now. What once was life before
Lies dead in the lap of each passing year,
Asleep in a self-wooed yet immortal bier.
Oh, weep for Chatterton long laid so low,
Whose lofty spirit, proud above the fear
Of world, did its thundering trumpet blow
Wherewith the heavens echoed and shook the earth below.

Ill-fated Mother! where wert thou asleep
Upon the hopeless overclouded night,
When his self-cruel hand thy son plunged deep
In the guilty bowl that shut him from the light
Of this fair world and all its objects bright,

In whom he breathed his own sweet breath divine?
Fallen is the king from his imperial height,—
Extinguished is the lamp that 'while did shine
With ethereal splendour at the threshold of thy shrine.

Say, weeping Mother, where wert thou asleep,
When he down his throat th' mortal drop did quaff,
And death's darkening shadow by force did creep
In the sleepless room, and struck his fatal staff
On his heart? Was it worth no more than chaff?
Ill-fated Mother! wherefore didst thou let,
If thou couldst give up some unfavoured dwarf,
Thy choicest-chosen star so soon to set?
Alas, thou couldst not save, when life with death did fret!

Mourn, widowed Mother, who art taught to mourn:
Thy feeling tears are not the tears of knave;
Oh, mourn again for thy neglected son;
And shed a sad tear o'er the earthly grave
Of Chatterton, whose skylark spirit brave
Turned from the world its face with proud disdain,
For it could not endure the meagre slave,
To chant in solitude its inspired strain;
It sleeps i' eternal peace, and laughs our sorrows vain.

Now think no more of the self-warring hour,
When dark was all light to Chatterton's eye:
He hath returned to that eternal Power
Whither all that's living some day must hie.
Thither he is fled and there doth espy
What doubtful confusion could not on earth,
Where a self-sought death he was doomed to die.
But this is past; his soul hath better birth,
And revels now in heavenly joys and solemn mirth.

Chatterton is dead, thy dear son who clung,
Through scorning jealousy and dark despair,
To thee, and faithful on thy bosom hung.
His spirit rose above the earthly care,
But his soul in life's blankest hour did dare
The evil spirit's friendship to invoke,
Who long on him had fixed his ghastly stare.

The chains that tied him to this life he broke :
The fiend came, and dealt thy child his fatal stroke.

Forget we now the unforgetful hour :
'Tis past. Invoke anew th' almighty grace,
That God may His love and forgiveness pour
On his song-lit soul and muse-kindled face,
Crushed in its beauty by the cold embrace
Of an inglorious, self-invited death.
Now Death itself that visage cannot trace,
So clouded thick with cares to death from birth.
Chatterton in Heaven hath awaked ; let sleep the earth.

He is not dead whom mortals deem in death ;
He doth not sleep beneath the rotten sod.
Fled from its dungeon is the deathless breath,
And wakened to the ever-waking God.
The hallowed spot where careless footsteps trod
Ere long hath yielded the immortal spark
Which, unscourged by the mighty penal Rod,
By the shore of Heaven hath driven its bark,
And there found a peaceful home of light without dark.

Thee, Walpole, the great Song-mother will curse,
Who cherished not her son, so lofty-souled :
Thee she hath cursed, and ages shall rehearse
The selfsame curse. Thy name will be enrolled
In catalogue condemned o' eternal scold.
Thy cold, unfeeling heart did think it vain
To prize the priceless gems, more rich than gold,
Which flowed from his stream of pellucid strain :
Thou art mute for ever ; with joy he sings again.

Thou Bristol, on whose memory-cherished soil
Dear dead Chatterton's race was first begun
'Midst brightest hopes, then through bitterest toil,
Art immortal in thy immortal son.
Thy sons he left, but thee he did not spurn,
Poor posthumous child of posthumous fame !
Sing peace to him ; his mighty race is run ;
Peace to Chatterton's ever-glorious name,
Unshamed he hath returned the same from whence he came.

His thirsting lips sucked from his mother's breast;
Ere long the time was ripe, the seeds were sown,
The youthful seeds in golden grandeur drest;
But while the branches were not half yet blown,
The tree, so full of promise fair, was hewn:
The wintry blast hath felled the summer tree,
That grew amidst a soil with flowers bestrewn.
The tree is dead; but in its death will be
A full-grown oak in the light of eternity.

The winter whose breath he invoked in spring,
With heart and soul unfamiliar with crime,
Came sooner yet, and bore upon his wing
A killing frost. Long, long before its time
Choked was the sweet throat that had learnt to chime
Enchanting tunes. Alas! ye were asleep,
Spring and Summer, when 'midst your radiant prime
Dark Winter's gory hand by stealth did creep
Upon his hope-lorn heart, and blew its blast so deep.

It stabbed the heart that, hopeless as the star
That vain pursues proud Cynthia at her feet,
Who from her lover ever flies afar,
Strayed not in flowery paths of life and sweet.
Away, away! let not thy tears repeat
Thy sad son's woes, thy son who did astound
All listening ears with all his sounds so meet
For human hearts; he leaped the earthly bound,
And more than he hoped upon earth in Heaven he found

Love, light and song and everlasting life
In a hidden empyreal region wide,
Where, disburden'd of all his earthly strife,
He doth by his great Mother's right reside
Eternal denizen, and angel-like stride
Its hallowed sand. There, free from envy's trap,
No longer by an audience cold decried,
He sings once more with 'customed fingers sharp
More melodious tunes on his heaven-kindled harp.

For him the pure fountain of my tears flows
Full to the brim, deep from its inward source;

For him alone my sad heart's saddest woes,
For Chatterton, whose soul's harmonious course
One dreary night by self-exerted force
Was checked. Ah, checked was not the awful crime!
Forget it all; the forgiving Hand that pours
Its love and grace, hath full stretched forth in time
Its blessing palm on the dear head we mourn in rhyme!

In words I cannot shape my sad heart's thought:
Recall, Memory, the dear departed name!
One star extinct whose glowing womb was fraught
With a quenchless fire of celestial flame.
Praise, praise to him! let not the tongue of blame
Profane the star, which, from our hands to pluck,
Death came. He plucked, but clothed it not with shame;
One night his poisoned arrow flew, and struck,—
The star hath blazed anew, though ill its mortal luck.

One star selected like a brightest star
Of lucid lips with heavenly songs alit,
Who made from haunt of men his home afar,
And went in solitude alone to greet
His life's sole companion, and there did meet
Her he wooed and sought, loth to retard
From his dear mother's fiery heart and sweet.
He rests in peace, above the world's discard,
And sings to the stars like a more than starlike bard.

The soul of Chatterton was proud and loud
With voice of love sung in immortal song.
His spirit, alien from the common crowd,
Sustained itself upon the cheerful throng
Of inward thoughts, which but to bards belong;
Above its hate, above its vain dispute,
Scarce endured his soul twice ten summers long.
It chanted to itself its lonely lute,
Alas! too short, and in the grip of Death lay mute.

His lips had sipped of song before their prime;
A burning fire was hung around his heart,
That, through all change of death and life and time,
Will quenchless be, though once Death's fatal dart
Quenched the glowing light: his tired soul did start;

It mused, it wept, and slept for evermore.
Without a curse did Chatterton depart;
Deep flew the shaft in his heart's inmost core,
And bore the fragile vessel to the distant shore.

Hopeless and dismal as the wave-lorn shore,
His soul sweet notes through miry ways of life
Did from the inly-flowing fountain pour,
That never was with peace or pleasure rife.
For him the boiling waves of care and strife
Are silent as the sky, who once did rove
In fancies wild. He is pierced by a knife.
The hell of hate is turned to heaven of love;
The soul that wept on earth smiles with love's joy above.

Silent lies that soul of melodious thought;
Silent he who with godlike spirit came.
Cold as the moon lies the heart that was fraught
With God's own fire. Mother! weep o'er the name
That is no more! Oh, weep for very shame,
That thy hands were tied when thy son's were free
To quench within its home the living flame!
Thy son is dead; but his dear name shall be
A star-poet in the sphere of Eternity.

Earth sleeps with kindred earth to wake no more.
Earth long hath lain in the earth's cold embrace,
And lies for ever. From the death-gathered store
Who wakes on earth? The song-illumined face
Behind its departure hath left no trace,
Save of the light which, round that bosom hung
Above all earthly light, did fully grace
His mother's soul, from whom a bard he sprung,
And to the last to her redeeming love had clung.

It was on a dark and opprobious night,
When stars and moon had sunk, as if disorb'd,
That cut for ever was the bough whose might
Was great. The heav'nward-goaling heart that throbb'd
With nobler aims 'midst an ignoble mob
Smote on its wearied breath a deadly blow.
That moonless night the priceless pearl was robb'd,
And the frail earth in hollow earth laid low,
The perished bud doth now with holy incense grow.

Oh, think no more of the soul-clouding night!
Let pass the past! with the new-dawning morn
A brighter sun of more translucent light
Had been from the womb of late darkness born,
And lit with fresher hopes his heart forlorn.
It was too late; Death in the bud did nip
The human flow'r with all his fragrance torn.
He could not sleep; his sorrows were too deep,
Till Death at last relieved, and laid him down to sleep.

Wake no more the memory of the past!
Wake no remembrance of forgotten grief!
Give not misery its food: let it fast,
For misery, like time, is but a thief.
Let this be to our soul the sole relief:
Our Chatterton stands upon a higher ground,
With a pure and an enlightened belief.
Peace, peace to him; his soul doth not confound
With things he hoped in Heaven to find: these he hath found.

Thus immortal with the immortal dead,
'Tis vain, full vain for us on earth to trace
The pillow of dear departed's sacred head:
He hath risen above the world's disgrace.
Less than the living Truth cannot solace
Him who bewails his sad embittered lot,
That he, sin-washed, face to celestial Face,
His soul no more with dark confusions fraught,
Full in Heaven sees that God whom once on earth he sought.

December, 1900.

THE UNIVERSAL HYMN

Hail, Thou Infinite Spirit, ever hail!
Thou that art the Eternity of soul,
And the Soul of eternity, immortal;
Thou chief Nourisher and kind Giver great
Of all things good, Observer of all deeds,
Omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent!
And whether Thou in the fierce days com'st forth
Of winter wild with storm o'er storm hurled down,

When, clouds with clouds and earth with earth at war,
Thou rag'st awful, and dost impress the heart
With Thy majestic awe, with glory joined;
Or in the sweet delightful spring, when full
Thy beauty shines, by beauteous hues adorned,
Thrilling each conscious heart with boundless joy,
When the soul awakes to the glory abroad;
Or in the sun-loved days of summer hot,
When mortals feel the fulness of Thy wrath,
Though even then Thy bounty 's amply seen;
Or in the calmer days of autumn, when
Nature, luxuriant and so kind, spreads forth
A gorgeous banquet for all living things;
Whether in these, or in days more severe,
Thou sway'st o'er the world Thy benignant reign,
Temper it, O Lord, with tenderness and love!
And ah! what are these as they come and go,
Faithful to their seasons fixed, alternate,
But Thy own varied self? But these, alas!
Unnoticed pass by careless man ingrate,
Whose slumbering heart seldom breathes or sings,
In self-advantage lost, a grateful hymn!
Yet Thou, O bounteous Lord, be gracious still
To Thy ungrateful sons. Hail, heavenly Love!
Be bounteous ever! and, blessing, pour
Amply from Thy store of eternal grace
Upon men, Thy last masterpiece of works,
With whom Thou endedst Thy created world,
Brought forth from nothing and a void of dark.
Come, Holy Spirit, come and sanctify
Each foul unhallowed soul, pregnant with sins!
O come, and ever in our hearts reside
Our Umpire, and instruct our erring souls
To hearken to Thy saving voice within,
And follow only its dictates divine,
Our Teacher, our Saviour, our Guide, our Lord!
Teach, O teach us this, and show us withal
The heavenly door that opens to the Life
Of eternal bliss, and immortal love,
The Life of life, the Bliss of bliss, the Love of love!
Where Death and Woe, of all their venom-stings
At once despoiled, show not their ghastly miens.

All that is in the human breast profane,
Or foul, Thou purge off by Thy light divine,
And lead our footsteps, sanctified by Thee,
To Thy sacred Shrine of eternity!
All living souls, awake to join with me
In this one universal song of praise!
Ye chief, ye mortal men who have so long
In daily hum and daily bustle joined,
Now also join fervent in this sacred hymn,
And let your voice be loudest heard, devout,
Or alone, or with the deep-swelling sounds
Of the inspiring organ, sing aloud
With joy, all praise to the immortal Lord!
But first ye who in accents more sublime,
Far better sing His glory infinite,
Than these our feeble strains, lend us your voice,
Ye blessèd souls! ye angels, chosen of God!
Or if that favour ye withhold, or God
Exempt us from His grace—accursèd fate,
Strike at once your hallowed lyres and inspire
Our trembling voice with their celestial flame.
Sing, ye empyreal choir, sing and blend
Your voices with this universal hymn!
Ye planets and ye stars, moving or fixed,
All together sing His praise without end!
Ye constellations too join in this praise,
In a mutual song, in your Milky Way!
Thou spotted Virgin pure, when thou dost shine
Wih borrowed lustre in the night, shoot forth
His praise in thy nocturnal reign benign!
And thou, the light and food of all the world,
At once the father of the heavenly host,
When in the early morn thou peepest forth,
And with new-born refulgence dost illume
The earth, sing Him in thy course, and with joy
On thy first swelling beams convey His praise!
Thou mighty ocean vast, illimitable main,
Whose deep devouring flood hath swallowed up
Thousands of precious half-bloomed human souls,
Who have, for ever mixed up with thy dust,
Beneath thy bosom found their watery graves,
Roar praise to Him in thy eternal course!

Make Thy tremendous waves, echoing our voice,
Or swelling or subsiding, sing His praise,
From their immeasurable, invisible depth !
Let rivers and streams by whose moss-grown verge
Have I so often stood or sat, muse-bound,
With joy beheld their noisy lucid march,
Or high or low, and to the rise and fall
Of whose varying waters have compared
The human lot, support thee in thy song !
Ye mists and fogs, abroad in th' early dawn,
(Before the sun his golden flag unfurls)
That prevailing o'er nature mute, spread forth
O'er mounts and hills, and clothe them up like deep
Delusive phantoms dark, while ye disperse,
Scatter wide His praise, and let the clear brows
Of mountains show on their majestic smiles
Their Maker's praise and everlasting love.
Ye winds that fierce rage, when ye soften down
Into breezes mild, or into zephyrs sweet,
Fan forth His praise ! Ye tall and stately trees,
Let all your leafy arms beat out afresh
Your Maker's praise with tenderness and love !
And ye wild gaping vales and rocks around,
Retain the grateful hum ! Ye roses sweet,
Ye blooming flowers, and odoriferous plants,
Ye buds, when ye shoot forth your tender folds,
Let your fragrant bosoms emit His praise !
His praise, thou chief musician of the woods
And shade, queen of the warbling race, pour forth,
Whom Nature's unthrifty hand doth grace
With strains sublimer than these trembling airs;
Oh, be not mute, but let thy mystic tongue,
So foreign to our ears, at once attune
All thy fervours in thy great Maker's praise.
And with your leader, ye whole tuneful tribe,
Ye feathered band, whose abode is the woods,
Unanimous your grateful voices join,
And simultaneous raise one song of praise !
Nor forget, when, tired of your earthly stay,
To fly up and ascend the empty air,
To convey to the heavens the grateful hymn.
When, mixing with the unprofitable world,

Forgetful, I am silent to His praise,
Awake, O ye singing birds, and ye woods,
And forests, mountains, hills and rocks and vales,
Oceans, rivers, streams and rills, ye all awake
My dormant soul, strike on my heart, and teach
My ungrateful tongue to renew His praise.

What then, should ill-fate convey or drag me
To the utmost corner of the world, forlorn,
Where no human beauty is seen to bloom,
Or human faces smile, or brooks and streams,
Or unsung or immortalised in verse,
Roll not for me? Or the all-illuming sun
On me for ever shuts out his beams, or where
The refulgent traveller of the night,
The thievish moon, smiles not nor shines on me?
E'en here, in this solitary gloom afar,
Joy would not fly from me, nor bliss forsake,
If Thou, all-seeing, all-pervading Lord,
Sit in my heart predominant, supreme.
Ah, then, or life or death would be to me
A thought of little moment, of little worth;
For such life were bliss indeed, where, cut off
From all the sinful vices of the world,
The overflowing heart ever sings Thy praise.

Hail, universal Lord! with blessings hail!
Come, Thou Infinite Spirit, come! with Thee
I will be content to live, even here,
Here in this deepest seclusion, where I,
Full thoughtless of the world, will muse, unchecked,
Thy praise in boundless strains, and for ever,
Ever bear on my tongue Thy sacred Name.

1899.

INTIMATIONS

EARTH feels a change, a mighty change from life
To death, as o'er her bosom seems to brood
The shadow of death darker than the night.
There is no sign, no stir of human life,
And the very motion—the life of things
Is still, as seem the inhabitants of sea,
Nor sunset hears the sobbings of the sea ;
Although the pulse of life is beating fast.
Heaven and earth lie two vast domains profuse,
In tranquil majesty of sleeping gods.
All living things with thickest gloom opprest,
Silence, dovelike, spreads and commands the earth,
Deep as the silence of the stagnant sea ;
While the reponsive heart awakes, more calm
Than the inspiring quiet of the woods,
And in its thrilling stillness beats and feels
A joy too holy and too deep for words.
In silence dies away the light divine,
Tempered with the stern mildness of its God.
The all-sustaining king now resigns his throne
To his gentler consort, who mounts the skies,
And, hanging on the dreary world of night,
With smiles serene dispels the horrid gloom ;
And one by one the ample lamps of skies
Overflow the heavens with their virgin light :
Stars, like an army gorgeously arrayed,
Salute her as she passes like a queen—
So many boons on a baneful world conferred.

Majesties of Heaven ! Splendours of the skies !
Fair progeny of elder suns and moons !
Ye silent voices of eternity !
And thou sun, as immortal as the soul,
What do you foretell to a heart devout
That hears a tongue in the deepest of its depth ?
What prophecy on your lighted wings you bear,
Not of the living yet fulfilled, though told ?
Why is it so that all should gaze on ye,
From the quickest and inquisitive most

To the dullest and the least scanning eye,
In silent adoration born of hope?
Not for your grace alone to charm the eye.
Something there must be to inform the heart,
To soothe it and restrain, something unknown,
Hereafter to be known, when earth will cease,
That moves us ever on to a higher sense
Of the Eternal—the immortal Hope?

There is a meaning in your silent speech,
A word from the Beyond no eye can ken;
There is a message in the setting sun,
A heavenly solace in its fading beams.
Behold! he sets, and as he passes, says,
"Farewell! to-morrow from my grave I'll rise."
Divine assurance—the eternal Truth
Of the immortal in the living man:
Divine prophecy of the dead fulfilled!

Immortal mortals of the passing day,
Ye fragile creatures of a fleeting breath!
Let not your mind be with the flesh engrossed,
Regardless of the soul—the spark divine
That vanquishes the victory of death.
Deem not perishable what will not die,
But survive with eternity's dawn.
How can the immortal die, the mortal live?
Oh, think awhile of the victorious day,
The life-crowning and death-dethroning day,
When, turning towards God, will the soul achieve
Its victory o'er the victory of death!
Pass on; there is no pause, until you pass
To th' Unpassable whence no passage is;
The Heaven of heavens, the ever-shining Throne
Where the Eternal and eternal things
Without an end or a beginning dwell.
O ye mortals of an immortal God!
Pass on, while yet your passage is so free,
And see the Light you never saw on earth.

June, 1900.

THE MEETING-DAY OF POETS IN HEAVEN

THANKED and unthanked you all must pass, sweet friends
Thanked by me, that with your soul-lifting airs
You oft have drawn so largely on my heart,
When deep in sorrow sunk, else left unsoothed,
Acquainting me with everlasting things.
By those extolled, whom with your glorious lore
You have failed to teach ; your brothers divine,
Who, with souls kindled with a kindred flame,
With your free and holy spirit walked the earth
With godlike majesty, by earth unstained,
And with their own inward nature conversed,
Unaided of your power, though strongly felt.
From their own selves, as from yourselves your own,
All knowledge came, unborrowed of your books,
Eternally flowing from the inward fount
Of such God-inspired thoughts as never die,
Who talked with the world in immortal words.
Yet, yet much cause there is for mutual thanks ;
Then give and take, and blush not at the deed.

Some day, blessed day when it dawns at last !
The chain of your present severance will break,
When face to face you gloriously will stand,
Before the dread Eternal Power arraigned,
Each to his merit ranked, His chosen sons.
This will be *your* day, day of holy joy
And pious ecstasies, which of mortals none,
Or before you gone, or behind you left,
Could hope to share, as not by merit claimed,
Save those for whom such ethereal bliss
And joy divine favour from first ordained.

This day all the angels in Heaven will sing,
Joy-filled, on full triumphant harps, you sons
Of double immortality and fame,
And you to regions of such bliss escort,
As on earth was not, alone in Heaven known,
With radiance of eternal glory crowned.
And the all-bestowing almighty Hand,

Blessing, will to your grateful charge confer
Immortal harps, on earth unheard, whereon,
With the empyreal choir you will hymn
Praise and glory to th' Everlasting King!

This day, with kingly and superior pride,
Thou wilt thy lesser brothers see look on
Thy transcendent light, and tremble at the sight,
Imperial Shakespeare, thou bard of bards,
Who, with an eye of an all-seeing god,
Spread thy gaze o'er the universal earth,
And beheld all things as no eye beheld;
And, inspired, touched on the meanest thing that lived
As if the whole earth were thy creation.
And with the inextinguishable beams
Of the Heaven-kindled light that inward shone,
Illumed the dark of ignorance and vice,—
That holy and immortal light, which thou
With thee to Heaven conveyed, there to be purged
Of earth profane, and to be lightened more.

Nor thou with him without thy meed wilt pass,
Who through a state of utter darkness saw,
In heaven and earth, what seeing eyes could not,
And with a voice of thunder overwhelmed
The muse, loud resounding throughout the world.
Thou who, of outward light extinct and shut,
Behind the veil a skyey lamp descried,
Pregnant with a sovereign immortal beam,
Awful Milton! whom the Heavenly Spirit flew,
Prompt with aid, whenever and wherever sought.

By him, thy temples with dazzling laurels wreathed,
Thou wilt shine, to whom Nature was thy wife;
With whom familiar every bird in woods,
As to an ecstatic lover divine,
Talked with mutual sympathy and love,
Responsive to thy soul-entrancing strains,
Holy Wordsworth, whose every word is worth.
Thou who, untouched by earth, fled from the world,
And from thy proud distance sent forth a voice,
Bellowing in our ears like the thundering sea.

Nor wilt thou not share the glories of the day,
Thou who, like to a pre-extinguished star,
With godlike spirit of an infant god,
Glimmered awhile, and wast for ever gone,
Miltonic Keats! Thou mightst have seen the steps
Of towering Shakespeare in the field he walked,
Had not thy sweet pipe, like a taper blown
By an untimely blast, been hushed too soon.

Nor thou, who ere but half the way couldst reach
Of the span of life, wast, alas! cut off
Like a blooming flower on a sudden torn
By winter-wind blowing 'midst summer's gale,
Bird-like Shelley, with a peculiar voice,
Immortal son of thy Mother divine.

With you all others of your glorious tribe,
Or great or small, will wear the golden crown
Of glory peculiar to your own,
And from the angels win their just applause.
Then with what pride divine their hearts will throb,
Responding to your own, with raptures filled!
O happy souls that will for ever wear
The rose of virtue and her holy joys!

O that I were too of the chosen train,
That I might on the forehead of the earth
Triumphant stamp an everlasting name,
And by that rarest virtue can partake
The joys and triumphs of your heavenly day!
Alas! so far from you removed, or fame,
Or immortality, I shall but steal
A timid glance at your full starry lights,
And ever hide from you my lightless head.

July, 1900.

THE LASTING IMPRESSIONS OF NATURE

LIFE is living on, and seasons have rolled
Their rounds alternate with new deaths and births;
The tumultuous Winter and Summer gay,
The sulky Autumn and the gentle Spring,
Each stamping on the forehead of the earth
Faint portrait of its features half effaced;
And I behold a change, with certain eyes,
In outward nature and the life of things,
And in the inward nature of the heart.
But still I feel through all these changes wrought
By the restless fingers that ever work
Of mother Nature's ever-planning hand,
That Nature still affects and holds the same
Soothing influence on my heart of hearts,
The same might undiminished on my soul.
Sweet God! these very mountains and these hills
And these echoing rocks, and those sweet sounds
Of ever-warbling and divided throats
That find a dwelling in the heart of man,
The imperishable poetry of earth,
Have never been to me forgotten loves,
For ever cherished through the heaviest woes
And ills of life, until they have become
The breath of my being and all that moves
And lives within my Nature-nurtured soul.

Seasons have glided by, and once again
Do I stand upon this belovèd hill,
The first of all my loves, for ever first,
And, full-hearted and soul-lifted, behold
With better-tutored eyes and purer joys,
And with a worshipful fervour sublimed
From timid tenderness to faith most firm,
All that I had beheld in days gone by
In another and more delicious garb,
Lost in the blissful reveries of the past.
O for the darling hours of bliss profound,
When lone I stood on this familiar peak,

Watched the setting sun and the rising moon,
The King dethroned and the new-sceptred Queen,
By whose side the star of her constant love,
And felt at heart the cataracts' thrilling might,
Tremendous echoes of the voice of God!
For me I love nature's confounding noise,
The deafening yellings of the wintry breath,
The crystal cataracts' perpetual flow,
And all that in the fervent heart creates
Sensations that lose themselves in their depth.
In this awe-inspiring season of the year,
How majestic, how grand, how awful Thou!
Whose Spirit dwells in the open-jawed vales
In eternal revolution, now calm,
Now in thrilling confusion rolling, and now
In milder splendour clothed. 'Tis Thou, O God!
In varied eternity, omnipresent.

So much I loved and so much still I love
Winter and all its fearful grandeurs wild;
But how more deeply did I love those hours
When Spring brought back the heav'n o' reviving hopes!
This was a time of unforgotten hours,
Of maiden hours of moonlight in the Spring,
Of the patient watching, when none was by,
Of secret wooings of the sun and moon,
When moonbeams shone and clasped the pining hills
With dew-like kisses from their sacred lips.
All Nature then had worn the smile of Spring,
And my being mingled with its gentle breath,
And with the breath of stars' nocturnal hymn,
Which the thrilled mountains echoed to the vales,
And themselves in worship joined, devout.
O blessèd hours serene, when night was day,
And heart was a shrine for secret prayers!
Not day itself was more inspiring then,
Though Phœbus came out with his morning song,
Singing to himself his mysterious psalms.

I love Nature; I love her and adore
(O holiest of loves passing earthly love),
For I know that in Nature's worship is

The worship of Nature's God. I love her,
And so much so that it hath now become
A name for reverence and religious awe ;
But I owe to Nature a heavier debt,
A sweeter gift for all that I have learnt
And gather'd from her and in the mind housed up—
Knowledge most rare which books could not impart.
Enough she hath to stir up and restrain,
To soothe the wild cries of the wandering heart,
And calm the tumults of the stormy soul.
Who lists to Nature will not fail to hear,
E'en from the deepest stillness of the vales,
Intimations of immortality.
And poetry itself is the language
Of Nature : this the poet feels and knows.

What hours, what days were those of holiest joys !
What life that felt no touch of earth, Heaven-blent,
When, with the restlessness of heart subdued,
And feeling no more the weary weight of fears
Of an inquisitive soul, first I dwelt
Among these mountains and these woods and hills,
These silent priests that preach to the heart
Of man religion of a God supreme,
Blest with the sweet society of birds,
The feathered minstrels, the choir of the woods.
Dear God ! yet in my heart of hearts I crave
A life lived in the bosom of the woods,
Here in the very heart of Nature here.
If where I am to be be much the same
As where I'm now, I were most happy then.
Ah, so let me live and so let me die !
Even now as I stand upon this peak
Alone with Thee, the past steals on my mind,
The sunshine of the past comes back to me,
With dearest recollections still the same,
Like memory of unforgotten loves,
That makes the past a sunshine now and ever,
An eternal present, a future to be,
If there an earthly future yet be mine.
So shall I through darkest hours entertain,
And 'midst the sorrows of the wrinkled brow,

Sweet thoughts and hopes where others might despair,
For all that's best and noblest in the life,—
For all that hath been and is yet to be.

July, 1901.

SPRING

Once more thou art abroad, sweet gentle Spring!
Divinest season of the year! once more
Nature revives, as well the human heart.
Once more, ah, yet once more, Heaven lives on earth
With empyreal air and elysian joys!
All greenly adorned the mountainous range
With new-born beauty shines and full-blown grace,
The very hills leaven with the breath of Spring.
And now prospers once more the flowery tribe
That feel thy breath, O Spring, and live again.
With heavenly music all the forests thrill:
Abroad is Philomel and th' pinioned race,
With their ravishing murmurs sweet and wild.
Once more the trees put on their leafy coats,
Sublimely green, and gaily they surround
The amphitheatre of the gorgeous hills,
Ethereal temperance! all is astir;
While o'erhead the sky once again hath worn
Its beauteous cloaks of many a varied tint,
Celestial mixture of variegated hues.
With what joy the long-silent muse takes up
Her harp and tunes her song, unsung till now,
And in thy honour sings, O beauteous Spring!
Glad in her worship of thy charms divine.
Once more all's delight, rapture, ecstasy!

All is tranquil and serene! the very heart
Is calm, and the soul itself is at rest!
To the mountains and hills thou dost restore
Their beauty, by the jealous winter torn;
While me thou bringest a ministering balm,
A temper serene, unruffled as thy own,
Like calm that succeeds the ocean-shaking storm.

How noiseless thy approach, though strongly felt !
Ah ! were the whole life an unruffled spring,
Winter could not its holy peace destroy.
Couldst thou for ever be not spared, O Spring ?

Stay ! and for ever I will stay with thee,
Or follow thee where'er thy footsteps go,
Though I be absent from my native shore.
Stay, lest I pine for thee when thou art gone :
Gone ! O the dolesome word ! 'Tis like a groan
Yelled in the dark hell from the fiend's throat,
As when minded of his former bliss, exiled,
The Devil groaned a full dolorous groan " Gone ! "
Fly not so soon, but stay to cheer my soul
And make it a heaven of eternal spring !

Stay ! ah, what a solace is in the word :
That reminds me of a bliss not yet deprived.
Spring ! what music in the word, what rapture
In the sound, what joy, what bliss, oh, what heaven !
Stay, yet stay with me long, that I may feel
Thy breath and breathe thy salubrious air,
And patiently await, until I see
The heavenly signal that bids thee away.

Then farewell ! and when thou art heard to come,
My heart shall leap with boundless joy to hear
The music of thy name, and at the sound
Rejoice ! and if, unblest, I'm far from thee,
On thy next return to our favoured land,
From farthest shore to thousand miles removed,
I'll picture to myself thy varied charms,
And sigh for thee, and sing thee from afar.
Farewell, farewell ! and ah ! did I not know
That not the meaning of the word I mean ;
But this farewell is but a formal adieu
To Nature's fairest boon, I'd fly with thee,
For I can never stay when thou art fled !
To Heaven thou art bound by a faithful vow,
And thence, I know, thou must fly away hence
On thy ever-flying and ever-restless wings,
To go thy various tour around the world.

Oh, then adieu, and thrice farewell to thee !
And when next thou returnest, green-robed Queen,
Charioted upon thy car, I will greet
Thy regal arrival with a fresh-tun'd song.

1900.

FRIENDSHIP

WITHIN this world of chaos and of light,
Blest and curst with a thousand boons and banes,
Eclipsed and illumed by fierce dark and light,
Alternate, of a thousand moons and suns ;
Where to joy is but to grieve, and to laugh
But to weep, and where blisses have no fill ;
Where e'en love of itself uncertain stands,
Frail as the flower which but in summer fares
And thrives, on winter's fatal hand to fall ;
What bliss is there to man most sweet ; what joy
Most pure, what boon more dear than Love's own self,
That knows no death when once it hath its birth,
Born with high blessings that beget no curse,
Which is eternal as the deathless soul,
And is like a heaven 'midst a heavenless hell,
The sweet earthly eternity of bliss ?

'Tis thou, thou, O Friendship, divinest born !
Thou sweet, tender and everlasting plant,
Unlike the vine reared by the summer sun,
That frail, like a child to a giant, yields
To stormy winter's wild destructive force.
Suns rise and set as all the stars and moons ;
But no setting marks thy enduring sun,
Immortal friendship, other name for love !
Thou art a rock built in the heart of man,
Unscared by dreadful voices of the sea,
Nor by its drowning waters drenched and drowned.
A fire of vestal flame that grows not cold,
Eternal as the quenchless heavens above !
Thou joy beyond grief, sunshine beyond cloud,
Hope beyond despair, and heaven beyond hell,

Fairer than aught fairest beneath the sun!
Thy voice, far sweeter than the sweetest notes
Of Philomel enthroned among her leaves,
Who sings her amours to the moonlit night,
Hath a depth which drear blasts can tone not down:
Life without friendship were a hopeless hell.
Like the sun's for the world he feeds with life,
Like the moon's for the stars that round her hang,
Is the love of friends, ever bright and warm;
And when two souls are found, so rare to find,
Two blent in one, as one together knit
By the unsevering cord of undying love,
All the angels and heavens record their names,
And every star in heaven doth bless the pair.

Dear friend! more dear than moonbeams to the night,
Or wealth to men for their material joys,
Or its mother's milk to the new-born babe,
Keep ever green in thy heart of love and light,
And ever fresh in thy untainted mind,
Th' memory of our earliest friendship's dawn,
And the heavenly place where first it smiled,
When sun rode on a more illustrious car,
And thou to my responsive heart laid bare
Thy inmost heart, and bosom on bosom hung,
My blood from thine within itself did take,
What long within the heart of hearts was hid,
In its speaking silence more sweet than words:
That heavenliest day immortal in my heart,
Be it not less to thee who art no less
Than I to thee. Be it heavenlier each day.
Our friendship then was tender as the sun
That in the morn with sudden gladness bursts;
Now 'tis like the sun with its midday heat,
And strength, full-flower'd, full-hearted and full-blown.
Be this our only boon that we are one;
The interchange of thoughts and hopes and fears,
Sorrows, joys, and sympathies sought in one,
Two streams that run the sameward course and meet,
That if darkness chance to o'ercloud our life,
Be our friendship our moon, 'midst winter spring,
And without autumn eternal summer warm.

No blast, no bane, no snare to love like this ;
Nay, no cloud to such love's and friendship's sky.
What shall we fear then, what jealousy, what hate,
What scorn that on itself recoils with scorn,
What wrath, what tempest, what rage, however drear,
When in our lily-hearts this flower we wear,
And on our brow friendship's eternal crown !
'Gainst these hand-clasped we shall unshaken stand,
As God and angels 'gainst the Devil stood.

March, 1901.

THE MORNING SONG OF THE SUN

FROM the womb of night
Crowned with a light
I come, I come to make the dark world bright ;
From my haven of joy
Where is no alloy
I come like a king, not the night-queen coy.

I come with a power
And a dewy shower
To awake with my touch each lazy flower ;
I come with a song
For the warbling throng,
And joys for them that are sorrowing long.

With quivering beams
Whereof with gold each teems
I wake the sunflower from its midnight dreams ;
It thrills with my grace,
And then it essays
To lift up to me its worshipful face.

I make the sad lover
Under leaf-cover
His long-lost delights and hopes recover ;
The hope-lorn maiden
With heavy heart laden
I enliven whom joy was forbidden.

Like a king of heaven
With a rapturous leaven,
With my beams in dazzling gold engraven,
Ablaze with my crown,
I proudly smile down,
And swallow all darkness within my dawn.

On my golden car
I come from afar
Like the heavens' eldest and light-fullest star ;
And when I arise
And open my eyes
I hear my jubilee sung in the skies.

I dance on the sand
And come with a hand
Fulfilled with life for the vast underland ;
I come with a birth
Where light hath no dearth,
And stir the birds to their sweet singing mirth.

I come with a voice
Not of a novice
Which men from day to day hear and rejoice ;
I see men devise
Deeds of virtue and vice,
And others in dream suns brighter surmise.

I come with the pity
And grace of the Deity
Ever singing my adoring ditty ;
I come with high food
For minds that are good,
And stir the mad poet's ecstatic blood.

And when I set
I die not yet,
Nor do my duties of morrow forget ;
I set but to rise
In the orient skies,
Then, wherefore, mortals, this life ye despise?

I set and rise again.
Then listen, O man !
I teach thee the lesson—death's boast is vain ;
For life is ever,
And set will never,
Though death to thy eyes may seem to sever.

The hidden Truth
With so much ruth,
In rising and setting I make so smooth ;
O man ! like heav'n is thine,
Like the one which is mine,
Whose joys and bliss poets in song divine.

My lips do they raise
A song of praise
To Him from whom do I borrow my rays.
I sing like a poet
With high debate
Of God and Love and man's second estate.

O world, awake !
And thy bed forsake,
And join thy voice in the hymn that I make.
Thy lips now move
With worship and love,
And sing all glory to our Lord above.

August 10th, 1901.

A VISION BEYOND THE SEA

THE sea takes from the sun its farewell kiss
With a lover's grief not unblent with joy,
That pines o'er the sweet unforgotten bliss—
The bliss of love fulfilled, yet spoilt by cloy.

And with the sad fondness that looks behind,
The hopeful waves upheave their tearful breast
And fall, as more than joy to grief inclined,
Like love that weeps and wails and finds no rest.

The very nature wears a face of gloom
O'er its beauteous progeny of delight,
And sinks with sighs in its nocturnal tomb,
While earth feels the breath of the coming night.

All is tranquil and breathes the sacred breath
Of inspiring silence, e'en such as spreads
Within the gloomy chamber waylaid by Death,
When there unseen his ghastly shadow treads.

Though sets the sun in its appointed grave,
My soul's sun sets not with the sinking light ;
But rapturous as the moonlight-wooing wave,
Flies to the dead poets' Elysium bright.

And with the parting sun my soul takes wing,
And to highest, heavenliest Heaven departs,
With all the gladness of the desert-spring,
To that fair Heaven of those immortal hearts.

And there it sees my Shelley's godlike face,
Diviner than the full-beamed sun and moon ;
Illumed in each feature with full-blown grace,
In his hands a harp of far dreamier tune.

There th' sweet dreamer (what else a soul like his)
Revels in all raptures of the holiest mood,
Where Life new-born is crowned with cloudless bliss,
With his kin-souled immortal Brotherhood.

And there other souls, more divine or less,
(If some than Shelley could diviner be)
Clasp my sad earthly soul with songs that bless
And pour in it their own ecstatic glee.

Souls more bright than the all-illuming sun,
Who have beheld the dawn of deathless life,
How well for you whose noblest deeds are done,
Immuned for e'er from doubt's ignoble strife !

Oh, how well for you who have earned your rest
The best and most and all the kind Heaven gives
To you vice comes not with its tempting test,
Nor repentance that sin-laid souls relieves.

My heart is not on earth, but far with ye,
Divinest souls of love and light and heat!
Whose light and heat are more than life to me,
Whom without your sweetness no things are sweet.

Take not from us your light and heat and love,
And, parting hence, choose not from us to part;
But that heat and love rekindle from above,
And with your light illume earth's lightless heart.

Oh, take not from us this our only good,
(That through the veil of earthly evils shines,)
Your glorious and immortal Brotherhood;
And fill with heat my maddened heart that pines.

Your warmth and fire in each cold heart infuse;
This boon ours and yours we can spare not well,
Who have bequeathed to us your deathless muse,
From your bright heaven on earth still choose to dwell!

Still choose to dwell where cares and woes abound,
Where Disease and Death do their ravenous work,
And with your voice deep as the deep sea's sound,
Still sing to us, nor from your duties shirk.

Fair autumnless souls of eternal spring,
Orbed with new light in your elysium high,
Where, for ever blest, comes not such a thing
As Love with her family of tear and sigh;

That are to us amidst winterlike spring,
Wreath'd with flowers from a mystic garden plucked,
How well, if your immortal souls took wing,
And ours from yours their subtle honey sucked!

Descend, for I am here to hail you come,
(If heavenly spirits could on earth descend
On viewless wings from their elysian home)
And sing to my sad heart whom sorrows bend.

Moon-gentler souls who highest Heaven achieve!
Were it not sweeter far, since 'twere not wrong,
If more you take from God, and more yet give
To all the songless hearts athirst for song?

Enough! Death died its death! your souls survive
Like echoing billows of one sounding sea.
O happy, happy souls that so can thrive!
God-blessèd heirs of Immortality!

You have no need of an officious bust
To tell the gazing eyes that find your spot
What pearly souls sanctify th' under-dust,
What gods of song and imperishable thought.

Farewell to you; but bid us not farewell!
Bid not your sweet lips bid adieu to us!
The world with your farewell can fare not well;
There were than your farewell no greater curse.

March 1901.

HYMN TO THE GODDESS OF POESY

I

Thou without whom the mighty heart of world
Were of its joys and its sweet motions lost,
Nor were the glories of the earth unfurled,
This worship-song, if it that name can boast,
  I beg to consecrate to thee,
  Fair goddess of eternity!
  Take thou this prayer of thy son,
  Since with thy name he hath begun
Great things, and with thee glorious plans devised,
Who his grosser nature imparadised!

II

I consecrate, O dearest of all dear!
My song, perchance a perishable verse,
With love and with many a joyful tear;
And if my all survives black Envy's curse,
  Then I in secrecy can trust
  My name may live beyond the dust.

To thee I consecrate this song,
Since in thy worship I am strong;
Since love with its might triumphs over clay,
And prompts, indifferent to fame, this lay.

III

While yet a boy I felt them then as now,
Thy power and thy might, and I did shout
Thy name aloud, and like a weakling bow
Before my sacred shrine; then I called out
To thee, and heard thy sure response.
I sought not for my recompense
I sought thy glory and thy might,
Thy raptures and thy mad delight,
And followed thee through clouds and sunshine green,
I followed wherever thy face was seen.

IV

Thou spirit that rollest in the fountain,
And dwellest in caverns or in lonely rocks
Or apart upon a lofty mountain,
Where sunbeams woo thy amaranthine locks!
My lips are burning with thy praise,
Which I shall sing through lifelong days.
Therefore, this little song of mine,
If thou art pleased, goddess divine!
To thee, beloved of the man and boy,
I dedicate, I consecrate with joy.

V

I loved thee as a boy, and knew my heart
Was pregnant with the breath of Poesy,
And on my soul I felt thy fiery dart;
Then came Poesy and became to me
The supreme passion of my life,
My more than bosom-friend and wife.
Over me daily she increased,
And I with her was too much pleased;
Till I went with the sacred burthen mad,
And found me in thy golden garment clad.

VI

Heavenly Mother of earth's immortal sons !
With thy celestial plumes entwine my head,
And as my love's and gratitude's returns,
Thy golden lustre round about me shed ;
While my tongue thy praise is singing,
And extolling and is hymning
Thy power, thy glory, and thy might
With something of divine delight ;
Take me to thy heart with maternal care,
And make all for thy son smile bright and fair.

VII

Thou Poesy, sole nursling of my life,
Rather nurse and guardian of my soul,
As mother of her child, and man his wife,
First dwelt with me without any control
Over the nature which thou fed.
My soul awoke and, running mad,
Found thee in clouds and stars and moon,
Till thou became its heavenliest boon,
And my wild soul, to fiercest passions moved,
Grew restless with the very thing it loved.

VIII

Do I not love thee as I can and ought ?
Soul of my soul, the better life of life !
Thou art my wooed and betrothed bride I sought,
My only love and bosom-wedded wife.
Hail, sweetest and my dearest, hail !
With thee will I not fear to sail
O'er farthest continent and sea ;
When thou, my darling, art with me,
I want no glozing gold, content to live
On what thou and the gracious Mother give.

IX

Be thou my heaven, and I thy denizen,
As when I first thy delicious heaven found,

And, taught by higher impulses to shun
All earthly delights, and to scorn the ground,
With thee to Worlds ideal soared,
And all ethereal things adored.
With thee I voyaged to the sea
Of the blessèd Eternity;
And beheld the splendour of whiter moons,
And heard the music of unearthly tunes.

X

With thee let me breathe the empyreal air
Of those bright spheres beheld of Shelley's eyes,
Where dwell such sights as are surpassing fair.
Be mine a frenzied poet's paradise!
These, these with thee have I beheld,
Oh then, be not thy grace withheld;
But with more frentic ardour seized,
And with thy awful might increased;
Let me with yet more sensuous passions sing
With thee, not for the glory of the thing.

July, 1900.

THE IMMORTAL LAND

From 'neath the depthless depth of th' deathless sea,
While death-quiet the world around me lay,
And death's own ghastly semblance seemed to be,
And stars had foregone their silvery array,
Methought I heard a voice that seemed to say,
A Voice—an echo of eternity.

"Beyond the shadow of this transient land,
So thick with many a winding way beset,
Where pleasure is all pain, and no hearts have rest;
Where none can run and stumble not, or stand
With firm and certain and self-sanguine feet,
And where none finds what long he hopes to meet,

"Other worlds there are of far heavenlier days,
Illumed by fairer suns of brighter rays;

Undreamt as yet in dream, and unbeheld
Of human eye, from mortal gaze withheld ;
Where not the mournful toll of death is knelled,
Nor aught can life and love and light efface,

" Worlds far off too too far for mortal ken
To pry into the secrets that are hid
Of every star in Heaven that opes its lid,
And other myriad secrets yet concealed,
Meant not, nor made for earthly eye of man,
Save when he dies and lives in death again.

" And far beyond these worlds of timeless time,
Untainted by the blot of mortal crime,
For ever lighted by the quenchless rays
Of suns, and moons, and stars, through deathless days,
A Land there is of more than sunlike light,
Where daylight is divided by no night,—

" Where the Beginning of all beginnings dwells,
That hath Himself no beginning, no end,
Father to the fatherless, to the friendless Friend ;
Where burst no more the chilly wintry smells
To chill and stifle the full expanded breath,
And Life expels the foul apostate, Death,—

" Where newborn pleasures know no sting of pain,
Where Love i' its bosom hides no serpent's fang,
Where human are not by their kindred slain,
And memory revives no memories again,
But, filled with joys unembittered by pang,
Life-fuller beats the better life-filled vein.

"Thither one day, crowned with immortal light,
All skylike souls that fought their ceaseless war
'Gainst earthly spells and charms, and kept afar
Vice's luring mien, will march without a bar,
And dwell among the suns and stars more bright,
Swelling with secret and divine delight.

" Not cloudless these, but each sin-clouded soul
That, praying to shun, yet unable to resist

Courted sin, and, praying, did in vice persist,
But with redemption of repentance lit,
Waited in hope the final parting toll,
Will at last itself with Heaven's inmates 'roll.

"Thither one day, heavenliest of all days,
Immuned from all the dark and miry ways
That tied it to this earth and earthly things,
And raised aloft on hope's bright cheerful wings,
The soul, doffed of its outward fleshy cloak,
Will fly, piercing death's while-eclipsing smoke.

"There all shall see that unbeholden Light
Full face to face, and tremble at the sight;
Where no pulse will cease and no frame will wreck,
No flesh rebellion the freed soul will rack,
Where weary limbs will lay them down to rest,
And soul put on its bright immortal crest.

"There is no hope for them that have no faith,
No joys of Heaven for fallen souls ingrate,
Who, eclipsed by chaos, had had no thirst
For higher, but with proud denial curst,
Hoped not, in doubt, for the death-unclouded life,
Distempered and disjoint from earthly strife."

Deep from th' unfathomed deepest depth of sea,
I heard, as in a trance, the sea-siren's voice,
A Voice—an echo of eternity—
At whose sweet sound did my sad soul rejoice,
As wakened from a sleep of doubtful dreams,
That wakes and wails aloud as doubts beseems

Speak, silent souls, unsleeping in your sleep,
Fulfilled with purer light than on the earth,
Who revel in your Heav'n in melodious mirth,
Re-born for ever of an undying birth;
Is there no cause for Death in death to weep,
None for our woes, and earthly sorrows deep?

Hear and answer, if answer could be had,
Not so much for your joy as our solace:

Hath Death no power the dead to efface?
Will the splendour wherewith ye all are clad,
Crown every soul that sinned and did not sin,
And all be brought at last where ye have been?

Speak, O gentle souls, more divine than we,
Thence fitter tenants for your heavenliest home,
Where no pain, nor pang, nor our sorrows come,
Is there no woe, no lost love's misery,
No vulgar strife of furious envy born,
In your Elysium your graceful lights adorn?

Is there one harmony of love and joy,
Love without hate, and joy without alloy,
'Mong ye, O more than sun and moon to us,
Who have passed from this earth without Death's curse,
Sweet souls of music, full-ripened and divine,
Whose hearts have ceased for earthly things to pine?

Oh, sing of the Land my sad soul desires,
Whom poesy was as virtue to the saint,
Whose bright sinless souls could no passions taint;
And flame by burning heart with kindred fires,
Wherewith ye all in your Elysium sing
Of summer without autumn, without winter, spring.

1900.

LISTENING TO AN INVISIBLE BIRD

Sing, sing, thou blessed messenger
Of joy, of bliss, and be more bold
In happiness to thee foretold;
What tidings glad thou bringest here?

The happiness of the to-come?
The hidden great Immortal Love?
I hear thy voice, as from above,
And ask, where is thy hidden home?

Sing from thy haven of heavenly joy
Not the heart-torturing sorrow ;
Leave grief to the coming morrow :
I feel no more the heart of boy.

My heart is shadowed by misery,
With writhing inward tears convulsed
I ask, "Oh, why by joy repulsed,
These bitter tears should flow to me."

And no response there comes from thee
No soothing sympathetic word ;
And though I joy when thou art heard,
I wish that I could cease to be.

Is it for ever, and will be,
That man, an earthly quest must, know
Of joy so little, so much of woe ?
Doth sorrow ever come to thee ?

Hast thou sorrow's dark-vested face
Beheld within thy blissful grove ?
Some sting of hate, some pang of love,
Some sigh for love's denied embrace ?

I shed no tears of injured pride,
Nor over unrequited love ;
For love smiles like the heavens above
On me, and never leaves my side.

Alas ! I know not why it is
That I should be so much forlorn,
So sick at heart, so woe-begone,
Though surely crowned with inward bliss

I hear a sadness in thy note,
Oh, why 'midst joy this mournful tune ?
Is thy sweet heart to sorrow prone,
That suffocates thy warbling throat ?

Or feelest thou the venom-sting
Of dark-veiled serpent jealousy ?
Oh, let no hate thus torture thee,
Self-hate and scorn to them shall cling,

Mixed with deep and gnawing remorse,
Who dare to look with jealous hate,
And sneer at thy higher estate ;
Curse shall be back repaid with curse.

Be thine and mine one common woe,
And chant we here in solitude,
Not mocked by any audience rude,
Bliss doth not gird this planet low.

Yet sweet we shall our sorrow make ;
For after woe with some new bliss,
To repair what was once amiss,
There never did a day awake.

But better if thou never knew
The bitter touch of wakeful sorrow,
But woke to joys with sunrise morrow,
Nor did with tears thy song bedew.

Sing of joy from thy haven serene,
And be an alien to the grief
I feel, and bring me calm relief,
And let no sorrow intervene.

O strike a sympathetic chord
To chase from my heart its sadness ;
Chant once more of new-born gladness
And sing a truce to wild discord.

Alas ! that human sympathy
Should leave me cause to mourn and weep,
That its sweet voice should ever sleep,
Nor, when called forth, awake should be,

Ah ! man is harsh and rude to man,
And feels no touch of sympathy !
Oh, that this mighty world could be
In mutual love re-born again !

Ungrateful world ! O man ingrate !
Thou smilest at my very woe,
And mock'st my watering eyes, when lo !
A bird weeps o'er my mournful state.

August 18th, 1901.

TO MY FELICIA

And wilt thou stay, when I depart?
E'en so, if so doth God decree;
But oh, the pain, the pang, the smart!
Will not the pain be shared by thee?

Felicia of felicitous name,
What heavenly bliss is in that word!
That through my heart a thrilling flame
Doth send, where'er that name is heard.

Felicia of my heart and soul,
My moon by night, by day my sun,
If with mine whole be mixed thy whole,
Wilt thou and I be ever one?

If not thy whole, oh, lend a part
Of that that doth within thee move,
And I around my pining heart
Will wear it like a wreath of love.

Oh, let me weep upon thy heart,
That thou, through each departing year,
Wilt cherish yet, though I depart,
The thought of what was once so dear.

THE MAN AND THE WORLD

I

No bliss without woe man ever did know,
Under the moon and the sun;
Nor pined not for bliss of love's holy kiss,
When love and kisses were gone.
And sorrows and tears, and uncertain fears,
Build up their mighty dome;
While thick-woven care and killing despair
Are visiting every home.

Some men weep alas! 'for the dead who pass'
From life in the gulf of death;
While some have a thought, though wretched their lot,
For life's reviving breath.
And some, that are wise, all sorrows despise,
And dream of the far-dawning bliss.
Some wait through their grief, who find not on earth relief,
For God's immortal kiss.

II

This great moving world, in the wild tempests hurled
Of envy and strife and hate,
Descends to the sod, regardless of God
And of its second estate;
And nature secretly sighs that the blind mortal eyes
Gather from her no delight;
What man of the earth, before night's drear birth,
Breathes thanks to the sinking Light?
Though some soul sublime at sunset's high time
Puts on the wing of thought,
And, watching the sunset that dies not yet,
Muses on mortal lot;
Who lifts up his eyes to the far-shining skies,
And thinks of the glory to come?
Who looks on the star that beckons afar,
And dreams of his happier home?

III

Some love-lorn maiden, with thick sorrows laden,
In secrecy pines away,
And prays for her death to her weary breath,
Before the new-dawning day.
And when her heart wildly throbs and loudly she sobs,
Wind to her moans replies;
And from her bright throne, where stars never mourn,
The moon is counting her sighs.
While some of her kind, with an unsettled mind,
Weep for their own who are lost;
And some in their sleep, loud dreamingly weep,
Deep in the grief-ocean tost.

A friend remembers a friend who is embers,
Nothing can whom restore;
And ever doth mourn, as lost from his own,
The hand he will clasp no more.

IV

Alone the great poet, with silent debate,
Contemplates the lot of man,
And, conversing with hills and responded by rills,
Dares the unscannable scan.
Then he quietly broods, in his various moods,
On what is yet to be,
And dreams of the time, when man, forgiven of crime,
Will embrace Eternity.
And like a true-born bard, not fearing discard,
Sings of Liberty and Love;
And directs all his lays to the worship and praise
And the glory of God above.

V

Oh, think not that pain and grief are in vain,
Nor sorrow not trampled by joy;
Be sure, joy comes at last, when sorrows are past,
To man and woman and boy.
The heart-biting sorrow will be to-morrow
Of all its stings disarmed;
And peace will descend with a comforting hand,
And calm the spirits alarmed.
And that calm relief which the long-patient grief
Is expecting to come in again,
Will fail not to come to each human home,
Like sunshine after rain.
How wretched the man who thinks it is vain,
To live in this world of woe!
'Tis folly to laugh and unwise to chaff
At things we cannot know.
At our tears' request, at angels' behest,
God takes us back to His home;
For death is but life where there is no strife,
We go from whence we come.

July, 1901.

THE SECRETS

THE secret of what is to be,
The shore of the invisible sea,
The beam of a life more sublime,
That hath reckoned nor death nor time —
Who hath laid bare?

The secret of sorrow and pain,
And the secret of woes that stain
The mortal happiness on earth;
Man's journey to death from his birth—
Is it despair?

The secret of death and of life,
The secret of peace and of strife,
The secret of far-dawning joy,
The secret of hands that destroy
But to restore.

Is there no joy treading on grief?
Is there for despair no relief?
Will man on earth, since live he must,
Live and die and sink in the dust,
To rise no more?

Self-muruer to man is forbidd'n.
Imposing our presence unbidd'n
In the presence of God is crime.
When deepest wounds are healed by time,
Why not be calm?

Grieve not! Life, not death, is a curse;
Mother earth is a fatal nurse;
Those that see no joy through sorrow
Will think with the rising morrow
Death is a balm.

There is for soul a happier home.
Life is the voice of life to come.
Evils that are, are good to be,
That sure will come, O man, to thee
Through heavenly Love.

Be strong in the strength of the soul,
For the clouds will vanish that roll.
Take heart, O man : what now seems dark
Will shine, when thy soul will embark
For heavens above.

Sept. 23rd, 1901.

KEATS

Live on, live on, and so live on for ever,
Thou fame-favoured bard, to all age and time !
All age and time are thine. Who can endeavour
To blast the beauty of thy melodious rhyme
And not be baffled, and not fail to sever
Thy ravishing songs from the hand of Time ?
Sooner, sooner, the stars shall fade away,
Than on thy poesy Time write decay.

Enchanting warbler ! what elysium's thine ?
What greater bliss than earth's, what sweeter lute
To pour forth wild melodies more divine,
And sing for ever, nor be ever mute ?
Could I sing as thou, or thy harp be mine,
To thy just praise would I instruct my flute,
And ever unwearied to thy praise,
With raptures unrepressed tune all my lays.

O God ! were there not lutes enough in Heaven
That thine was needed there ?—untimely need—
Whence scarce as yet, sweet poet ! thou hadst given
But half thy harmonies, or half didst feed
Our ravished ear, away thou wast driven
To wed to a muse of diviner birth.
Did heavens feel richer by thy presence there,
When they did favour thee with things more fair ?

Did kind heavens, having given us the boon,
And suffered thee once on earth to descend,
Deem it wiser to take thee back so soon,
And beckoned thee thence up to re-ascend,

Ere could thy fingers reach the final tune ?
Or did thy stay 'mongst us the heavens offend,
Lest the earth might spoil thee, and earthly care
Embitter thy lute and thy muse impair ?

Say, O ye gracious heavens ! could you not spare
Him for a while with us ? Where was the need
Him back to have taken so soon to your care,
And snatched him away with such fatal speed,
To make him one of the ethereal choir,
That he might loathe his earthly muse to heed ?
Was he your only want ? Was there a gap
To be filled by him alone, in Heaven's lap ?

Was there none else to meet your cruel want,
Some lesser star, not worthy to discard,
That you should have asked for what was so scant—
The muse-wedded and world-belovèd bard ?
That he had been chosen to meet your want,
Was it a token of some rich regard ?
Cruel haste to have snatched away his lute,
And made it, ere its time, for all time mute.

Thou wast born to die to survive thy death,
Thou sweetest warbler of thy native note !
Even at this hour, as I feel thy breath,
And mutely wonder at thy full-voieed throat,
I am assured thou wast not marked by death,
But born to be a glorious nation's pride ;
Be an adornment to thy homely name,
A young child of muse, and an heir of fame.

Where are thy songs of amour and of love,
Thou double-lived and doubly immortal bard ?
Is there no Keats to sit beneath a grove,
And, in effusion of his sweet regard
For Nature, to sing of joy and sighing love ?
No more ?—Alas ! the fate of Muse is hard !
No more, no more an over-loving child
To tune his pipe to ecstasies so wild.

No more a Keats with such an amorous pipe,
To breathe in our ears the same tender song ;

Or with such music, immaturely ripe,
Gather round his muse an adoring throng.
Eternity itself can never wipe
From our mind thy dear memory so strong.
Ill-fated Muse ! weep o'er thy precious loss,
And weave a wreath of tears his tomb across.

What carest thou for the ignoble wight
Who cannot overcome, though he may chase ?
All-triumphant bard ! leave him to his spite,
His petty jealousies, and venom phrase,
Who, though aspiring, cannot reach thy height,
But, foiled and upset, grovels at the base.
All time and age thy poet-name shall be
A thing of honour and immortality.

July, 1900.

IN LOVE OF DEATH

I AM in love with thee,
O sweet and lovely Death !
I wish I were not free
To breathe the mortal breath ;
Alive to bitter sorrow,
And bitter pangs to-day,
To bitterer to-morrow
With fears that scare away
The weak and fragile frame,
And fill the soul with shame.

I long for thy clasping arms,
I long for thy sweet repose,
Freedom from soul's alarms,
A truce to earthly woes.
Come with thy coldest flame
And gently touch my heart,
O Death ! beloved name,
That calmly I depart
This woe-environed earth
Blest with thy better birth.

What good comes out of life?
And out of death what ills?
Life is th' maker of strife
Which death for ever stills.
This life is but a breath,
Death is life eternal.
Methinks to sleep in death
Is to rise from a fall;
To sleep on wakeful grief,
And wake to find relief.

Therefore, thou art more dear,
O Death, than life to me!
The living may shed a tear
That I am come to thee;
While I may find delight
That life did never give,
And through the veil of night,
Which thy own powers cleave,
In thy own arms reborn,
See a serener morn.

Dec. 30th, 1901.

BELOVED'S MOURNING

Wilt thou not wake, O dear dead love,
But sleep for ever there?
Where blue skies, bending from above,
And stars with loving care,
Eternal gaze, and the pale moon
With sad and bitter dreams
Streams forth in shower her nightly boon
Of beams.

Sleep, while waking or asleep,
My heart will dream of thee,
And loud within itself shall weep,
That thou so near shouldst be
So far,—to me eternal woe—
And, wedded to the fair,
Shouldst leave my portion here below
Despair.

O sleep 'neath the deepening skies,
Whence, though thy body sleeps,
No tumults of the heart arise,
No murmurs of the lips.
But oh, the rending cry I raise,
Thy mourner's desolate groan,
Thou hear, and love through all thy days
Thine own!

Blest art thou with a sleepless life;
I curst with wakeful death
Of grief's unconquerable strife,
Touched with a bitter breath.
Beyond I see thy heavenly home,
Though thou so far shouldst be;
Then fare thee well, until I come
To thee.

1899.

NIGHTINGALE

Beloved of poets! could I sing as thou dost,
Or could I thrill the soul,
My song would never never die, I trust,
Nor vain my numbers roll.
May I woo thee while I can, here beneath
Thy favoured grove, and sing with all thy heat
And fervour, while my heart would seek the pleasure
By all the ancient bards once sought, while they
Rested in the midst of all thy treasure,
Careless of the hours as they glided away?
Bird of Heaven and of Earth!
As long as thou singest, I care not if my song
Will perish in its birth,
If thou wilt say thou dost not deem it wrong
That I should sing of thee.
Or if my song should die away unheard,
Save of thy ears, thou bard-belovèd bird!
And of such as fain would list, I will not contend,
Save that thy richer tones do mine outvoice,

And hence, alas! but few their ears could lend
To my lesser voice, while fain would they rejoice
In thy music more divine,
Which none save the dull would their ears refuse.
No more my verse shall pine,
Glad in adoration of thy richer muse.

July 7th, 1900.

THE ROSE THAT DIED FOR HER SISTER

Two roses in a garden fair
Beside each other grew;
They tended were by God's own care,
And fed with morning dew.

Their charms they wore without pretence,
And grew in mutual love;
And lifted up with reverence
Their yellow hearts above.

From day to day and night to night,
They loved, and talked, and smiled;
I knew not of their secret light,
Their smiles serene and mild.

Nor did they know the mortal strife,
The sting of mortal hate,
Rejoicing in a careless life,
In unity of fate.

So happy in their guileless state,
Loved by God and the sun;
In their simplicity so great,
In sympathy both one.

It seemed as if Death's threatening hand,
Though busy everywhere,
Could dare not lift its fatal wand
On those sister-roses fair.

But Death belied this fond belief,
Their fragrant hearts did kill;
He stole on them like to a thief,
With touches cold and chill.

One morn it happed, a morn serene,
Of these the one I plucked,
She seemed to me a crownèd queen;
My soul her fragrance sucked.

But for the sigh that rent the heart
Of her twin-sister fair,
Who dropp'd her eyes, and wept to part,
I had no thought to spare.

Next morn, when I with eager feet,
Did to that place repair,
How sad I saw the rose so sweet;
'Twas beauty in despair.

I' drooping sorrow the mourner bent
Her melancholy head;
As if for *my* crime penitent,
Her light she no more shed.

"The morn that saw my sister's death,
O most accursèd morn!
How chill became my heated breath;
My happiness was torn.

"That night the dew whose wont it is
To bathe us in new life,
Fell cold on me with warmest kiss,
As cutting as the knife.

"They err who think we have no heart,
That feels and thinks and sees:
More true than man, we bear a part
In mutual joys and griefs.

"When I am dead, it won't be long,
Pray lay me by her side."
She ceased, and oh, her plaintive song,
Soft with the breezes, died.

To soothe I could not pat her well,
  My touch she would not trust.
She like a shower of beauty fell
  In lifeless leaves and dust.

THE LOVER'S SONG OF JOY ON HIS RETURN HOME

At last I am coming, O my Lucy darling!
Fulfilled with mirth and glee at the thought of seeing thee.
Now I have ceased to roam, and I am coming home
To hold in my embrace thy so-long-absent face.
I am pining for the bliss of thy delicious kiss,
Which I shall now enjoy like a careless cheerful boy.
When spent is absent grief, I come to find relief,
And after so much sorrow joy will come to-morrow.
To-morrow I shall find my perfect peace of mind,
When I shall see once more the face that I adore;
And joy will shed its tears that, after many years,
It will regain its heaven which was long forbidden.
Though parting was for years, sanctified by tears,
Love once more will smile that parting for a while,
It beams with unchanged eyes in its old paradise,
When fast within thy grasp, I'll hold thee in my clasp.
The work of tears is done and sunshine doth return
So glorious and so green, where clouds had gathered been.
With thousand raptures laden, I am coming to my maiden,
To lay her on my breast, for years with grief opprest.
To part is but to meet, which meeting is so sweet
That parting for a while is sweet as meeting's smile.
O joy! I am returning to thee, my Lucy darling,
As constant in my heart as when we twain did part.

August 25th, 1901.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING THE HILL OF ——

AND must I shed at last tears of farewell,
Beloved Hill, with all thy native charms!
Who ever in thy designation bear'st
Thy Maker's awful name, and sure infer'st
That Power and that Might that never die.
Oh, with what grievous throbbings of the heart,
I cast on ye my farewell glance, fair scenes!
Ye that have awakened my slumbering soul,
Stirred from its depth the poet in my heart,
And aroused its voice, and inspired my muse.
Not so the lovers grieve when relentless fate
Compels them to spread their reluctant arms
To steal their last embrace, and wetted cheek
To cheek, imprint on each their farewell kiss.
Farewell I say? alas! the cheerless word,
That tells me of a bliss I must forego.
Yet why? Parting, we may not part for good.
As in the breasts of parting lovers lurks
Many a fond hope of the far-off bliss,
The future interest of present loss,
So sweet expectations my heart bid stay
Behind, and leave my very soul with ye.
Weaned! what though we may thus be weaned awhile?
Severed from me, can ye forgotten be,
Or can be absent from that storehouse rich,
That can with ease hoard up such thousand forms,
So beauteous and sublime, that fertile field,
Rear'd by Nature's hand, wherein Genius grows
Her fertile seeds, that mighty seat, where sense
And reason sit, the human mind.

(I yet shall hope, knowing that life is hope,)
For the sweet blessèd time, when, though perchance
In outward aspect changed, with inward still
The same, nay, with holier fears infused
And purer hopes, I'll be among these woods,
And fain will tread the very forests vast,

Behold the lofty mounts, and lesser hills,
More gloriously adorned, upon whose brows,
In a mystic language imprint, I see,
O Father, the stamp of Thy eternity.
Ah! then with what ineffable delight,
And raptures new-born, mingling with my blood,
I'll lend my ears to thy melodious sighs,
Queen of the tuneful tribe, God-soul'd Philomel!
Once more will I behold the selfsame trees
Lend mute audience to thy murmurs sweet,
And hear the warbling tenants of those trees
Join with thine their harmonious notes, all one,
Whose various music thrills the echoing woods.

What cause have I to cry within the heart,
And sigh, if these eternal things among
My future lot be fixed, or I let loose
In this waste wilderness, and tread alone
At my own free will, cut off from the world,
But not from her without whom life is not;
That ideal human face, cherished well
At heart, and loved so many a year long,
That centre of atraction, round which my soul
Revolves, and to which all my being moves.
Pinion'd travellers of compliant air,
Will ye not with joy your mad lover hail?
And ye creations of the Potent Hand,
Him not for ever in your bosom lodge,
And shield him from the world's malicious gaze,
From all the ills, and 'cumbrances of life?

Eternal Father, with Thee what bliss to live,
Or rich, or poor, as thou will'st! Poor! with Thee
I'll be richer far than the richest man,
Puppet revelling i' inexhaustible wealth,
Whom the lustre of his gold coin enchants,
And not Thy light. Let Thy light shine on me!
Can the scorn of men, or the want of wealth
Deny to me the charms kind Nature lends?
Away from the vanities of the world
Let me fly, and from all its empty joys;

And solitary stroll the friendly woods,
Where, without defiance, my inner self
With Thee will talk, incorporate with Thee;
And wait, taught by Thyself to wait in hope,
Till God and man become one loving soul.
Thou wilt be here in all thy varied forms
To populate my solitude sublime.
From Thee the soul will inspiration draw
To the mute poetry that dwells within:
The poetry of the immortal soul.
Each morn I'll rise, ere the idle town awakes,
And behold Thy pure radiant Face, to which
Divine radiance, the brightest of earth's orbs
Were darkness; and here beneath the deep shade
Of some leafy roof, my grateful temple,
Fit shrine for my adoration, I'll kneel,
And to the early worshippers' sweet hymns,
The faithful birds, my prayers will I tune;
Nor shall I need the accompanying sound
Heard among the crowd, and beneath the roofs.
In the gentle whisper of thy waving trees,
And zephyrs sweet, that passing in my face
Will fan my sleep, my soul will feel Thy breath.
In these edifices Thy hand hath rear'd
I will Thy enduring power discern,
But partly understood, indestructible.
And while, clouds hard pressed against clouds, Thou forth
Thy ceaseless thunderings dost pour on earth,
Mysterious trumpets of Thy awful voice,
Meditate Thy mad Majesty divine,
And learn to fear the advent of Thy wrath.
'Gainst these wild elements my fenceless frame
And my tottering feet with Thy aid support.
When Thou dost command (O yet spare Thy wrath).
The mountains and hills to unmake their roots,
And with one crushing fall inter for good,
Beneath their fragments, the poor earth destroyed,
Creation uncreated and undone,—
O then hide me from these remorseless foes!
Let me, from such a sad destruction saved,
To solitude retire, where before Thee,
Gathering and submitting my accounts,

And uttering Thee my solemn prayers last,
I may in Thy forgiving hands divine
Offer up my soul with resignation calm.

Ah, what life was ours, O my friend of friends!
When on the verge of the steep precipice,
Alone, apart, we watched with mute delight
The amorous play the beams of the parting sun
Made with the panting bosoms of the mounts,
With sighs divine, not of our ears unheard.
Or sometimes to each other drawn nearer still
By affection's ever-lengthening chain,
We stood together like two solitary stars,
Who from their brothers wander far away,
Mute and silent upon the peak, muse-smit.
Here speech was not; immensity of thought
Drowned it within its depth; nor could those joys,
Those pious raptures, that ran through our blood,
And passing thence through every vein, sprang up
The inward heart, and thrilled the inmost soul,
Find utterance there! There breathes not a soul
But feels, in the uncommon days of life,
Uncommon emotions, sensations pure,
Capturing the heart, when nature he beholds
Around him like a wild enchantment lie!
Between the living nature and the soul
Of man dwells a mute voice, soul-lifting voice,
That links the heart with all created things,
And exalts and uplifts the soul to God.

How every day, what time the tedious sound
We could hear no more of the rattling wheels,
And the foul idle chat that did profane
The holy air, had left the sacred place,
We stole to our minion haunt, full of heart,
And resting there, heart answering heart, soul mixed
With soul, we both on various themes discoursed—
Poesy, and all divine arts of yore,
Both feeding on the selfsame food divine,
And both breathing the selfsame breath, conjoint!
How can the mind that's framed for higher things,
And on higher aims intent than are on earth,

Common pursuits of mankind, take delight
In aught save what itself it feeds upon?
Nor discord was ours, nor envious hate,
Nor lies, nor jealousy, nor slanderous talk,
The foremost rulers of our perverted world—
But mutual sympathy and concord sweet,
And infinite love, where no hatred is.

Ah! wilt not thou then remember with joy
Those happy days, those days of heavenly bliss,
When nature lived with us and we with God?
Say, wilt not thou from all thy wanderings turn,
And look back with unutterable delight
On the blest life we twain together lived,
Among these mountains and these hills and woods,
Divinest company! from whom we learnt
The lesson of life books could never teach,
The sure immortality of the soul!
Say, wilt not thou also devote a thought
To the sweet hour, when lying on thy lap,
My friend, I upward turned my wandering eyes,
And beheld an ocean, not th' one which men
On earth behold, but a celestial sea,
More vast, and infinite, and more sublime,
Wherein ethereal swimmers float night and day,
And shed from their home perpetual light.

Ah! who can forget these unusual days
Of unusual bliss, who hath within him
That love no hatred of the earth can quench,
Inextinguishable love for nature,
Through which the human soul ascends to God.
Me remains not aught but the darling hope
That if yet there is life in future years,
The selfsame bliss awaits me on the hill,
Where once again I'll take my stand, and there
Gazing round, find no change, but see instead
Nature recreated with lovelier charms;
And muse once more, as I have mused so oft,
Alone, apart, in self-communion lost;
And converse with nature, as to this talk
More familiar grown than to that with man.
Meanwhile, Father, I'll only cry and wait.

June, 1899.

THE PASSING OF A STRANGE SOUL

He went; and, while he came into the world,
Nature branded on his open brow, and
His temples fair, a prophecy fulfilled,
A prophecy of glory and a fame
By many of his brothers sought, unfulfilled.
And she had also marked him for her own,
One of her own immortal sons of earth,
A light glorious 'mong the lights of earth.
What hours were his of secret joys and hopes,
Joys and hopes whose home was the hidden Far,
When secretly he gloried and rejoiced
In his divine inheritance from God
Of immortality of heaven and earth.
What soul was his that breathed the very breath
Of God! and oh, what heart, enframed and set
Within a mould of most exquisite shape,
So tender and so fair, of perfect touch,
So sublimely inviting to the eye!
What eyes were his that seemed two choicest stars
Plucked from the heaven of the eternal Throne!
A thing of heaven in human mould, ablaze
Eternally with the eternal Spirit.
With the wild waves he sighed and sobbed aloud
For love; and at the sunset hour he stood,
Wooing the moon and heavens' familiar host.
What passed between him and his loves divine,
At this unearthly hour, whoe'er could tell?
What warnings whispered in each other's ears,
What thoughts and hopes breathed in each other's soul!
And when beneath the skies of evening moon,
Dearest of his ethereal loves, he stood,
His sweet heart, touched with tenderness divine,
Overflowed with unutterable prayers;
And from the glory of the moon he wove
Wild dreams, perhaps the wildest of all dreams,
Of joys which might seem impossible hopes.
'Midst these a dream of glory unbeheld,
Whose shadow is the earth—he found it there—
He passed, and found the glorious Thing he sought,
The everlasting Thing that is to be.

What smile was in his eyes, when from its cell
Unsphered, to the heaven of heavens fled his soul,
Keen as the captive, from his dungeon freed,
Flies in the world from his duration vile.
So passed that soul unterrified, and left
Immortal survivings beyond the grave;
And won beyond the grave—O blessed gain!—
An ever-glorious and eternal home,
Double immortality of heaven and earth.
He died not! death but took what was his own,
And gave up to heaven what he could not keep.
He is no more who, when he was, thought not
Of earth, but made the heavens his earth and home.
The past he left on earth, and towards heaven turned
The hidden future to embrace, eternal.
There is no past where he is dwelling now,
No remembrance of once-remembered things.
A pause no more, he lives and full beholds
Eternal present of time without time,
Where sunrise bemoans not the sunset hour:
He is taken unto the eternal.
Behold him seated now among the stars,
Among the very sun and moon he loved,
A sun enthroned among heaven's eldest suns!
While others have sunk with soul-rending groans
In the chasmless and bottomless abyss,
From whence perchance they can ascend no more.
Beyond, and far above the heavens he saw,
Ablaze his throne eternal shines, alit
With the immortal life and light of God:
Into a hidden elysium he is,
He only went from whence no coming is.

July 1900.

MOON

Oh, why am I awake while others sleep?
Why do I smile while others haply weep
Over the sorrows of the day that's past,
While the chain of sleep ought to bind them fast?
Who, unprivileg'd of their nocturnal rest,

Fret and quarrel with their spirits opprest,
And waking all night, wake th' remembrance sad
Of a thousand afflictions not yet dead?
Why do they not, forgetful of their grief,
Hope to find beyond one spark of relief?
Why am I alone so supremely blest,
And, though not at rest, am at perfect rest?
What is it that will not my eyelids close,
And from me withhold all thought for repose,
And, though not asleep, can lend me the bliss,
Which slumber most profound may grudge to miss?
Something dearer than sleep must claim my eyes;
Why should I ask, with ecstatic surprise,
Since so well I know why I am awake,
And wherefore the fond thought of sleep forsake?

'Tis thou, O moon! who, waking from thy sleep,
Keepest me awake. Oh, I love thee, deep
As depth itself, when I see thee bestride,
Like a majestic god, all the heavens wide,
And keep thy holy watch with pious care
Around the sleeping earth with smiles so fair!
Would there were none besides myself to share
Th' elysian joy; alas! one more is there,
More favoured than myself, who can partake
The selfsame bliss and ever is awake;
Who than myself placed nigher to thy heart,
Is ever by and never is apart.
Who shares with me the glorious heritage?
Who is it? who but Venus! Like a page
That follows closely at his mistress' feet,
In the sole charge of the embroidered sheet,
Its flowing superfluity to guard,
Though well-nigh whining 'neath her proud discard,
He close on thee doth vain attendance dance
In worship mute, though thou dost not enhance
His love-born ecstasy; for prouder thou
Art cold to him, and with a colder brow
Thou farther from him retreat'st, and each day
Thy coldness doubles, and thou keep'st him away
Farther and farther from thee. Yet faithful he,
So despised of his love, attends on thee,

Love-lorn, with sighs not of thy ears unheard;
But by those sighs thy heart is never stirred.
Cold beloved! will thy lover ever pine
And follow thee like a mourner divine?
Other numberless lamps are round thee hung,
By whom thy praise is perpetually sung.
From servile these, fixed in their spheres ordained,
Thy greater light extorts due worship strained.
With godlike grace, like an ethereal queen,
Thou sitt'st thy ever pining lovers 'tween:
Divine retinue! what earthly queen could dare
Her false pomp with thy pageantry compare?

When thy dim reflex steals into my room,
And, spoiling the night of its wonted gloom,
Proclaims thy coming on thy throne abroad,
Spreading thy face on the celestial shroud,
How I fly to thee, foregoing other joys as soon,
And oblivious of all terrestrial boon
Which the fair earth perchance might spare to those
Who seek a cure for their heartrending woes.
My woes I forget when thou art with me—
How can I be sad in thy society?
Thus happy in thy company till dawn,
I would stand and gaze, not to rest withdrawn,
From even to night which is transformed to day,
Unconscious then how each hour glides away.
How I linger to behold thy eminence,
With boundless ecstasy and joy intense,
When on thy billowy bosom thou spreadst thy face,
Through which transparent mirror thou couldst trace
The true presentment of thy glorious self,
Faithful image! who forgets not the pelf,
The power, and the might poor earth may boast?
In thine, which are eternal, they are lost.

Wilt thou not talk with me, O moon, as wont
With mighty bards of yore? Am I so blunt
That thou wilt laugh my arrogant attempt,
And from thy inaccessible throne smile contempt?
Because I cannot gain the height, by thee
Attained, wilt thou deride and laugh at me?

How divine was the intercourse that oft
Between us passed ! How mutual was each thought
'Tween us exchanged, not of this transient earth
But such as is born of diviner birth !
Sweet days have been when, from the world apart,
I wooed thee alone, and my inmost heart
Went out to thee, while things on earth did breathe
With life, thy mighty bounteous sway beneath !
Oh, with what ineffable emotions beat
My heart, when I saw thee with virgin-feet
Ride the heavens, sublime ! Can it be that past
Are those days of joy ? Wilt thou no more cast
On me the same lingering glance of love,
That I, looking from earth to heavens above,
Oft won from thee ? Wilt thou so soon forget
The mutual sympathy and love, while yet
I gaze on thee, and, feeding on thy smile,
Sleep o'er my earthly sorrows for a while ?
Ah ! can my soul at this hour be so dead,
Seeing thy divinity round thee spread,
That it will not gaze on thy heavenly face,
And think once more that nothing can efface
The glory that it sees ! O beauteous moon !
Still wilt thou minister the selfsame boon
To my aching heart ! Still wilt thou impart
The selfsame glory, and reflect thy dart
Upon my soul, and still wilt thou reveal
The same soothing face, and still will I feel
The very motions surging 'gainst my blood,
Which I felt, when thee I adoring stood !
But I little dream that perchance to-morrow,
A day's joy may be an eternal sorrow !
Ah ! already fled is the joy ! where art thou ?
But now I saw thee smile, and smiled, and now
Thy face veiled 'neath the voluminous mask
Of the vaporous circles, the earth looks dark.
Hast thou retired on thy privilege-leave,
Thus leaving me behind, love-sick to grieve ?
As the lover pines for his belovèd's face,
And tries as in a dream some mark to trace ;
So will I beyond the horizon look
To catch a glimpse of thee : I cannot brook

The thought o' eternal severance. I'll wait,
And with lover's tears, weeping o'er my fate,
Eagerly I'll wait thy wept-for return,
Fair pilgrim ! when thy pilgrimage is done.
Where art thou ? Oh, no bliss without alloy !
Fled is thy glory ! fled too is my joy !

August, 1900.

A SONG OF MISERY

WHEREFORE are ye slow to come,
Delight and mirth and bliss,
To me, when everywhere you roam ?
I weep that I should miss
The wealth of calm and sweet repose,
Cursed and pressed with a thousand woes.

Oh, unfold your smiles, and come
With all your gilded train ;
Fix in my heart your home,
That I may smile again !
Oh, hither fly to comfort me .
I want your blest society.

Why have I forgone all joy
And hope and calm within ?
Oh, once more to be a boy
To live those days serene !
And cease to sigh for what is not,
Nor weep over my wretched lot.

My heart's its own sepulchre,
Which once was joy's sweet home ;
A dwelling now for wild despair,
Alas ! it hath become.
My heart is now a living grave,
Myself worse than the hopeless slave.

The sun is shining warm and bright ;
The sea is leaping high.
To me, alas ! the day is night,
And dark the cloudless sky !

I wander like a sullen cloud,
Though many joys around me crowd.

Is the earth a child of woe?
A cradle of human pinings?
Wrought by man's and heaven's foul Foe,
Out of his own sufferings?
I hear no joyous voice around;
My heart sends forth one mournful sound.

How sweet sings the nightingale!
Yet is her rapturous air,
Outcoming from her lonely vale,
Interwove with deep despair;
Or, maybe, am I thus beguiled,
Since I have been a sorrow's child.

Methinks she feels some pity
For my sad and troubled heart;
She hears my mournful ditty,
And doth in her notes impart,
That kindred griefs and woes destroy
Her inward happiness and joy.

Come then, O veiled misery!
Be thou my happiness!
If thou choose to dwell with me,
Come not to curse but bless;
No foe, but like a comrade come,
And make with me thy happy home.

WINTER AND SPRING SONG

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Blow out thy wintry last!
Methinks thou hast a mind
To give up thy fierce blast
To Spring's sweet, lovely calm,
And hail in the happy balm.
Thou must thy freaky humour
Resign with many a clamour;

Already hast thou spent
Thy utmost rage and fury,
And now thou art intent
To withdraw thy visage hoary.

Out, out, thou Winter wild !
Thou Nature's noisy child !
Thy fume and fever and fret
We never can forget ;
Of thy uncertain temper
How many a whim and freak
We can yet remember !
And many a blast so bleak
That tore and burst asunder
The tall and stately vine,
With all its petals 'twined ;
Like a wild and fierce brute,
How many a blooming bud
Thou crushed within its root,
With all its sighs unheard,
Save of its sisters kind,
Who, weeping with piteous sorrow,
Haply survived its death,
Only to draw their breath
Not beyond to-morrow.
Nature's laws do bind,
Even amongst the flower,
Each one to the other.
Amongst the flowery race
Exists more kindly grace ;
Feelings for each other's woes,
As angel for angel knows ;
Purer love and gratitude,
Than ever the bosom rude
Of man for man did feel :
He hath the heart of steel.
Behold thy work so gory,
O Winter ! dost thou glory,
In the ruin thou hast wrought,
Of which thou hast no thought ?
Or does the devil's bribe,
O, tempted winter wild !

Arouse thy foul revenge
Upon the peaceful tribe
Of the flower and its child ?
How long wilt thou take to quench
Thy vengeance brute and wild ?
If quenched, then wherefore yet
Thou tarriest longer here ?
Enough of thy mischief done,
Oh, never more return !
Now let us quite forget
All wrong that thou hast done,
Till again thou dost return,
Another kindred year.
Another year ! how sad the thought !
Oh, may'st thou never come
With ruinous footsteps firm,
That flowers may perish not !
Away, away ! oh, be away !
Fulfil thy hunger last,
And with a final blast,
Be thou for ever away.

In, in, green Spring, come in
And do thou stand between
That winter may not come,
But he may find his home,
Far somewhere else, not here,
Another wintry year !
Hail, sweet Spring, thou hail !
With joy and mirth prevail ;
And fetch thy longed-for balm
Of gay and blissful calm !
Enough we had of noise,
When Winter, like a girl unwise,
So much did fret and fume,
And spread around his gloom ;
That we would not have him stay,
But wished him hence away.
And seeking for quiet anew,
Bid him a joyous adieu ;
But no adieu to thee,
For thou art ever new,

Ever so fresh and gay,
That we would have thee stay
For all eternity,
Even in seasons undue ;
But thou art for a while,
Our days with joy to 'guile.
Come like a maiden coy,
With virgin beauty crown'd,
And spreading mirth and joy
Upon the world smile down !
Come from behind the veil
Of Winter, dark and hoary !
Come with new-born glory,
Or some new-invented tale
About the heavens above,.
Or some sweet song of love,
Of a seraphic pair !
Come, come, and so declare,
Thy face sublimely fair,
That all alike may share
In joy and bliss together,
And greet thy glorious weather !
O'erhead with a bright green feather,
Come hither, O come hither !
When thou art hither sent
With the sweet intent
Of giving merriment,
Each mortal soul is bent,
On some high attainment ;
I mean not the low pursuits
In which the low engage,
But such as only suit
The higher mind of sage.
Come hither and inspire,
The ever-restless fire
Of poesy divine !
I know that it is thine,
To feed the roaming mind
That rest doth never find,
But wanders here and there,
Itself it knows not where.
Come with that ample food

For musings high and true
Of best and purest mood ;
This is the noblest good,
Which thou alone canst do.

Come, Spring, so calm and sweet !
With nimble footsteps come,
And make earth once more thy home !
Lo ! the world at large doth greet,
In many a welcome rhyme,
Thee with happiness sublime ;
Thy days will be serene,
And full of jolly mirth,
What time thou hast thy birth
For ever fresh and green.
Flowers will bloom once more,
Once more the orchard smile,
As it had smiled before,
When thou dost stay awhile ;
Man will learn to adore,
Once again and evermore,
All which thy hands adorn
With beauty every morn ;
Once again will Nature wear
Her beauteous garb divine,
And with new-born grandeur shine,
And so visibly declare
Her ethereal charms and grace,
That man can never trace
A scene more beautiful.
Muse will in Nature find
A comrade of her kind ;
And birds more dutiful
Than the ungratful man
Will sing thee their hymns again.
Once again the nightingale
Will seek her shady wood
And woo her lonely shade,
And, like a bashful maid,
In accents soft yet strong,
Renew her heirdom of song,
And thrill the neighbour-vale !
Ah ! let no footsteps rude

Ever there intrude
On her singing solitude,
Or rudely check her voice,
That wild, melodious noise,
In which all souls rejoice
For ever and ever to hear,
Each year after year!
Grateful, she won't forego
Her duty of hymning praise
To high Divinity,
For giving back her quiet days;
In her worship of the Deity,
And in the happy thought
Of her own blessèd lot,
She'll think no more of sorrow,
Nor think upon to-morrow;
But glad in the present hour,
She will pour forth her shower
Of her native music sweet,
And, singing, thee will greet.
With what raptures new-born
My ravished ear will listen,
Every even and morn,
When once again she'll utter
Her mad, melodious murmur;
My soul will be the prison
Of varied harmonies,
And simple village ditties;
And my conscious heart admire
Nature in thy green attire.

Awake, O thinking world, awake!
Now dormant lie no more!
All other tasks forsake,
And with heart and soul adore
These beauties fresh and new,
And bid cold Winter adieu.
Come, Spring! O come thou hither
With a green and glorious feather!
And do not deem it wrong,
That with an early song,
We should hail thee long.

March 1st, 1900.

IN MEMORIAM

R. H. W.

I

Thou simple child that knew no crime,
Nor knew as yet what 'twas to sin,
Death fixed his home thy heart within,
And killed thee at too sudden time.

The roses in the garden grow
Are not so full of charm and grace,
As those that did perfume thy face;
But Death their worth was loath to know.

As doth the lily on the breast
Of the deep river-waters float,
There anchored like a fairy boat,
In all its native whiteness drest,

Thou bloomed; but, as the lily white
'Neath the waters its stem conceals,
Nor e'er its rotten state reveals,
And of its death holds out no fright,

Thou didst not show the mischief wild
That was within; a fatal cause;
Too soon a stop, too soon a pause—
Thou art no more, thou guiltless child!

Wherefore this haste? half the year rolled,
And ceased the stream of life to flow;
Six months' bliss is eternal woe,
For now no light the clouds unfold.

II

Like a sweet human nightingale
Thou warbled philomelic tune.
But, alas! instead of that boon,
A vacant silence doth prevail.

Those tunes, those airs for aye are hushed ;
Thy sweet breath too for aye is mute ;
Why, 'tis not for me to dispute ;
Dark, cruel Death thy life hath crushed.

More beautiful in death than life,
His hand thy beauty could not pluck,
Though long around thee did it lurk,
But to protract life's painful strife.

III

How can we who have seen thy face
Forget that lovely image fair,
The angel that sat smiling there,
Shining with ethereal grace !

All were forgot when thou wert by,
When we did press thee to our breast,
An angel, not an earthly guest ;
All, all was joy, when thou wert nigh !

But from that joy, and that delight,
We are now for ever banished,
For thou like a phantom vanished
To the Region where all is light.

Yet thy smiles are fresh ! Yet thy face,
That seemed so fair and pure in life,
More fair and pure in death and strife,
Death cannot from our eyes efface.

IV

When last did swell thy cheeks with smiles,
Hadst thou a thought that to-morrow
Thou wouldst drown us into sorrow ?
Death won thee with its artful guiles.

Say, wast thou conscious of thy fate ?
One cold winter would blast thy breath,
Would beat out life and bring in death,
Lift thee to more than mortal state ?

This morn, this day, so kindly cruel,
That thou, robbed of the soul of life
That bears it through all painful strife,
Wouldst fall in the unequal duel ?

Death came in a most evil hour ;
He whispered thee, "Come, lovely one !"
Ah ! so he spake, and wooed and won ;
Thou yielded to his mighty power.

He came to have his own dark bliss,
Thee to embrace his darling one ;
And, by his fatal amours won,
He killed thee while he meant to kiss.

Thy ere-born, feeling not the blow,
Thinks thou art yet upon thy bed,
A living angel, not yet dead ;
But oh, to her what tears will flow,

When she, made sensitive to death,
Learns that the inexorable foe
Struck on thy heart his deadly blow
And stopped the current of thy breath !

What grief awaits thy sister still,
A babe, now playing on the floor,
When into her ear Time will pour
The heavy news, and break the seal

Of fact that is !—that 'tis her fate,
To see her longed for, lost ere long,
No more, but hear her sung in song,
What tears o'er her unsistered state ?

VI

That thou art dead—it sounds so strange !
We cannot trust the fact that seems ;
We dream thee in a sleep of dreams,
We cannot take this cheating change.

Thy lips, thy cheeks are crimson yet ;
Though gone for aye, yet not forgotten ;
We mourn the day, of woe begotten ;
We resign, but cannot forget.

What lured thee from this world of pain ?
Why didst thou take thy leave so soon ?
Did Heavens think thee too great a boon
For earth, that, not to err again,

Thee from our hands they should have torn,
A blooming bud ? Could we believe
That this is not, that we but grieve
And weep for one who was not born ?

Vain wish ! who can unprove the fact
That naught can be against God's will ?
How can we hope that thou art still
With us ? Alas ! [1]we take the fact.

VII

'Tis more than death to part with thee,
The very worms do shrink to feed
On thee, recoiling from the deed,
And pause awhile to gaze on thee.

We sigh for thee, we weep for thee !
E'en thy cradle doth silent weep,
" Where's my charmer I rocked to sleep ?
What hand hath plundered her from me ?

Will she no more come in my arms,
Upon my pillows rest her head,
Make my bosom her sleeping bed,
No more enjoy my soothing charms ? "

Thou dost not hear thy mourners weep,
Nor thy sister's unconscious cry,
" Where's ' Ai ? ' come, sit by me, ' Ai, Ai,' "
She knows not that her " Ai " doth sleep.

VIII

Thrice happy saint ! when to our lip
We press thy sole remembrance—hair,
And fondly kiss thy image fair,
We wail the severed fellowship.

Why didst thou see the worldly light,
Why come out from thy mother's womb,
If but to come to woo thy tomb—
To perch and take anon thy flight?

Forgive these cries, these murmurs wild,
Wild outbursts of perverted sense !
My grief had not been more intense
If I had lost my own dear child.

IX

God gave the gift, the balm, the boon ;
The joy, the bliss, He freely gave
Which did the anxious mother crave,
But robbed it off, alas ! too soon.

That balm hath died; born is new bane,
The joy goes out, wild grief comes in,
And sorrow weeps without, within—
Eternal sorrow, lasting pain.

He called thee there. Why, He knows best;
With Him thou art so fit to live.
To calm despair, therefore, we give
Ourselves away, thee peace and rest.

November 26th, 1899.

TO ELIZABETH BROWNING

SWEET spring hath dawned with her sweetening smile,
All hearts are green with unutterable joy,
While fresh springlike thoughts mortal hours beguile;
But my joy, alas ! wintry thoughts destroy.

For adown my heart Sorrow's torrents roll
That make my soul shiver, as blast the trees;
And chill melancholy benumbs my soul,
As do the winter-snows the rivers freeze.

Then was I treading in the depth of death,
My anxious soul inquiring of the dead,
Who round their graves from their invisible breath,
Like the death-scented flowers, their fragrance shed.

'Twas here my questioning soul did think of thee,
Of thee who 'neath the earth dost slumber on,
And thus to thee "If there an answer be,
O say, whither are the departed gone?"

But from the silent caves of mortal graves,
Came no response to my awaiting ear.
"Speak thou, O earth," said I: "are these thy slaves?
Are the spirits of the slumbering here?"

"Not here, blind fool! in Heaven their spirits are,"
I heard my own spirit's offended voice,
"Who watch the living from their home afar;
Spirit the earth cannot enslave—rejoice."

Rejoice! heavenly word of divine solace
That, dew-like, soothing my despondent heart,
And lighting with its breath my fallen face,
Says, "with the living, not the dead, thou art."

If thou then also with the living be,
I would my sighs in deathless joys control;
And Truth and Hope and Faith might sing of thee,
Death saw its death in laughter of thy soul.

Thy radiant soul, to passions not a slave,
Made the dark clouds of life as soft as sky.
So much of glory in a human grave,
And so much yet may live, though it may die.

On loftiest thoughts thy spirit didst thou feed,
Careless 'mong the immortals to include
Thy soul delighting in its simple creed—
To love, and live in, God, and to be good.

In sympathy with him whose soul invoked
Th' uninvokable and th' invisible saw,
Thou tuned the music of those lips that soaked
Their full in the cup of song, struck with awe

At their own sweet sounds, so nearest divine;
Like him, so unlike all, so much like thee,
The soul that was in harmony with thine,
Thou sang'st of Beauty, Love and Liberty.

O sing of these again, but most of Love,
And send from Heaven the weary earth some rest,
And shed thy light, if thou with seraphs move,
In white ideal of thy Shelley drest.

There let thy Robert too, with fiery eyes,
Full of those sounds on earth he could not sing,
Chant with seraphs in sublimer skies,
Awake for aye in the immortal Thing.

Sappho of England! England's joy and pride,
And endless shame of those who know not thee;
Thy songs, that prize the good, the evil chide,
Have left behind a deathless minstrelsy.

If thou art more than wast on earth before,
Blest with the varied soul that laughs and weeps,
Assure and soothe my soul, "O weep no more,
And mourn not her as dead who only sleeps."

If tuneful with thy life's ideal dreams
And thoughts and hopes too holy to control,
If tuneful with all that immortal seems
To the deep inward vision of the soul,

Thou lived and died, O poetess sublime!
If the earth was proud of a soul like thine,
Could not the Heavens, so gracious unto crime,
Be proud of thee, when thou art all divine!

Since sleep allured thee from this world of pain
To wake thee in a world of higher bliss,
Thy lyre to sway with greater might again,
And kiss thy God, who thirsted for His kiss.

Since thou on earth could never find thy rest,
Impatient on the wings of soul to fly,
To choose in Heaven alone what thou thought best,
And all the untold mysteries to spy,

Sleep then and fly, on earth for ever great,
So greater in the silence of thy grave,
And shine in Love divine that conquers hate,
And mount the glorious Throne the poets crave.

Sleep evermore, since 'tis in sleep could wake
Thoughts and hopes and desires we know not yet,
With angels there angelic joys partake,
And wakeful in thy Heaven, the earth forget.

Forget the earth, the hatred and the strife,
Which do their stamp on mortal faces carve;
Fain would we feed on sweets of purer life
Which finding not on earth, we pine and starve.

Now that a nobler portion is thy lot,
Behind the hidden veil from us afar,
For us, sweet soul, O spare one kindly thought,
And shine on us like a benignant star!

TO SHELLEY

For I am one whom men love not
And yet regret——

—SHELLEY.

THEY must be brutes who love thee not,
Who, jealous of thine happier lot,
Could not thy starlike fame achieve,
Or, as thou canst, our hearts could move.
Oh, dying, thou hast died to live,
And, hated, thou hast lived to love;
Thy name's an echo of some strange delight,
Thy spirit was a home of quenchless light.

We men on earth, though far thou art,
Still love and press thee to our heart,
A love, an unforgotten name,
To cherish which we've pledged our vow.
But more ; before thy godlike fame,
Our heads in low submission bow ;
For thou art one whom men so vastly love,
That all heavens themselves lend their share, above.

Is this not more than love, sweet bard?
For thee who feared men's vain discard?
What shouldst thou care for love or hate,
Thyself a love 'mong loves so bright?
'Tis not for all to be so great,
Or shine with thy transcendent light.
Life endured not hate ; death endures such love ;
Thyself a star among the stars above.

THE IDEAL LOVER'S IDEAL FOUND!

I.

Why leaps my heart? why gleam my eyes?
What motion stirs my heaving breast?
"Dost thou not know, a heavenly guest
I've entertained?" my heart replies.

"Something it is thou canst not see,
Now something new pervades thy heart,
Shall live with thee and never part—
Something that is and is to be.

"Some inward passion stirs thee thus,
That, living in, will not depart,
And knocks at the door of thy heart
Like Heaven's blessing, no earthly curse.

"Then ope the door, and let him in ;
All inward pain he'll heal and cleave ;
And, true to the last, will not leave
Thee to shame and remorse of sin."

II

Ah me ! 'tis true ; within I feel
The presence of a secret force ;
But whither it will take its course,
O who can tell, who can reveal ?

Will it bring me undreamt-of gain,
Or, denying any bliss to fetch,
Leave me at last a pining wretch,
And bring me sorrow, woe, and pain,

And fear, and its companion care—
Crush the joy that seems so real,
Or rob me of my ideal,
And make my life a wild despair ?

What fears are these I entertain,
When it is time to hear her voice,
To look, and at the sight rejoice ?
Heart, be calm and thy fears restrain.

III

What eyes are these that blind my sight ?
Two stars that, twinkling in their sphere,
Smile love and shine upon me here,
Whose dart emits ethereal light.

What lips are these, so sweetly bent ?
Two roses that on each other rest ;
Love, let them be the willing nest
Of kisses from thy lover sent !

What face is this I gaze upon
Of fairest, smoothest surface bright,
That shines like Heaven's own starry light,
On which my eyes so purely fawn ?

What light is this that gleams on me ?
Can such a light e'er shine on earth,
Or claims it a diviner birth ?
Confused I ask " what could it be ? "

IV

Or is this all but idle dreams,
And this outburst but dreamt-of bliss,
Which, falsely tempting, soon shall miss?
Shall the fact die—the fact that seems?

Or am I in some fairy land,
Creating fairies in the air?
And wildly gazing round me there,
I vainly stretch and reach my hand

To the ideal that cannot be?
The divine ideal cherished long,
Like one adored in poet's song,
Till it fails, and all seems to me

A madman's dream, and nothing more!
That I, mad wanderer of air,
Conceive a shape, a creature fair
I vainly worship and adore.

V

But soft, whither runs my idle strain,
In dreams of fearful doubts involved,
That shake my gladdened soul, resolved
To trust that all this is not vain?

What doubts are these that do my mind
Load with disquiet and unrest,
And shake my calmly breathing breast?
Will my eyes never turn to find

The darling object loved so long?
Shall I not her in flesh behold,
And in my hand my darling hold,
And drive away the doubts that throng?

Ah, whither, whither runs my doubt
That makes me distrust my own heart?
O let it fly! let it depart!
Let her in human shape come out?

VI

Farewell, dark dreams ! no more ye bind
My sleep ; what do mine eyes behold?
A sight serene doth now unfold :
The airy vision of my mind.

Unearthly form, an angel bright,
The same I cherished in my dreams,
Pure eyes filled with eternal beams !
A heavenly face of heavenly light.

Angel that tread'st the earth below,
In thee is heaven's most perfect touch.
More perfect yet ? that were too much :
Can Nature's hand still further go ?

VII

How fast and swiftly beats my breath !
But without thee to share my bliss,
Without thyself, without thy kiss,
It were far worse than living death.

Without thy love I cannot live,
Without thy love the world were hell,
Without thy love indeed 'twere well
What I call mine to death to give.

Without thy love there is no life,
Without thy love I'd better die
Than sigh for thee and vainly cry
For th' longed-for bliss "Belovèd wife."

VIII

Now sigh no more, heart, sigh no more !
Thy long cherished ideal's found.
Now wake to joys that have no bound,
Such joys as were not thine before.

Smile once more, muse, with new delights,
And now to joyous strains arise!
For lo! the pure and cloudless skies
Open thee a blissful paradise

Of love and joy on earth unknown!
Joy beaming with eternal smile,
Not such as transient smiles awhile;
And love that knows not how to mourn.

IX

'Tis not the love which this world knows.
'Tis more than human, and yet more;
I only worship and adore
And as my passion stronger grows,

The move of earth dies out from it,
And like Heaven's own immortal boon,
It strikes the heart and doth attune
All passions into love; they beat

Along the heart, not once as they
Possessed the vulgar heart within
The heart, and tainted it with sin.
The touch divine now casts away

The vulgar part, and doth remove,
The coarser nature that's inborn:
I feel no more the stinging thorn;
Thou feelest it with heavenly love.

This new life straight descends from God,
This joy, this bliss divinely sent!
Then let our hearts, divinely bent,
Sing praise to the Eternal Lord.

January, 1898.

THE SINGING

Sweet chanter of woods! dost thou sing,
Under thy leafy grove,
The frailty of each earthly thing,
Or hollowness of love?

Of friendship's falsely glittering charm,
That smiles in hours of bliss;
And doth, at Penury's alarm,
Leave what it once did kiss?

O sing to me of what will be,
Not of the things that are;
Of Him who gave this voice to thee,
The Heart that beats afar.

O sing of life, and not of death,
With glad and sanguine tone,
And with my song thou blend thy breath,
That I may cease to mourn.

Of world beyond this world of care,
Of bliss beyond this woe;
Here love and friendship true are rare,
And all is false below.

O sing of this, and thrill the wood,
And stir the yonder rill;
And so proclaim the final good
That is to come through ill.

O sing of Love and sure release
To sufferings of men!
And intimate to them a peace,
When Death will live again.

O sing of God and man as one,
Soul's conquest o'er the sod,
That glorious as the rising sun
Man may awake to God.

Tell us of happiness beyond,
Who happiness have none;
Nor will my heart not then respond
In tunes as happy sung.

If man is to be blent in God,
That union sing to me;
And even from beneath the sod
I too will join with thee.

July, 1901.

A VOICE UNHEARD BEFORE

HERE pause awhile in joy, O musing soul!
To hear, unlike all ever heard before,
This prophetic voice whose sweet descants roll
Like stream-currents, and with a depth adore
In their sunset prayer the eternal God!
How exquisite is its mysterious note
"Now sing all praise to the almighty Lord,"
Whose spirit animates that melodious throat?
Ever turn thy face to the star-paved sky,
In adoration of the Immortal!
And lift up thy sounds, O voice! to God on high,
And chant worship to the Giver of all,
In like deep-toned intensest melodies.
It were too little joy to say that I rejoice;
For when I listen to thy ecstasies,
My very heart is thundered by thy voice.

July, 1901.

THE SOLITARY LOVER OF MAN AND NATURE

INSTINCTIVE with the love that purifies
The gross within the heart and dignifies
The nature of the heart—that blessed love
That nature-blessed souls have known and strove
To cherish even through all human hate
And scorn of all the world, who dedicate

Themselves to nature and to man, I saw
One in the grasp of age, and struck with awe
At the reverence sublime which on that face,
Kindled by that hallowed love, my eyes did trace,
I could not further move, chained to the ground;
And happily by him whose heart was bound
In profound meditation, I was not seen.
He could not dream that any might have been
Where he was, with his presence to profane
That divinest spot, where soul entertains
Thoughts not less divine. Nature held his eyes,
Which now and then he lifted to the skies
As if they were acquainted from their birth,
Promoting communion 'tween heaven and earth.
The wedlock of the hills with the mountains,
And union of the rivers with the fountains;
And raptures of the sea, when sunrise came,
Its sighs, when sunset, feeding the sacred flame
That burnt within his heart and did consume
His sweet blessèd soul, leaving there no room
For thoughts and hopes save noblest and the best,
Were dear to him; when most severely opprest
With cares and worldly sorrows and distress,
He boldly could upon his mind impress
Nature's varied phases, and with these commune;
Blend his heart in conjunction with the moon;
And in the vacancy of solitude
His heart could find tongue and his soul find food
Where others might behold a blank and void.
He knew nothing in nature was destroyed,
Nor aught in nature was without a voice,
Which his hearkening spirit heard to rejoice;
He was overjoyed when the sun did shine,
But all the glory of his love divine
In the sea he found, his belovèd sea,
With whose spirits of immortality,
'Neath the midnight serenest moon, he held
Communion, and wept when she withheld
Her face. So he and Nature were akin
That each of the other seemed like a twin.

Nor not to his kin did his heart he bind;
He hated all the haters of mankind,

For his heart told him that misanthropy
Was the most heinous sin ; if God would be
At variance with His men, and these expel
From His heart, where would the departed dwell ?
Death then would surely justify his boast,
Were the dead in annihilation lost.
'Twas thence he loved his kindred more, but less
Than nature. He wept o'er human distress,
When his own heart was in joy, free from care,
Nor words he lacked to encourage despair
To hope against hope. Gold he heaped not aught,
But with a large heart harbouring no thought
For self, he filled all empty hands, although
Goddess of Fortune never did bestow
With a propitious hand upon his head
Her grace of gold. He most luxuriant shed
Charity everywhere, e'en where need was not ;
Not one among the whole penurious lot
But had some alms from that benevolent soul.
O'er beasts and birds and o'er the mankind whole
He shed his benediction. His heart leaped
That kind nature upon his own heart heaped
Like blessings, and with all her grace benign
Placed in his soul the immortal divine.
Of grievous sights the most did he deplore
Beauty in tattered rags, and evermore
He wept within, that God's divinest gift,
Beauty, where He show'd not His care of thrift,
Should be destroyed, and then he grieved the most
That Charity with her vanity and boast,
And with her munificent gifts, was loath
To feed the foodless and the clotheless clothe.
All things in him aroused, from men to birds,
Feelings that are too strongly felt for words.

'Twas sunset now ; the sunk divinity
And the heavens were communing with the sea ;
While the solitary lover's outward eyes,
As if they saw some unseen paradise,
Blazed forth with the fire of a secret light ;
While his inward, stifling the breath of night,
Intensely saw a soul-imagined world,
Where such eternal graces had unfurled

Themselves and dawned, as like a vision seemed
To his dreaming soul; his eyes brighter gleamed
With the breath of imperishable thought
That rolled therein. It was a heavenly spot
Where souls, untroubled and wont to solitude,
Retire at eve to seek diviner food.
As earnest and devoted as the sun
What time he shines, that Nature's loving son,
In varying melodies that sounded sweet
Addressed all things, first th' sea before his feet:

"Sweet, sweet beyond words at sunrise;
But how sweeter still at sunset,
When with thy lucid lifted eyes
Towards the sun, not parted yet
In a sweet and a sad farewell,
Thou sing'st thy sobbing melodies!
In thy bottomless bosom dwell
Invisible worlds of mysteries;
Oh, how piercing thy voices are!
How deep and holy thy delight,
When from above there one clear star,
The messenger of earthly night,
Its own music blends with thy song,
Inspired by the new-rising moon,
And echoed by the starry throng?
O sea! will all this vanish soon,
All die and hasten to decay?
Nay, nay, 'tis man is born for death,
While thou shalt live through night and day,
Singing with thy rapturous breath."

"Sunset and evening hour,
Ye both are closely wed;
The mortal feels your simultaneous power,
When in night's footsteps tread.

"What do your voices bode?
Some joy or bitter sorrow?
Where will ye linger? In some hid abode,
On the sunrise morrow?

"Is sunset what it seems?
Doth it forebode a curse?
Or go to wake from sweet and golden dreams
Some mightier universe?

"Across the sun-blent skies
O joy! I hear a voice,
A voice from the lips of the sun that dies,
At which the waves rejoice.

"Death is the soul's sunset
Its sunrise will eclipse;
The dear immortal God doth not forget
The mortal man is His.

"I bid thee, sun! farewell
To hail thee back to-morrow;
New joy will recompense, as thou dost tell,
The old and bitter sorrow.

"Hail, thou impotent Night!
How transient is thy breath!
Behind thy face I see eternal light,
Thou art the Shadow of Death."

"Sweet moon in wedlock with the sun,
With happier news dost thou return?
Singest thou from thy realm above
Of joy or undespisèd love?

"With thy ethereal mildness curb
The fiery tumults that disturb
The peace of soul, as tempest shakes
The sea, and rough its bosom makes.

"O quell such storms and spread a calm
In heart of man with thy sweet balm;
And raise him higher than the sod,
That he may closer be to God.

"As mounts and hills swell with thy breath,
Let heart of man, though born for death,
Swell with the Nature's swelling heart,
Who is immortal as thou art."

"Ye, O mountains, who sunset do bewail,
And ye rivers and seas that sunrise hail,
Grow more in contact with the soul of man,
And let your solemn voices sweet
Promote the instinct of love and sympathy,
That dwells imperishable 'mong ye,
'Twixt man and man,
And O let not the mortal heart admit
Of hate for others of its kind;
But closer men to each other bind
In a bond of pure and immortal love,
Such as between the moon and stars above,
Nip in the bud and kill the birth of hate
And preach to them to dedicate
And consecrate
Their hearts to kindred hearts, nor curse their fate,
If fate have ought to do with mortal state,
Set 'fore their eyes fond mutual sympathy
And love, that hath been from eternity;
And bid them not forget
That unisons beget
The happiness for which the soul doth crave;
And bid them not enslave
Their hearts to vice,
Nor apprentice
Themselves for deeds dark and obscene,
And whatever is base and mean.
Yet more, yet more!
A higher mission doth await
Ye still before;
Not only mortal hate,
Ye have known not of,
Nor mortal love,
Ye have to murder and awake,
Ye have to make
A closer union with the human kind,
And their hearts round yours eternally to bind.
Man and Nature are to each other wed

In immortality;
As undecayed
As Nature's soul, the mighty soul of man,
Freed from the contact of the flesh profane,
By a pre-ordained decree,
Will wake to God and to eternity,
Even as the dead sunset smiles again."

"O light of unbeholden God!
That lives through all the range of time,
With pow'r to check and rod the crime,
Lift up thy creature of the sod.

"Shed light over the lightless head,
And clothe the soul of man divine,
With the light of immortal Thine,
On all thy Benediction shed.

"Shed thy blessings, and raise the dead
In glorious conquest o'er the earth,
And crown them with eternal birth,
Though be their bones in earth decayed.

"Make man more faithful unto Thee,
Make him more strong in faith and love,
That, soaring towards Thee above,
In bliss he may be one with Thee.

"O faith in God that ever lives!
O man, most surely to be blest,
And stand, in sunrise glory drest,
Before his God, whose love forgives."

Thus did the solitary lover converse
With Nature and God and His universe;
And thus he stronger grew in strength of faith
And love, and weaker in the strength of hate,
And thus to th' hearts of Nature and of Man,
He nearer went, thinking all things as vain.
I homeward turned, with mind and soul disturbed,
Deeply musing on all that I had heard.

October 4th, 1901.

A SONG

SUN is the emblem of Light,
And stars the flowers of skies,
Moon the poetry of night,
And flowers the garden's fair eyes ;
Beauty is prey for the sod,
The sea is a world of love,
Love is the King and Lord
Of things below and above.
Sin victim to the rod,
And hell the reward of sin,
Nature the preacher of God,
Heaven a Light that hath been ;
Man is the god of the fair,
And woman the heaven of man,
Children a joy 'midst care,
Poesy a blessing and ban ;
War is the demon of greed,
And peace goddess of content,
Vice the devil's own breed,
Virtue a light God-sent ;
Earth's the footstool of God,
Mortals the children of earth.
Elysium the throne of the Lord,
And Death is a new-born Birth ;
Man the creature of a breath,
And Life the teacher of death.

THE VOICE THAT CALLED OUT "COME, COME"

A SONG

I AM coming, I am coming,
Thou voice that callest "Come!"
But oh, where is thy hidden home?
What great part art thou conning
    In thy glorious privacy?
What music art thou singing
    In thy secret glory?
To what joys I never find

Thy heart is ever clinging?
Thou hast a high-thought'd mind,
Whose words are all divine.
What language this is thine
My mind cannot take in?
From thy paradise serene
What songs dost thou renew,
So foreign to mine ears?
Do they forebode some tears,
Or joys to waken new?
Or dost thou me seduce
With thy deceitful, honeyed air;
And my footsteps thus induce
Still blindly to proceed,
Though they know not where;
While thyself dost thou recede,
Like the lantern renowned,
That, tempting like a star,
Yet with some secret crowned,
Retreated ever far.
Thou callest "Come," and I have come;
But oh! where is thy hidden home?

August, 1901.

THE POET'S SOUL

A SONG

Sweet soul, that singest to the rolling sea,
And blendest thy breath with the waves,
Whose passions are ever responsive slaves
To the calls of divine ecstasy,
There is no death for thee!
The ocean sings on for ever,
And thou with the sea, sweet soul!
Even death hath no charm to sever
Thee from the waters that roll.
Thy heart with the sea's heart upheaves;
The sea is a heaven in thine eyes.
For thee on the shore every billow leaves
Some tale from the far-off skies,

Where the skies and the ocean are one,
When to the worlds beyond sun's footsteps turn.
Thou art like the deathless sea,
Emblem of eternity !

Sweet soul ! that dost with the stars commune,
When Cynthia is bright on her throne,
And in music thy passions attune,
Music to others unknown ;
And minglest thyself with the skies,
Freshly in light arrayed,
And thick with the stars inlaid,
That twinkle like heaven's fair eyes ;
And lookest with raptures on moon,
When she hangs on the main,
As the nymph on her pining swain,
As if that were thy life and thy boon !
And walkest in joy forth abroad,
To pull from the love-lit lips
Of the far-inviting moon,
Some sweet new-woven chord
Of a mystic tale of love,
That from the tongue of the moon dewlike drips ;
And put forth that tale in tune,
Consecrated to the stars above,
And thus with thy lóve for them,
Thou mak'st thee an earthly elysium.

Sweet soul, whose song-filled enamoured breath
Breathes the music of love,
And chants 'neath the shade of a grove,
Thou art not conquered by death.
The things that for others end,
For thee but freshly begin,
And to thy passions and ecstasies lend,
That feel not the sting of sin,
Pure thoughts that never die,
And a language more bright than the sky.

Sweet soul, that dost in thy visions behold
The eternal Region bright,

Where sunrise without sunset
    And co-eternal Light
    Live without the shadow of night,
Where darkness comes not yet!
Sweet soul, imbued with harmony and love,
    The amaranthine flower of life,
    Love without pain and strife,
    Blent with kin-love from above!
That dost in thy madness rejoice,
    Thy glad madness divine;
Who givest thy madness a voice
    Taught or to joy or to pine,
    With love's delicious moan,
    All seasons are thy own.

March, 1901.

VICTORIA

I

THE day dawns lightless as the moonless night;
The stars on a sudden have closed their womb,
And heavens for the sun have become a tomb.
The Earth's eclipsed, for Death hath quenched a light
Which shone but yesterday so bright and fair,
And brighter yet and with higher delight,
When one was there beside herself to share
Her joys and her sorrows from day to night;
—The kin-souled splendours of the kindred beam,
That did as one round Britain's bosom gleam.
To-day the long-surviving sun hath set,
Stars through the skies the doleful message send,
While all heavens to one common sorrow bend,
And one common woe that hath now beset
    The fair death-darkened land.

II

The streams and fountains raise their mournful dirge,
And roll their tears in the rivers and seas;
And they, as they cannot their grief appease,
Swell their mourning with their tear-swelling surge,

Whose weeping waves, as they huge mourning sail,
Speak to each other of one single woe,
And whisper to the shore the same sad tale,
And break their hearts upon the rocks below,
Whose stone-hard bosoms in weeping sorrow melt,
And round about make a tear-impressed belt;
With these the sun from high his own stream blends,
And the sea gathers the tears from his eyes,
While nature stares at nature with surmise
What misery the tear-filled Sun portends
That melts into the skies.

III

Oh, what change hath come? that bears in one hand
A uniformal face o' universal woe,
And in the other an inexorable foe,
On whose dark shoulders hung a fatal strand,
Prompt to strike? Alas! it hath struck ere-long—
Struck the white Eve-like heart while yet unspoiled,
And gathered one more 'mong the dying throng,
Whose unsullied heart to the last was coiled
Round her country's heart with maternal love,
O'er it to brood like the unwearied dove.
Now Death hath changed all: it hath won its prize:
It came to steal and made a glorious theft;
Its own joy fulfilled and behind it left
Hearts barren as the sun-deserted skies,
As the shore wave-bereft.

IV

Great sun-souled mother of a sunlike Land,
Whose heart from Vice, as Heaven from Hell removed,
Was crowned with virtues more than crown approved,
Immortal made with Heav'n's immortal Band!
'Twere well from thy high place in highest skies
To behold the thick starlike tears that start
In all thy widowed countries' tear-sowed eyes,
Tears deeper than the Niobean heart,
That wept to stone, what time earth ope'd its breast,
And in its hollow all her children prest.

Earth weeps with more than Niobean tears
To lay thee bare its all-devouring womb,
And make its sad bosom the saddest tomb,
Whose soul hath travelled to the skyey spheres
And found with God its home.

V

O woman of women! whose girl-like heart,
Exalted, yet knew not the pride of place;
Nor thought nor made much of one race or face;
All the world weeps from such a boon to part!
'Tis the woman, not the lady we mourn:
The woman that was lodged i' thy guileless heart,
And like a mirror to each eye was shown.
What loss with such a soul for aye to part!
All faces wear one uniform of woe,
And mourning sounds are heard, above, below.
Yet happier we, if from thy throne above,
Thou bend to hearken to each heartrending sigh,
And tears that mourn, but nature not defy,
Which hard earth's immovable heart can move,
For whom all sounds now die!

VI

Thou, on whom now waits not the royal care,
We hail the legacy thou hast left behind:
A guileless heart, and virtue-wedded mind.
Rejoice, sweet soul, and with thy God well fare!
Victoria, crowned with an e'er-victorious crown,
For whom are quiet hellish wars' alarms,
Thou hast no kingdom's care to weigh thee down,
Close clasped in thy Albert's proud welcome arms.
Thou see'st thy Albert, whom with inward eyes
Thy soul adored, when he was in the skies,
Him who, though lost in life's happiest days,
Dwelt in thy heart and all its thoughts attuned
To virtue, love and grace, thy nation's boon,
And made thee fit for angels' welcome lays,
Chaste as the midnight moon.

VII

This change brings in no change of life or death,
All is the same, all was the same, will be the same ;
The change that is is but the change of name,
Life will fly away like a fleeting breath,
Thou art past this life ; yet thy soul doth live,
That lives in heaven too, in thy country's heart,
Who hast no more to die, no more to grieve.
Grief and tears ! fulfil your last and depart ;
Mourn not Victoria's victory-crownèd head,
New-gathered 'mong the ever-living dead.
Earth sleeps in frail earth : the heaven in Heaven wakes,
And greets eternal Life to sleep no more.
And beholds those things that ever endure,
By angels loved and God that ne'er forsakes,
E'er faithful to the pure.

VIII

Mother, thou whose soul breathed such sacred breath ;
Whose heart was a haven of all moonlike thoughts,
Which, though once quenched, is yet extinguished not,
Liv'st where Life ever lives, and jests at Death.
What though thy bones are in the earth interred,
And thou leavest behind thy earthly crown !
Now by no sound thy breath is ever stirred,
No death will come again to press thee down.
Earth takes the frail shell in its shelly womb,
And of thy mortal makes a goddess' tomb,
Who sowed in godless hearts the godlike seeds,
Shaking unfaith, of virtue, faith and love
In Him to whom thou hast returned above ;
To which the laurels of a crown are weeds,
Nor can more worthy prove.

IX

O wake and cheat Death of his fond belief !
Sleep not, but wake anew to sleep no more,
And waft aspeed to th' unbeholden shore
The deathless spark, and find thy last relief !

What boots it now to weep over thy grave?
The end of all—the tenants of the shroud,
The king and peasant, the master and the slave,
When comes in apace death's darkening cloud.
Cheat the death-semblance of its cheating show,
And rise from earth, that Death itself may know
Its own defeat and grovel 'neath the earth,
Now look thy last, ere thou dost bid farewell,
And fly on rapture's wings from the chilly smell
Of nether earth, to thy sublimer birth,
For aye in God to dwell.

X

A sun in the far sun-unsetting Land
Where nought shall quench thy all-eclipsing light,
Where daylight and sunlight behold no night,
And Death no more uplifts his fatal hand.
In thy new Heaven what dazzling light, what crown,
What joy of joys, what love of loves is thine,
Where angels blow their trumpets to renown
Thee who hast pass'd from human to divine?
What splendour new-born we can never dream,
Save gaze and catch a full-convincing beam?
Thou hast no need of any earthly thing,
Whose royal bark with light not waxing pale
Doth now to the far unseen ocean sail,
Where no wrecking is, and all the heavens sing,
All hail, all hail, all hail!

XI

Thee angels wait with open arms to greet
Thou hast conquered Death, not Death thee: Death lost
What thou so nobly won, thy country's boast,
A fair place nigh and next thy Father's feet;
Who wast a taintless Eve that didst not fall,
Of a godlike heart untouched and unsoiled,
Whom could nor glozing lust nor vice forestall,
But kept it as the naked Heavens unspoiled.
For this thou hast in Heaven no portion small
Where thou art fled at once, not made to crawl.

Sleep, sleep thy earthly sleep beneath the sod,
And wake in heaven, where death-knell will not toll,
And where life hath no parts but lives one whole,
Who through this life's whole span lived in thy God,
Whose soul was in thy soul.

XII

Peace, peace to thee, large mother of large earth !
Peace to thy sacred shroud and peace-lit face,
Who hast begun a new more lustrous race,
Born from God's bosom with diviner birth.
God said, "Give me my own, the earth its due;
To earth the frail earth, to me my sweet bliss."
He speaks not so of all, but like thee few;
Who alone are His in life, in death are His.
And thence they err who mourn thy altered fate;
For this thy passing to a higher estate
Is but a change o' estates : thou art past
This wide woe-begirt earth, whose half was thine,
To be crowned in Heaven with a sceptre divine,
With a gold-woven wreath round about thee cast,
Like God's own star to shine.

XIII

If the living do not the dead offend;
If one fly hither from the far deathless sea,
Or love between the dead and living be;
Oh, then bless thy own sons with thy own hand,
Who without thy blessings can fare not well !
If earthly prayers can move the dear dead love,
Then this last, mother ! ere we bid farewell :
Brood o'er thy Land and watch it from above !
O thou, who hast now God's own robe put on,
A heaven-queen crowned on an eternal throne,
For whom there is no more nor grief nor pain !
If for a soul like thine the highest Heaven be,
Sure then, together with thy God we see,
And content us, till England hails again
A mother-queen like thee.

ON LOOKING AT SHELLEY'S FACE IN A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE POET

If God did e'er His image full implant
In human face—the making of His hand,
And left there nothing to desire or want,
He did in thine, Shelley! As here I stand,
And look on thy face, long rotten i' the sod,
—A comely shape of loveliest beauty born—
I trace in it the image of its God.
What soul was thine did such a face adorn!
Could I gaze in thine eyes and see not yet
The spark that irradiates that starry pair?
Or look upon thy face, and yet forget
What grief, what joy, what faith, what godlike care
Suffuse thy brow! Oh, what would I not give
To purchase me the light within thine eye!
God-souled Shelley, this blasphemy forgive!
To buy that light it were no death to die.

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

(On looking at a Picture of the same by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.)

And none but feet like yours are fit to tread
The Golden Stairs; none eyes but holy yours
Fit to behold such heavenly sights that shed
A golden lustre, where sweetest music pours
Its melting strains for your sweet ears alone,
That hear not, as ours do, all sounds that mourn.
In your hands varied voices of sweet sounds,
Whose music makes a harmony of souls,
Such music as from heaven to heaven resounds,
In whose subtle melodies a spirit rolls,
That harmonies of earth nor feel nor know.
O for a melody of sounds to flow

On earth like yours as a perennial stream—
Such sounds, as only heard in a heavenly dream,
Kindle the human soul with a kindred flame!
Sweet maids of Heaven! on whose unsullied brow
Sits not the taint of any conscious shame;
Nor vice nor lust their shameful faces show,
But Light and Life of God eternal burn—
O sing, awhile I sing of you, of love
And hidden life, that I from earth might turn,
And soar to your glorious realm above!

O mighty power of hand, that so could trace
Immortal Art, that Time cannot efface,
That with a lofty and ideal thought,
Instinct with higher desires of love and life,
Cast you all in an imperishable lot,
So unlike ours of envy, hate and strife;
Made you heavenly spirits divinely blest,
And made Eternity your home and rest,
Where love and beauty and all glorious sights,
Undreamt in fondest dreams o' ideal mind,
Pervade and illume your days without nights;
With maiden virtues filled your hearts that bind
You to th' Eternal and eternal things,
Where life with it nor care nor sorrow brings;
And enthroned you like queens among the skies,
So full of splendour and majestic grace,
Love and joy divine beaming on your face,
And the soul of God breathing through your eyes!

July, 1901.

THE IDEAL POET

PICTURE awhile a thoughtful, thoughtless youth,
Scarce past his teens, and gayer than the bird,
Romping from hill to hill, a solitary soul,
Feeding on food divine that Nature lent—
The heavenly food that feeds the curious mind,
Untutored in the arts o' th' artful world,
From men estranged, thence closer to his God.
He loved what Nature loved, and held in hate

What Nature from her own feet spurned and scorned,
Shunning the path of voluntary vice.
In Nature he passed not aught that he saw
And loved not with his soul ;—his very soul
Cried out for Nature : Nature was to him
As blood to life or sunrise to the world.

He saw—and gazed upon the austere mounts
And hills less majestic of varied grace,
But not less inspiring or lovely thence,
And felt a presence in his heart of hearts,
A mighty weight for ever to be felt,
And felt the influence of love divine,
That breathes His own love in all earthly loves.
These only he saw, only these engraved
On his heart and mind, and in absent hours,
Pining for what he saw and loved as life,
Drew them before his sight, and saw, and talked ;
While from the music of the birds he caught
A fire and a passion i'flaming his soul
To ever-raging sparks and ever-ringing sounds
Of rapture or of woe, as mood could lead,
Now singing of Heaven with the skyward lark,
Now moaning with Philomel's sunset plaints.

But in the ocean was his life and food ;
With the rolling sea rolled his heart in joy ;
At this Nature's most majestic sight,
The wild-tossing enchantment of the sea
That warbles with alternate grief and joy,
He felt a joy above all earthly joys
In the full-fathom'd recesses of his heart,
And a power diffuse his inmost soul,
Eternal as the ocean's lasting stream.
And as he listened to the booming sea,
There passed and rolled a thunder through his heart,
More awful than the sea's, capturing his soul ;
So much on his heart was the ocean's might,
That, oft in deepest slumber sunk, he heard
Its roar, and with the answering waves communed,
Exulting in communion with the sea.
Oft by himself he stood upon the shore,

Watching the uproarious eternal march
Of the gorgeous waves, maddened at heart.
Then what thoughts, what raptures, what passions stirred
And moved his soul in adoration mute!
'Twas in this selfish hour of pure delight
That life and self were utterly forgot;
The divine consciousness alone survived.
To this he turned in spirit and in soul,
And held, enraptured, a silent converse long,
With many an assurance of life to come,
Exulting in this exaltation high,
And glorying in his selfishness divine.

Nor was the secrecy of stars and moon
A secret yet to him: he knew them well,
And oft, at midnight's fullest hour, when sleep
Plies her busiest, he forsook his rest
And watched, not with a Galilean eye,
The mystic working of the silent stars,
And lost himself full in the rapturous thought
That one day, heavenliest day for mortal man,
When the immortal that within him burned
Resigned the mortal to the eating dust,
He too would be as glorious as the skies.
Herein was his life; here only he lived,
And herein too he was content to die.
Thus with the stars at night, and in the morn
With sun, when he through golden curtains peeped,
In amorous mood with all his kissing beams,
Stupendous on the world, he oft communed.
And at the sunset's most impressive hour,
This Nature's most peculiar and wondrous child,
Whom Nature was his religion and priest,
Lifted up his heart of revering love,
And face to face the invisible beheld
Beyond the visible, and felt it all.
He felt, and oh, how keenly did he feel!
And in this feeling was his feeling life.

How deeply sighed his heart, when lone he watched
The divine amours of the moon and sea!
He wept, wept that so much of love should be
'Tween heaven and earth, and 'tween the human none,

Though himself had a heart in unconcerned woes,
Which all he felt and made at once his own,
When he beheld, with deepest tears unstreamed,
The soothing love of the enchanting moon
Poured on the bosom of the wailing sea.
What time his deep eye wandered with the sun,
And, far above the setting glory sunk,
Heavens and skies of richer splendour beheld,
And stars more splendid, suns and moons more fair,
He heard a strange and sudden voice uprise
From the deepest of the deep. He gazed awhile;
Then, Heaven-hearted, straight went in transports high,
And between himself and his God so prayed:
"O God! can one gaze on these secret stars
And these bright skies, and be not yet devout?
Or on this fair majestic rolling sea,
And doubt the mighty Hand that rolls it so?
Or on these wondrous works of Thy wondrous Hand,
Though with a dull and uninquiring eye,
And yet be bold to say that Thou art not?"

And yet, though conscious of a power immense,
Felt all along the inmost heart and mind,
That ruled and swayed each moment of his life,
Unconscious he remained of what he was;
And oft in the uncertainty of heart,
In a dreamy abstraction of the mind,
He wept before the sympathising stars,
From them to learn the meaning of his life,
Nor not he learned nor not his future framed.
That she may not her own favourite misguide,
Her own divine assurance to assert,
Nature uprose and spake "It shall be so."
Where he was, what he was, and why he was,
These conflicting thoughts tortured him no more,
Nor any more disturbed his brooding soul.
The secret was unveiled, and his soul beheld
Its own destiny—its wherefore in the world.
Thenceforward his sole ambition it became
To fit himself, angel-watched and God-helped,
To a strange mission of a peculiar soul.

So with time he knew himself and rejoiced.
At every breath his bosom did upheave
With many a thank-prayer yet unbreathed;
Yet sad he felt and lonely at the heart.
For he knew—a knowledge that pained him most—
The sweetest, strongest passion of his heart
Was yet unshared, nor was it answered yet.
Love, for love he cried, pure Platonic love,
Not of his own but of the tender sex,
Soul unto soul, rejection of the flesh.
But alas! on earth this ideal pure
He did not find, nor ever hoped to find.
Thence in dejection of a mighty woe,
He gave his whole heart to the far-off stars,
Until one day the fairest he espied,
And, his heart of hearts filled with mightiest bliss,
Before the sun, before the eye of God,
The solemn sacred nuptials he performed,
And wedded his soul to his heavenly love.
In this pure embrace of wedlock divine
The thought of earthly union died away.
His heart was filled; yet waited he in hope
To find a woman like the star he loved.

1901.

SISTER AND BROTHER

(A Dialogue between Sleep and Death)

"'Tis strange that we," first sister cried,
"Should be by nature kin;
And each to each so near allied
With difference between.

"We'd rather be each other's foes
Than be kin-natured born;
For I am like a dew-bathed rose,
While thou art like a thorn.

" I rule the night of stars and moon,
The world's nocturnal bliss !
Than me, kind Nature's softest boon,
No nurse more gentle is.

" I bring repose to long-worked head,
And to the weary rest ;
And gently lay on balmy bed
Each soul that is opprest.

" I soothe the love which day-long weeps,
And disappointed hopes ;
I wake, when all the nature sleeps,
And fly, when night elopes.

" I lull the weeping sorrow calm,
Make men their woes forget ;
I fly them like a heavenly balm,
And bliss of calm beget.

" While night its dreary curtain throws
Over the darkening earth,
How keen, afflict with thousand woes,
The world awaits my birth ! "

The brother heard, yet was not stirred,
And heartily he smiled
At what he from his sister heard,
This Nature's simple child.

" All this is sweet that from thee came."
Then did the brother ask,
" But pray, sweet maid ! what is thy name,
Ere I my face unmask ? "

" Thou knowest not thy sister's name ?
I make them smile who weep ;
And all the world proclaims my fame,
Whose name, brother, is Sleep."

"Then boast not thus, my sister fond!
Thy vauntings are in vain.
O'er souls that break their earthly bond
Thou wilt not smile again.

"Maybe, thou canst soothe men's sorrow
And give them hours' relief,
But only to wake them to-morrow
To some more bitter grief.

"'Tis I who stop the suffering groan,
In me all sorrows end,
And fain the world in me doth own
No foe, but faithful friend.

"It is not sorrow all in me
What doth like sorrow seem.
Oh, why should I accursèd be,
When I am life's new beam?

"In what seems end beginning lies,
Beginning without end;
Mistaken is the soul that cries,
'Death! thou art not my friend.'

"In my sorrow fresh joys do bloom,
Surpassing earthly bliss.
It is the light which looks like gloom:
I kill not when I kiss.

"The glories of the life to come
I have alone unfurled,
And shown to earthly souls their home
In the remoter world.

"Then what art thou, my sister dear?
A creature of a breath?
I live in Heaven through every year,
Although my name is Death."

THE MAN OF THE WORLD

I

Be mine a great mine of wealth,
A treasure of gems untold,
Wherefore my hands can draw
Measureless silver and gold;
Be mine the blessing of health,
I care not to 'bide by the law
Of Religion or God.
Far be it from me to tread
The path God's fools have trod,
And farther still to shed,
Through repentance or shame,
Tears of conscious guilt.
For I am not one to blame
My soul, which is not built
On fancied hopes and bliss.
My soul all over is gilt
With the sweet pleasures of earth,
Unfooled by the hope of the kiss
Of another and happier birth.

II

I fling from my feet all sorrow,
And have not a thought to spare
For the unborn morrow;
The past I forget, the future scorn,
For the present "now" I care,
Not for what's to be born.
I hail the day when it comes,
And pine not when 'tis gone.
My heart, be it day or night,
Though others be slumbering on,
Goes forth in search of delight,
And jolly tunes it hums.
I know not to babble of God;
I leave Him to them who can
The Invisible scan.

I only have thought for the earth,
Born of her bosom, the sod.
Pleasures for me have no dearth,
I live for pleasure's sweet sake;
Full lightly the Herein I take,
And leave the Hereafter to God.

III

Alas! O man of the world!
Alas, alas, for thee!
In the tempest of wild joys hurled,
Thine what sorrow will be!
Alas for thy joys that take
No colour from joys divine!
Thy earthly joys forsake;
If earth be not all that's thine,
And Heaven joys purer could give,
Dost thou not err to cherish
Desires that must perish?
Be blind to the joys that will die,
Hoping for joys that live,
Lest thou should be left to sigh,
Far from the God removed,
Whom thou knew not nor loved.

LONDON, *April 16th*, 1902.

IN MEMORIAM

M. H. W.

I

THROUGH the light of thy life, O fair one,
Came the dark shadow of death,
Like the one which eclipses the sun,
But never stifles its breath;
Alas! in an evil moment it came,
Most evil to that desolate heart
In sorrow too sacred to name.

Smile on her, child, wherever thou art—
With patience thy mother survives
The blow which from Heaven is sent ;
    For faith in her heart revives
The long-shattered hope and content.

II

O fair one, through the seeming smile of spring,
    That seemed never to wither,
Black winter rushed on its wing,
    Thereon to bear thee thither,
    From whence Thou canst not return.
It came with a dark design ;
    In its hand a hanging curtain,
    Which dropp'd over thine eyes divine,
    And 'tangled thy life in its threads.
  Who hath such a brute force repelled ?
Spring must wither where winter spreads,
And life submit where death is not quelled.

III

"O who hath snatched my darling from me,
    My tiny cherub so fair ?
Can none, alas ! restore him to me,
    For six months tended with care ?
Fetch, O fetch him here for one last look,
    Of all white angels the whitest !
O fetch him back : I cannot brook
The loss of all bright hopes the brightest,
    The centre of a mother's joy,
    Of a mother's delight and love,
O my angel ! my ever-lost boy !
    Art thou in thy heaven above ?"

IV

Weep not, O mother's heart ! resign and endure
    The better part of grief,
Where we can find not a cure,
    And tears can bring no relief.

Not lost is thy child, lost to thine eyes;
He is not lost to his God.
He is enthroned in the skies,
Long-risen from the deep hollow sod.
Ere dawns before thee the morrow,
Will have passed thy little boy,
From this world of tears and sorrow
To his heaven of heavenliest joy.

V

O fair one, our sorrow cannot be told,
Thy mother is racked with despair;
Though the under-earth's proud to hold
Thee a tenant so fair.
That thou hadst no time for sorrow
Is now our best solace.
Oh, that a glimpse were left to borrow
From the light beheld in thy face!
Or a sight of thy heavenly smile,
Or a sound of thy laugh to come,
Be it but a sound awhile,
From thy subterranean home.

VI

We erred to trust thy lying bloom;
We err who mourn thee dead:
The light of thy soul hath pierced the gloom
Which death around us spread.
The world is a stage of death and birth;
The season of death is not slack.
In heaven thou art God's, as thou wert on earth,
God gave thee and took thee back;
Thou might'st be transfigured a star,
God would not His own made unmake.
O fair one! fare thee well, who livest afar,
In thy Father's bosom awake.

February 1st, 1902.

INVOCATION

Ye voices that foretell
That man will ever dwell
In heaven, and not in hell,
O make us strong in Faith, and doubt of God dispel.

Ye voices that arouse
My soul into a drowse,
The cause of man espouse,
And tell us of the dead : is there a march or pause?

Make man more strong in love,
As guileless as the dove ;
And with your power move
His bosom to the thoughts of the angels above.

Tell them who think as yet
That falsehoods bliss beget,
"Ye blind ! do not forget
The only bliss is Truth whose sun will never set."

Tell the hopeless sorrow,
"Life is but a hollow,
And with the coming morrow
A heaven of new joys new life from death will borrow."

Then go forth undisturbed
To breathe the sacred Word
In ears that have not heard
Your messages so sweet that have my soul bestirr'd.

And O ye blessed dead!
On us your lustre shed
Which is not yet decayed,
Who are awake once more in glory all arrayed.

And to the living say,
"You'll see a better day
And life's serener ray
When misery and strife by Death are swept away."

1900.

A VISION OF MY MOTHER

I woke—and fled the vision and the trance
That made my grief more deep,
Revived the bitter pain,
The pain o'er which I weep;
I shall not smile again,
But curse what mortals call their fate, or Chance.

There is no heaven where I am dwelling now;
Some happier soul might find
On earth that happier bliss.
By grief of loss made blind
What others find I miss,
There is my heaven alone where smilest thou.

What though the sun and moon for ever shine
And feed with joy the earth?
To me, to me, alas!
Each morrow brings a birth
Of grief, while pleasures pass
By me that fain would I embrace as mine.

O dearest remembrance of lifelong days,
A loss for ever lost!
A joy, a love beyond!
My joy is ever tost
In grief that seems as fond
As joy that I have lost and cannot trace.

O sweetest remembrance of dearest love!
A love so long foregone,
My bosom which doth lock!
But, though so woe-begone,
I have now learnt to mock
At grief in hope of maternal joy above.

Though thou art past, the past is still the same;
But when of pains I think
Which thou suffered, dear mother,
When I stood on the brink
Of this world and th' other,
I clothe my grief with tears of scolding shame.

Is it that joy at last will tread on sorrow?
To hearts with sorrows bowed
Bring recompense for tears?
And is the woeful now
Prelude of happier years?
A grief to-day will bring a joy to-morrow.

If this belief so sweet be sent not vain;
If bliss be born from woe;
If smile will follow tears;
And years to come and go
Will calm the present fears,
Why may I not joy, why not smile again?

August, 1900.

WHAT IS IT?

The desire of the soul for the moon-trodden path,
The sunset skies bathing in sunset bath,
What can it be?
The heaven of joys with the souls which arise,
A home for man in angels' paradise,
Who doth decree?

The whisper of sunrise to the mountains,
The breathing of moonrise in the fountains,
What can it mean?
The craggy rocks and the morn-smiling hills
Spreading to the eye a grandeur that thrills,
Who is between?

The breathing of sunrise in the sea,
The hope of what is for what is to be,
What doth it say?
Between the freedom of soul from the dread,
'Tween hopes that revive and hopes that are dead,
Whose is the ray?

'Twixt the eternal heavens and transient earth,
From all that is dead to all that hath birth,
Whose is the light?
The joy of heart blending with heart in love,
Of those in the world and those in the grove,
Whence that delight?

For ever living this Thing is not seen,
And yet it exists; but where hath it been?
Is it above?
Ever unseen, what can it be—this Thing
That visits heaven and earth on restless wing?
—Nothing but Love.

September 15th, 1901.

NATURE NEVER MELANCHOLY

AN ODE

I

The fields are sleeping in their evening dreams,
And now the sun-saluting sky,
Hanging over earth like a canopy,
Is suffused with kisses of the setting sun.
The woods swell with the joy of sunset beams,
And, with a tender love surcharged,
Wait for their heavenly patron's next return.
Nature joys that its duties are discharged,
And those whose 'lotted work is done
Do now with great delight
Await the coming night
With its oblivious rest,
Sweet boon to them whose spirits are by work deprest.

II

It looks as if th' ethereal pavilion
Is sinking in oblivion,
While mists are driven along the mountain-brink
And ever seem to move,

And heavens are barren of the stars that wink
In courtship with the moon;
And from them not a warbling tune,
Whose dwelling is the wood, or field, or grove,
Is murmured or is heard;
Nor Philomel chants her evening hymn of love.
Yet is the inward heart bestirred
When with the sky-coloured waterfalls there flow
Into the heart huge cataracts of joy.
And yet I seem to grow,
Though I this sunset banquet do enjoy,
At enmity with life,
As if it were a stream o' perennial strife.
Wheresoever I turn my eyes I find
That Nature wears a melancholy look,
And, instead of joy, sorrow swells the brook.
Perchance thus sorrow-blind,
In vain endeavour I to trace
Some touch of grief in Nature's smiling face;
Or misery perhaps in-rooted deep,
So implacable to pluck out,
Thus forces me to weep,
While everywhere I hear the happy shout
Of conscious joy,
Unspoilt by the spoiling hand of alloy.

III

At such a time, when silence is the best
And secret joys more sweet than words can speak,
I sing of woe from this solitary peak.
Forgive, kind Nature! if thine ears are opprest
With my presumptuous moan.
Methought something of sorrow there was shown
In thine ever-joyous face,
And withdrawn from earth was thy wonted grace,
For sorrow feels its kindred everywhere,
Sees nothing but despair
In all that it beholds,
Estranged from human sympathy and ruth,

Until at last it wakens to the truth,
What love is woven in the flowery folds,
Fragrant with mutual sympathy and grace,
That smiling ope before the sunrise face.

IV

Forbear, O ye mountains, and ye woods and hills,
That ye should ever know the touch of grief !
I hear a rapture in the running rills,
I look on ye and find that sweet relief
That vainly have I elsewhere sought
With the deluded thought
That grief is in forgetfulness forgot.
Ah ! here to me relief was never brought ;
A transient oblivion
Makes not one an alien
To the sting of sorrow :
To-day it sleeps, and wakes to-morrow.
But there is something in the mounts and hills,
Something in the warbling rills,
Some deep mysterious voice as yet uncaught—
Though it hath spoken through eternal years—
By human ears,
Wherewith all peace and happiness are bought.
Therefore, O ye promoters of man's bliss,
Proclaim that nothing is amiss,
And that with love's immortal kiss
Dead life shall dawn anew,
And there its current eternally renew.
Smile your benediction all the year round,
And oh, let each responsive sound
Of eternal musicians of the green-robed wood
Forebode the far-off good,
Not obtained like earthly mammon at cost of blood.

V

The sunrise, which is an eternal birth,
Drapes the earth in its dazzling sheen of gold,
With thousand joys untold,
And one great hope foretold
Of immortality.

And sunset in conjunction with the sea,
The lovely promise of immortal life
Is but a deathless death.
Death roams at large over the mortal earth,
And men are tortured with the noxious breath
Of murderous strife,
Of serpent-bosomed jealousy,
And mutual enmity,
And foul mouth'd calumny.
Man first was made for fellowship in love,
Eternal and sublime;
Now he is fallen on discordant time.
He hath foregone his sweet-elysian grove,
Where, on the bosom of th' woman he loved,
He relished and enjoyed
Holy Love's unattainted bliss,
Its pious raptures and its hallowed kiss.

VI

But now, alas! love itself is hollow,
And despair doth follow,
The offspring of sorrow;
Where joy and happiness once reigned supreme.
No more the soul awakes in elysian dream
To behold the eye-unbeholden sphere;
But, choked up by the smoky atmosphere
Of a dark and chaotic world,
And in an inward chaos hurled,
The soul shuts up its secret eyes.
Now evil-eyed lust and abusive blame,
At which the very skies
Shrink and shudder with shame,
Now only this foul birth,
As if man's heritage on earth,
Is obvious everywhere,
And with this, wild sorrow and dark despair.

VII

Oh how serene
Those days had been,
When misery rose not from its darksome cave,

Nor disobedience brought the mortal grave;
Woe worth the day when will gave up the slave.
Now all is altered here,
And those joys disappear
That did in paradise of Adam reign.
If Man were blest again,
And in the blissful garden placed,
Self-destroyed that heav'n on earth he would find once more,
As Adam did his own before,
And by the serpent be again disgraced.

VIII

And yet, though framed with framework as of glass,
With touch of sin inherent in his breast,
Not yet, but sure to be redrest,
Man will not pass
Into the void of nothingness.
He will survive forgetfulness,
And rise once more immortal as the sun,
As glorious as the moonbeams that return.
He will awake no more to grief and woe,
As once on earth below,
But to eternal happiness
When with His hand great God his soul will bless.

IX

Thou all-pervading Power,
Who in the dewy shower
Thy mildness pour'st on earth,
Whose love and grace devour
Death, and endow it with immortal birth,
Withdraw not thy grace from the mortal head!
But thy ethereal splendour shed
O'er the heart of Thy mighty Universe
Which is, alas! with basest passion laid;
For blessing is with curse,
And good with ill repaid,
Still let thy inward Voice its conquest make
Over the hell within the heart of man;
Nor sinning souls forsake,

But let through hell of hate, the heaven of love
Shine out again,
E'en such as dwells 'mong thy seraphs above.
Then, only then, the faithless man will know
A bliss beyond a woe,
And then with Thee incorporate will grow.

X

It is, therefore,
O ye sky-wooing mountains,
And ye ever-warbling fountains,
That ye should evermore
Rejoice within your heart, and yet forbear
That ye should ever know the biting care
And soul-rending despair
That do beset the path of those that live.
Ah me! forgive
That I should dare to make this vain request:
It cannot be that ye at my behest
Could doff your heart of its sorrows and woes,
And a sweet aspect of calm joy put on.
Kind Nature still bestows
Her blessing, nor her joy hath she foregone.
'Mong the mountains the very spirit dwells
That hath dwelt from eternity;
And thou, O wild-waved sea,
From 'neath thy ungauged depth
Of those passions wherewith thy bosom swells
Send forth thy rapturous breath;
And ye, O mountains, and ye hills and fields,
Whose breath a thousand raptures yields,
Betoken the love of the Divine,
Whose smile benign
Kindles and irradiates the evil world,
With a myriad woes encircled,
Whose majesty is in the sea unfurled.
So ever revelling in your sacred mirth,
Where care and sorrow never have their birth,
Wear your eternal smile of love and grace,
Of all-beholding God of unbeholden face.

August 19th, 1901.

THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD

AN ODE

I

When I consider what thou art made to be,
In whom the image of thy God I see,
That sparkles in thy heavenly eyes,
The sad and sullen thought there steals on me,
That thou art a creature of mortality.
O child of envy and surprise,
Let not thy childlike soul divine yet muse
Of death and life, but rather let it brood
On its own immortality;
And in that holy mood,
Like an infant dreaming God do thou choose,
What thou art now, even in future far to be.

II

Ah! to me there comes many a fearful day,
When neither sunrise can solace
With all its beams, nor can the sea efface
The sorrow at my heart.
But when I think again that death is debt
That life must pay, my fears are chased away.
Thou sweet Child of Nature! death hath no threat
For thine yet death-undreaming soul;
Nor knowest thou yet what it is to start
At thought of death,
Who inly drawest thy unconscious breath,
And dream'st not yet of the increasing scroll
That holds the record of mighty souls gone by,
Though thou must also die.
But long as thou livest, child, so thou live,
That Nature might receive
Some small reward of hers at thy good hands;
And each sand so pass of life's allotted sands,
That God may in His compensation give
Gifts more lasting than those that now appear
In thy inspired eyes, or those that I hear
From thy sweet prattling tongue,
That ring in my heart and ear, as they e'er have rung.

III

Child of the Inconceivable conceived,
A poetess believed!
Let not the baser thought of earth forsake
What gracious nature did so freely give.
Hold that gift most dear to thy heart;
Nor let, by misfortune howsoe'er debarred,
Thy mind retard
From its most high Heaven-pointing goal.
And keep thy eyes and heart for e'er awake
To whatever is beautiful and fair,
Till time comes thee to depart.
And, above all, keep thine heaven-dreaming soul
Free from terrestrial care.
And oh, let Nature not forebode
The loss of her own gift;
Nor let her ever through her love of thrift
Take from what once she lavishly bestowed.

IV

Remember, all thou art and yet wilt be,
Though marked by the hand of mortality,
Comes not to thee from any power of thine,
But from some sudden secret Source divine
Whose one spark of many a countless spark,
With an uneffaced mark,
Lit up thy soul with light divine,
Which thence becomes a sacred shrine
To let all pure thoughts in.
Oh, therefore, favoured child, live well and win
Thy 'pointed way through this earth's stumbling ways,
Thy own Heaven-marked way of supremest bliss,
Illumed by no light save those fiery rays
That make of thy soul a sweet heaven of light;
And learn but this one single fear—to miss
A step astray from thy own kingdom bright
Wherein thou movest like a queen divine,
A kingdom which eternally is thine.
And also be each day of human less,
For to be human is to be full of sins,
And blind-eyed passions and sorrow and distress.

Be thou and poesy unsevered twins,
That in the days of unremitting grief
Thou may'st, though fate and fortune adverse be,
Turn to her alone as thy sole relief.
O blessed Child of immortality,
Live in thy God with such a gift to boot,
And with the growth of years grow in thy mind,
    That thou may'st leave behind
A fertile soil of the maturest fruit.
Live to thy own and to thy kind God's will,
And thy functions to thy God's will fulfil.

May 16th, 1901.

AN ODE TO THE MORN

I

WITHIN the lap of the far-smiling morn,
That peeps into the world with face serene,
Like a fair god whose graces do adorn
The mounts and hills and nature's every scene,
    Dies out the dreary night,
    And in its place a light
    Is born so fair and bright.
Fled is the chaos with its hoary mien,
Back to its home of horror and of woe,
To the hellish care of th' infernal foe,
And smiles the new-born light with golden sheen.

II

Above the horizon of the purple east,
Sumptuous in his regal robe arrayed,
The glorious king displays his grand parade,
While all nature hails the ethereal feast.
    The sun from his throne of bliss,
    Anon stoops down to kiss
    The ocean on its breast,
    Whose waves in dim gold drest,

With rolling joy their curly heads uplift,
And with a promiscuous voice as doth befit
The subjects to their king, bow to the god of morn
And sing and greet, nor will they cease to greet,
Till from the world he hath his face withdrawn.

III

Greet him with thy song, warbler of the wood,
As first o'er the mountains he amorous bends
His shooting eye that some new bliss portends.
Sing and greet him who is the life and food
        Of those that long were dead,
        And in the night decayed ;
Fail not to join with mine thy praise-tuned lay.
Let flow the stream of thy raptures divine,
And him in common hail as ours and thine,
And sing a varied hymn to each several ray ;
        Not for thy joy alone,
        But for ours too who own
Him the mighty master of light and day.

IV

Wake, living souls, now from your slumber wake,
And, no longer to sleeping stupor prone,
Your long-slept bed of dreaming night forsake,
And all hail with a universal tune
Of praise and love the far celestial boon,
        The emblem of that God
        Whose ever-rolling rod
        Hid from our mortal sight
        Wheels perpetual light ;
Let sleep with night the sorrows of the night,
And wake to new joys with the waking earth,
Joys that with this great birth may have their birth,
And take in all the new-born day's delight.

V

Great God ! such is Thy stupendous power
Beyond the horizon of the atom mind,
That full manifest in this eternal phase
Seems to dim human ken as but a haze,

Instinct with boundless love for human kind,
Best assured in Thy emblematic fire,
Whose flames on the bright bosom of Heaven blaze
One everlasting name
Of the one God who came,
One King of self-born birth
Of Heaven and Earth,
God of gods from time and age without age,
One God, from and to eternity's length,
One universal Hand, one Power, one Strength—
Hand that rules with love, not with hate and rage.

June, 1900.

WHAT IS AND WHAT SHOULD BE

AN ODE

I

SUNSET is sinking in the golden bath
Of its own departing splendour ;
And far across its path
The nimble footsteps of the moon endeavour
To climb the skies.
I watch the game with unfatiguing eyes,
And in my heart rejoice ;
And lifting up the soul, I hear a voice
Calling me far, and still afar,
That sounds as of the moon, or of her slavish star.

My heart is mounting high with th' mounting moon,
Nor it declines from joy
With the declining sun.
That hope of hopes not sunset can destroy,
That looks beyond the sinking glory
To read the unread story
Of the unsearchable eternity.
Oh, heavenliest boon !

That hope is upheld by the dying sun,
(Ennobling the heart)
Whose silent voice to mortals doth proclaim
"Though I depart,
To-morrow the same,
Unchanged of heart and soul, I shall return."

III

And yet, O yet,
We mortals do forget
That the sinking sunset
For ever doth beget
With its rejoicing face
The happiness supreme
More glorious than the glory of a dream,
Which death cannot efface.
Dear God! sweet God! great God!
Thy creatures of the sod,
Whose bones are often trod
By meanest of the kindred feet,
Are blind to all thy promises so sweet.

IV

Amidst their mutual strife,
And 'midst all their hate unadmitting love,
Have they one moment to think of
The certain death and the uncertain life;
And, far beyond, that Heaven-assurèd life
Daily prophesied by the rise and set
Of the rising and setting sun?
They scorn such high debate,
And back to their own earthly pleasures turn.
While one perchance by misery is made
To woo the grave,
The other is a slave
To the desire of life, with pleasures laid;
Let them the higher voice of life upbraid,
Hoping to win them to its golden joy,
Which even death hath no power to destroy.

V

The desire of the sea for the sun,
The desire of the night for the moon,
The desire of the shore
For the waves' return,
The desire of the soul for heaven,
The desire of the day for the noon,
Such lofty desires are no more.
Now such, alas ! men cherish not,
Intent upon vain joys-pursuing thought
Of the woe-woven earth.
Yet joy that sometimes something of a nobler breed
Beholds its birth
In human heart, a garden not yet grown to weed.

VI

That sunrise which, with its immortal birth,
Will crown the soul with ever-shining light,
To them is ever set,
Who higher joys forget,
And think that earthly pleasures can beget
All that they seek on earth,
Not tutoring their souls better things to seek.
O ye wretched mortals, so frail and weak,
What consolation of virtuous delight
Can soothe the bosom of the Universe,
Where life is deemed a curse
And day made murderous as the starless night ?

VII

I cannot make a vow of love to world,
In the ocean of myriad vices hurled.
Nor can I ever trust the honeyed vows
Of love, since love with friendship proves
That its sweet voice that sounded true, is false.
So dies the love of earth and friendship falls.
Some cut-throat friend,
Bringing to his love and friendship end,
Draws after him kin slander-wedded tongues,
And, laying up a heap of unvenial lies,
Against his friend he turns,

With soul-crushing calumnies to bite
The heart he did, or seemed to, cherish most
In Friendship's paradise.
Ye blind fools ! do not boast.
Your lying tongues cannot the lily taint,
Nor can undeify the saint.
Ye yelping curs that bark but dare not bite,
God-guarded souls ye cannot smite ;
Ye hearts envenomed with the serpent-sting
What visions of horror dark death will bring !
Will ye in your last hour not realise—
With wide-open and remorseful eyes—
A hell on earth, bearing ye to a deeper hell?
With ye this consciousness will dwell,
And will, with all its heinous train,
Make your death-bed a hell of endless pain.
To him who wishes to escape this plague
A voice doth ever intimate—
Nor let him deem it vague—
" Know truth, speak truth, and keep it to the end,
And thou wilt surely be God's nearest friend."

VIII

Great God ! Thy grandeurs I behold, and think of those
Not seen but in a soul-beholden dream,
Wherein the heart ends its agonies and woes.
Ye unfurled splendours of the hidden stars,
And ye diviner cars
Of far diviner moons and suns,
Where soul returns,
Throw hither a transitory peep
That mortals may behold your unbeholden light,
And hoping for their share of a pious delight,
May cease to sigh and weep !
Oh, happy, happy soul, over whom the beam
Of the divine is hovering in its sleep !
The inmost of my heart doth weep
For the doubt-laden heart : I weep for it
That it should thus permit
Soul's inner eyes to be
O'ershadowed by the doubt of Him Who Is,
Sole pledge of man's more heavenly bliss,

That beginningless and endless Eternity.
Divine belief
Will find its last relief;
While disbelief
Might wake to grief:
Alas! alas! what joy can ever come
To the heart where faith and hope have not made their home?

September 10th, 1901.

A SACRED ODE

ENAMOURED of Thy love, O God!
Beloved of Thy heart, O God!
Though not from human failings free,
Yet, Father, I belong to Thee.
Although my soul is laid with sin,
O let Thy mercy intervene,
To save me from the pangs of hell;
That I near Thee may ever dwell,
Crowned at Thy feet with heavenly bliss,
And *there* may find what *here* I miss—
Love without sin, and cloudless light,
And day without the face of night.

I want no trumpet to proclaim
To the wide world a dazzling name,
Nor crown my head with wreaths of fame,
Should I with Thee but be the same.
I want no gold's alluring heap,
I only crave Thy fellowship,
And if I have the love I want,
Let worldly fellowship be scant;
For in Thy friendship so divine
My heart will feel a touch of Thine,
And lift me nearer to Thy feet,
And thence unto Thy bosom sweet.
For in Thy love my best solace,
My only joy in Thy sweet face,
In Thee alone my fame I seek,
Although I am a mortal weak.

More of Thy glory do impart,
And take me closer to Thine heart,
And more and more my soul divorce
From sin and worldly intercourse,
That I may strive yet more and more,
And then at last to Thee may soar;
And when my soul ascends to Thee,
Oh, let Thy feet its pillow be;
And let Thy soul with hallowed kiss
Meet mine with touch of conscious bliss.
More than dew to the thirsting flower,
More than sunrise morning shower
Unto the night of death and spoil,
Or raindrops to the starving soil,
Or peace to long discordant strife,
Or breath to the departing life,
Or moonbeams to the starless night,
Is to my soul Thy holy light.
Let then, until its voice will die,
The selfish soul proclaim and cry,
"This fairy world is all for me,"
While I, sweet Love, will live in Thee.

September 28th, 1901.

ACROSS THE SUNSET

AN ODE

I

WHEREFORE dost thou weep these hot tears of woe,
O my aching and sorrow-smitten soul!
When closing sunbeams dance upon the waves,
And these mighty rapturous waters roll
In mute undying love,
And mind itself for deep seclusion craves.
Is there no joy for thee on earth below,
No hope in heavens above,
That thou shouldst dwell in stinging sorrow's dell,
While there's ethereal rapture in the sea,
And every heart that feels and beats should be
Alive to kindred ecstasy?

Oh, awake and forsake thy gloomy cell;
And far behold, with newly-wakened eyes,
Things unbeheld that live and breathe beyond the skies.

II

Roll on, roll on, O ever-rolling sea!
Roll on for me,
And make my heart a home of joy and glee,
That grief may come not with its sting behind.
Sleep not, whene'er my sleeping soul is blind
To all the beauties and the charms that wake
When thou and sunset are in love, O sea,
And the earth feels a heart of jollity;
Be thou awake that I may not forsake
The awful music which thy minstrels make,
That bestirs my heart to music divine,
Whereof I thirst and pine.
Bring me that calm and philosophic mind
That centres all its hopes in a Power most high,
That lives and works unseen beyond the sky.
What time sun's bosom 'neath the sunset hue
Meets thy answering breast
In embrace divine of amorous adieu,
Fetch hither from thy great lover's farewell kiss,
To my sad spirit opprest,
A comfort born of celestial bliss;
And when thy lips abundant touch his lips divine,
And ample joy prevails on thee and thine,
Bring here a word of joy for hearts that pine,
Hearts sad and barren as the waveless shore
That joys no more.
Oh, yet if aught of joy remain on earth,
Wherein of true joy is a grievous dearth,
Bring here a word of joy for hearts that pine,
O thou rolling wonder of a Wonder divine.

III

From beyond the passage of diurnal light
Now by stealth peeps in night's chaotic face;
And things of Nature born bewitching bright,
With sighs relinquish all their lighted grace;

And the earth sleeps in her own dreaming lap,
And all living things hail with joy and clap
The change which Nature in herself puts on.
Yet I alone forsake,
Though the veil of sleep is o'er nature drawn,
And birds retire to their nightly rest,
The call of sleep, and keep my soul awake,
Though drowned in the sea of a thousand griefs,
To the rustling music of the singing leaves
And the thrilling chorus of the stars and sea,
While the heart itself is a heaven of ecstasy.

IV

Life and Nature sleep: Night and Death awake,
With their high calls from mortal hands to take
What dust at last to mortal dust must give;
The soul rises triumphant to receive
Its freedom divine from rebellious flesh,
And sin doth hellwards look in mute abash:
So much of all that lives and dies and lives,
So much of all that takes and gives,
So much of blessing and eclipsing curse,
So much to cast off, and so much to nurse,
So much of hate and love and peace and strife,
In the short span of this our thorny life.

V

A deep and sombre gloom pervades the conscious earth,
And Nature herself is now standing still,
And yet a thousand heavenly raptures fill
My soul, when she thinks of her higher birth
Not curst with the dark'ning curse of death;
My heart leaps up like an innocent child,
And mingles all its joys with the ocean's breath,
That beats and rolls with all its billows wild
When I see the moon like a silver ring
Set in the celestial sea;
And feel the music which yonder spheres sing
Enter my heart with wild ecstatic glee.

—O far beyond the moon, what moon of moons,
What sun of suns, what star of stars be there
Beyond all that that mind conceives so fair,
To whom angels hymn their seraphic tunes
In chorus hymeneal,
Singing of things that are real and ideal !
Therefore, thither turn thine eyes, immortal soul !
And ken, above the horizon of the sea,
The brighter suns and moons and stars that roll,
And all fair things blessèd, blest with eternity.

At sea-side, June 4th, 1901.

ETERNAL GRANDEURS

AN ODE

I.

The various phases of immortal God,
Whose unseen power is felt along the heart,
Then most, when sunrise doth depart,
Treading the regions as yet untrod
By human feet,
Smile their eternal smiles benign and sweet
In myriad garments dressed
Of soul-soothing silver and dazzling gold,
Spreading a grandeur in the human breast,
Seeing all things as men not yet behold
With their dim and bounded vision,
And stirring the soul with the quick emotion
Of hopes that are eternally sublime,
To whom the long eternity of Time
Is ever a beginning
Without a reckoning,
And whose love purges off the else-unpurgèd crime.

The life, rising from its nocturnal tomb,
Dispelling the inner and outer gloom,
Is nothing but his morning breath
Unenveloped in smoke of death.

For sunrise by the might of Him that breathes
In its heart, pierces death's eclipsing vapour,
While its upheaving soul doth savour
Of a thousand delights
In its eastern paradise;
Beholding the majesty of the dawning east,
Where one great Hand by its power sheathes
All good from ill,
Alike the man and beast;
The little heart of man is pausing still;
There is an eternal grandeur,
Circling the heart of all things that are heavenly pure.

III

There is a delight in the setting west,
When doth the glorious birth of east depart,
For the poet's heart,
Disturbing with a force his thoughtful rest.
Beholding the setting splendour,
His inner eyes endeavour
To lift up the huge screen
Of things that might have been
And things as yet to be,
Which are the progeny
Of the hidden eternity;
Nay, not in vain have I beheld,
What time from earth is glorious sun withheld,
And from the mortal sight,
The pure delight
That bedews the half-golden skies,
Astounding by its light and purity
The presumptuous eyes.
With dignity divine the dim ethereal sphere
When past its journey here
Passes into a higher atmosphere;
And thence, perchance, to the eternal Throne,
The shadow of whose light is yet not shown,
To the shadowy horizon
Of the mortal eye,
Save when, surviving his earthly oblivion,
Man will be born anew his Father's bosom nigh.

IV

The very breezes that from moon do blow,
Fanning the still breast of the silver sea,
Dancing with glee,
Seem as to grow
Into a shapeless light,
With something indeed of aëiry delight,
When doth the exulting moon in heaven behold
Her own full birth
Upon the earth,
Infusing in the breast
Of the universe, drest
Like a nun in white,
Joys pure and manifold;
And in the heart of Nature, her own silver light,
At this pure time on earth spring up
A thousand births of endless majesties,
Clothed in varied sanctities;
When the poet thinks that Nature
Is a delicious cup
Wherefrom himself, her own sweet creature,
Might stoop to drink,
And standing on the brink
Of mortal world, hear all mystic harmonies,
And 'neath his chanting grove
Might overflow his lips with drops of love.

V

Even the very mist,
Whose gloomy circles wreathe
The mountains in a phantom wild,
And all that is beneath,
Is spreading a grand feast
For the wakeful eye,
That well remarks the sunbeams as they die,
As it had done the sunrise when it smiled.
The poet's heart and eye do see
A rapture in this awful majesty;
And at this solemn hour,
Feeling a secret power,

The bosoms of the sunset mountains throb,
Wearing their Maker's robe,
Whose depth no mortal eye can probe,
With the conscious emotion
Of their faithful recollection
Of Him whose hand builds up their stately forms,
Controlling and bidding forth the varied storms.

VI

To God's almighty might,
The loftiest human genius
Must sink as oblivious,
As doth the boastful night
Before the dawning light.
The stateliest of mortal show
With all its adornments of the gorgeous gold,
With all the splendours of the kings of old,
Must bow down low,
As if it had not been,
As if it no more is.
Before the sunrise dazzling sheen
With all its golden pourings
And its silent adorings,
What is the splendour of the earthly gold ?

VII

Dear God ! Sweet Heart !
Thou great, pitiful Eye !
Keeping Thy watch over the soul of man,
On earth whose bounties lie
In unnumbered abundance,
Pity the man's reluctance
To ascend to Thee !
And do not yet depart,
But keep Thy mighty strength,
That moves the sea,
Within his heart, that through all his life's length,
Man may a little be like Thee again.
Oh, still with selfsame love and pity shine !
Woe worth the day when man would bid farewell
To Thee, Father divine !

Eternal soul-redeeming Soul!
To whom the whole
Of man must travel on,
And seeing Thy own dawn,
Must be in Thee insouled again!
And it is thence my voice presumes to tell,
The world without a God can fare not well.

July, 1901.

THE OLD BARD'S COMPLAINTS

AN ODE

HAIL, hail, thou joyous song!
To soothe with sacred joys
The ripened age once more,
Whose cruel hand destroys
What else cannot restore
Than those sublime delights to thee alone belong.

Where is thy tuneful train,
O thou delicious lute?
Where are those sunlike days,
When, scorning to be mute,
Thou tuned thy buoyant lays?
Will those joys now perish? wilt not thou sing again?

Alas! alas! those days
Vanished have for ever!
Though lives their memory,
I can never, never
Now sing as merrily
As when with hopes and fears I sang my youthful lays.

How like the skylark gay,
To singing madness driven,
Flying with ecstasy,
Towards the sunset heav'n,
Winging the wailing sea,
I soared and upward soared, and tuned my merry lay.

How like the nightingale
Bewailing love despised,
Melting the moon above,
To joy yet unadvised,
Of sweet and bitter love
I sang, and wept intensely in my chosen vale.

Like that Philomel chang'd,
That hails the morn with joy
In accents sweet and free,
How, then a merry boy,
Awake to jollity,
I hailed the rising sun, and grief with joy exchang'd.

With the swelling ocean,
That rose with quickened force,
With joys renewed to hold
Its sunrise intercourse,
Of all its secrets told,
My heart swelled with the sense of heavenly emotion.

Together with the birds
I took the liberty,
In wildest transports lost,
To hum my melody ;
And mute, when raptured most
For joys too strong for heart are oft too weak for words.

Delightful as the spring
In gaiety all arrayed,
Many a tale of love,
Beneath some leafy shade,
I sang and freshly wove,
And, stirring up my soul, I soared on Fancy's wing.

With the waking morrow
To newer joys I woke,
And of those golden dreams,
That had my slumber broke,
In morn I caught the beams,
And intimate with joy, I mocked the very sorrow.

From the communing breath
Of the varying seasons,
Many a tale I heard,
Many secret lessons.
Now winter's lips have stirred
To breathe their message last, that I must haste to death.

In sunshine and in heat
I roamed o'er the mountains,
And with love's mutual vow
I rested by th' fountains;
That all hath vanished now,
Sweeter are those joys in age that in youth were sweet.

Quenched are the dazzling beams
Of unbeholden sphere
In youth beheld with joy;
In another atmosphere
I am no more a boy;
That realm hath disappeared, and vanished are those dreams.

Alas! where is it now?
The youth, its dreams and joys,
Which heart did gladly share.
Like winter, age destroys
The heaven that once was fair;
Now to the hand of age, my agèd head must bow.

That youth and joys are lost,
And all its dreams are gone.
Now age recalls the days
Which youth had doted on
And sung in merry lays;
The sweetest joys are those that are remembered most.

October, 1901.

THE POET AND THE POET'S FAME

I

Now snatch my feeble lyre,
And quench the burning fire
That sucks my blood with its consuming flames;
Enough have I tried of poetic games,
And feats heroic; now gracious quench
The ebullient fire, eating up my soul,
And with Thy mercy wrench
My presumptuous lute.
Snatch not a part, O God, but snatch the whole,
For if still the minstrel lives, the lyre might be mute.

II

How much deceitful is the poet's fame,
Though him might laurels crown?
For they that own him might perchance disclaim,
As that with sweet smiles, this with a fierce frown.
Did I this sceptre wear
Against a hope so fond,
I fain would lay it down,
Knowing it is a crown of fear and care.
To-day haply some kindred might respond
With luring smiles unto a poet's voice,
And make his heart rejoice,
While he to-morrow might be forced to drink
From cup of bitterness,
And then to nothingness might sink,
Robbed of the solemn cloak of bard;
And, smarting under the vulgar discard
And fancied disgrace,
He might put on the face
Of disappointed hopes and dire distress.

III

How constant is the human heart!
More constant than itself dreams of;
Despising for its caprices and whims,

And its vari'd moods to suit,
The soul whom else it were a pride to love,
Of whose laboured fruit
It might partake and fain impart
With honoured pride, uninjured least,
Its own delight in the ethereal feast
The poet freely and ungrudging gives.
Alas! his laurel the bard achieves,
And hopeful in the ocean swims
Of fame without the thought
Of to-morrow's drought
Of the showers of glory and of fame,
Short hurled against his name.
Alas for the constancy,
Alas for the honesty,
Alas for the charity
Of human hearts into this world of enmity!

V

To-day their darling people might extol
To highest heaven, to-morrow leave him roll
In the bottomless depth,
Striving to stifle his melodious breath,
And quench the spring of his immortal song,
And fling his lyre into the dust,
Not knowing that true greatness must
Be ever great e'en the little among.
Such are the fancies of the vulgar throng;
Such are the tricks of human constancy,
And such th' rewards of human charity.

But these the poet with a proud contempt,
Though they their worst might fruitlessly attempt,
Shall pass majestically by,
Even as the sun doth not turn his eye
In care of mortal hate or love.
Crowned with a light above,
Callous against the blows
Which private envy throws
Against thy glorious head,

Pass on, O bard, and over the lightless shed
The light of thy inspired soul divine.
If thou kinglier than the king should shine,
Let not the abject choice
Of the unprofitable gold hire thy voice.
Gold is as beauty frail,
And perishable as dust;
Therefore, if rise thou must
Above the greedy and the mean,
Let not the jingling voice of gold prevail
With thee, nor come thy glorious way between.
Then will thy own immortal voice find way
In human hearts, and glorify thy land
And all the kindred of thy gifted band,
For ever welcome as the new-born day.

VI

So silently work on, O star-crowned bard,
Not impatient of neglectful discard,
For all thy greatness in thy silence is.
If faithful to thy divine vocation
Thou work without appetite for fame,
And blind both to applause and derision,
Thy worth shall compel the world to proclaim
Thy two-fold immortality;
And from most hostile tongues still wring
Immortal praise
To thy immortal lays,
And brother minstrels shall thy glory sing.
True genius may be made to sink awhile
By vulgar jealousy and venom spite,
But clothed again in all its radiance bright,
It must shine and blaze as the sunrise smile.
So take heart, even if thyself thou find
O'erwhelmed beyond endurance of the mind.

October 2nd, 1901.

SUNSET BEAUTIES AND HOUR OF CONTEMPLATION

AN ODE

I

When the day dies out in the womb of night,
And twilight half cheers up the sulky eve,
Ere as a queen the sweet nocturnal light
Fulfils her sphere, and darkness doth receive
The moonbeams' glory, and moon's eyes perceive
All things that move and roll and things that change,
From year to year through nature's wide and endless range;-

II

When sweetly smiles the ocean in its sleep,
What time the waves their music do forego,
And the cavalry of evening stars do keep
Their watch ethereal, when the sun sinks low,
(And what more grand can grandest nature show,
Than the peaceful evening slumbering sea,
This awful mighty emblem of eternity !)—

III

When the white moon in virgin-splendour drest,
Lover-like smiles in her full-gathered grace
Upon the ocean's calm and placid breast,
That spreads a gorgeous and an infinite maze,
And gently laying there her lucid face,
Tricks in amorous mood her delicious beams,
And lulls the tranquil sea into a sleep of dreams ;—

IV

When sunset skies put on the sunrise hue,
What time the great day-eye shuts up its lids
And straight goes to sleep, but to waken new
On some more blessèd worlds from us concealed,
With whom our sad world converse is forbid ;
When the retinue of stars wait on the moon,
And to enchant their queen, ethereal music tune ;—

V

When earth assumes the quiet of the skies,
Beneath the stars' and white moon's lustrous shade,
And Nature seems under heaven's luminous eyes
Half twin-sister of Light that first was made
And spread o'er all, and chaos no more stayed;
When moon's pale shadow sails upon the main,
And now shines and now fades, and fades and shines again;—

VI

When some blest warbler tunes its piercing notes,
And sings on long as the midnight hours last,
Accompanied by kindred melodious throats;
When Death roams abroad with his mien aghast,
And through the turmoil of its journey past,
Some long-dejected and life-weary head
Lays itself down upon death's cold and dreamless bed:

VII

Let me not relinquish this pure delight,
To stand alone upon a night like this,
And muse on the sea's mildness and its might,
And see from wave to wave its farewell kiss,
And thank the heav'ns for such a gift of bliss;
To look upon the stars and smile or weep,
And think and feel what a sight is the sea in sleep.

VIII

Oh, then let me take leave of earth awhile,
And elsewhere fly on soul's adventurous wings,
Where brighter heavens wear their eternal smile,
Fair as the fairest maker of all things,
Mountains and meadows, hills and groves and springs;
And seek some place unsought wherein the pest
Of love drowns not the heart in the ocean of unrest.

IX

Then let me swim in contemplation's stream,
And roam licentious in some vast domain,
Mellowed by a pure and embalming dream;

And my soul the music of a higher strain,
In some shy corner lone, not move in vain ;
And fly from this earth's overcrowded shore
To see, new-waked, such things as ne'er were seen before ;

X

And see each thing unseen not as in dreams,
And smell the fragrance of celestial flowers,
And view, awake, with unextinguished gleams
The heavenly far unknown, and yet not cower,
But higher climb to that eternal Power ;
And clothe my thoughts with such a sanguine voice,
As still may speak through venom envy's clamorous noise ;

XI

And wander abroad in a maze of dreams,
Lost for ever in some untrodden field,
And so possess the fertile mind that teems
(O possession most blest !) with thoughts that yield
A voice that will in death be never stilled.
Who would die and not wish to leave behind
Immortal progeny of an immortal mind?

December, 1900.

SKYLARK

AN ODE

COULD I fly with thee in sweet oblivion
Of earthly cares, and breathe empyreal air;
Or soaring high towards the vault of Heaven,
Make with thee one music around heavens there
Or soar with thee high, on the glorious wing
Of poesy upborne, singing as I soar,
And, full forgetting what I leave behind,
Let flow the inner spring
Of joy-raised songs, I then might feel no more
The thorny warfare of the heart and mind.

And happy in my happiness forget
What thou hast never known nor ever felt,
The sorrows of the world, its fume and fret,
Where men with each other have so harshly dealt;
Where blind-eyed jealousy doth so overlook
God's endearing laws that bind heart to heart,
That thou upon the earth would'st never stay,
        Nor thou wouldst ever brook
The thought of being here, but sooner part,
And to some happier region fly away.

Up, up, high and higher still thou soarest
Deep in the heart of the celestial vault,
And as thou so soarest, thou adorest
Ethereal beauty, and without a fault
Full pourest forth thy ecstasies divine;
Nor dost thou turn but once to look on earth,
Thou sweet blessèd skyey pilgrim! Heaven-bound,
        I envy what is thine;
For thou enjoyest such elysian mirth
As I, wretched mortal, have never found.

O for some wings that I away may fly
Where I could feel no more this noxious breath!
And, soaring to the firmament on high,
Breathe purer incense, and think no more o' death,
But life eternal and eternal joy;
Of heaven and of God, and no more of earth.
And, taught to hold in scorn all earthly things,
        And the world but a toy,
Think on man's higher and diviner birth,
And muse upon the hour when soul takes wings.

Lo! my eyes look on some vanishing ray
That seems to me more like a vision bright;
'Tis thou soar'st to the place of nightless day,
Singing for ever 'midst eternal light.
Ah! I could also sing with thee and feel
The selfsame raptures, and singing along
In the midst of light where all darkness dies,
        With kindred love and zeal,
'Tune my fervours in an immortal song,
And be lost for aye 'midst the glorious skies.

Then away, my soul, to that deathless Place
Of eternal glory and eternal light !
Away, away, where nothing can efface
The glorious memory of visions bright !
Let my soul fly with thee, heaven-soaring bird !
Immortal as the poet, who knows yet
A greater immortality be thine !
        What mortal ears have heard
Thy delicious songs, and can yet forget
Thy wild and melodious murmurs divine ?

Alas ! 'strained to live where I would not live,
I cannot fly with thee, songster divine !
Nor, wingless, ever could I so achieve
The glorious victory which all is thine !
But though *I* cannot, my soul flies with thee ;
Teach me to look with scorn on earthly gain,
Its smiles and favours, that away I may come
        To far eternity,
And, flying with thee from this earth so vain,
Make heaven with thee at last my only home.

July, 1900.

AN ODE TO THE FALLEN MUSE

I

Fled are the Keatsian and Shelleylian days,
The higher age of stupendous Shakespeare's past ;
And till Heavens choose some as great to upraise
The fallen god, thou, O deserted Muse, wilt fast
With secret tears upon thy Olympian mount,
And woeful sighs not of those few unheard
Whose rich voices now are for ever hushed !
By thy sweet voice no human voice is stirred,
And quenched to the heart is thy inward fount.
Mourn on thy mountain-throne, as thou hast mourned and
        blushed,
That hushed ere-long are thy illustrious lutes,
So long, long hushed in the dark womb of death !

And weep anew that what is past hath left
No kindred substitutes.
Though hushed, yet from their silent graves out comes their breath
Upon the world bereft
Of that which made the heaven and earth akin.
Oh, weep again (and from shame thy tears hide,
Though thou hast none but angry Heaven to chide)
That voices that invoked thy solemn breath
Are long made dumb by death.
Weep, weep once more, though tears were not for thee,
Nor secret sighs of shame,
That thy favoured sons who immortal came
Sole-honoured heirs of earth-and-heaven-crowned fame,
Have passed into eternity!

II

Where art thou now? thou who did'st first inspire
The prophetic Shepherd on Mount Sinai,
And inflamed his dreaming breast with thy quenchless fire,
Wherewith he did beyond the haze espy
Such things as long from mortal sight were hid,
To tell his chosen brothers the secret tale
That hides behind the veil?
Ah, woe is thee! what have the Heavens decreed?
Quenched is that fire and thy Heaven-chanting lute
Long in its grave lies mute!
What inspired lips now sing of heavenly things,
Dreamt in a sleep of dream?
What vent'rous flight on thy now maimèd wings?
What oozings from thy stream?

III

O divinest, thou art fallen from thy throne,
And so, unseated from thy sacred seat,
Behold the sad destruction at thy feet!
Nor once more not bemoan
With a thousand tears thy inglorious fate.
Fairer than all the ancient gods of fame,
Thou poet-worshipped name!
The world without thy voice is desolate.

Weep, widowed mother, for thy grave-sunk sons :
Oh, weep for their return,
Though their return were more than God can give,
And with a delicious dirge thy heart relieve ;
Nay weep thy last breath to a melting stone
Like grief-burning Niobe fair,
And, quiet with a sweet and dolorous groan,
Take them to thy own care.

IV

Silent lies the ocean with its myriad tongues ;
Silent its voice, its music in its roar.
From its singing depth no melodies are sung
To the callous soul as in days of yore,
Nor warning taken from the beaded eyes
Winking at the shore.
And the chanting billows, as they uprise,
Their music sing no more.
Swells not the human breast with the swelling surge,
Nor thereby is the mortal mind imprest
With thought of Him whose breath is in the sea.
The ocean rolls an ever-mournful dirge
In wavy tears, that its silver beauty drest
In naked majesty,
And its depth-sent choir are but a waste.
Silent the ocean lies with its myriad tongues,
The inspiring ocean of whom thy minstrels sung,
Of its glory and its might,
And in soul-piercing strains, breathed from their souls,
Unveiled the ere-veiled Light.
Buried are their songs and now the ocean rolls
In vain by day and night,
And moans with all its billows all day long,
Hopeless to leap with joy again,
Till lulled to sleep by the sweet soothing strain
Of a Shelleylian or Swinburnian song.

V

Sleeps Nature too with all her unrewarded charms.
O'er sky-conversing mounts and sunlit hills
None broods in solemn meditation calm,
Nor heart responds to murmurs of the rills.

So sleeps the heart, though Beauty is awake.
The world so base concentred in itself
Doth willingly forsake
What Nature in her own sweet bounty lent,
Vain-glorying in its vulgar power and pelf
That hath with proud roof upon roof built up
High citadels and domes.
From inward fount no sweet sounds are upsent,
The voice that poets heard it hears no more;
And their music sweet to its souls pent up
Is silent as their tombs.
The living beauty their souls wakeful did adore,
The worldly world with its self-blinded eye
Doth now no more espy;
The Philomel, singing with amorous raptures drunk,
Now soothes no more the heart in sorrow sunk;
And from 'midst the world's idle noise,
Mingle no more its souls with Nature's voice,
Nor human hearts rejoice.

VI

Return, pure Wordsworthian muse! Nature mourns for thee!
Fair Nature that was thy mother and priest
Invites thee back to her sumptuous feast
Of the new-rear'd rose and the bustling bee.
The purple-bosomed stream and the deer-haunted lake,
Where strayed in happier days thy hallowed feet,
For their dead lover to each other mourn
In deep-murmuring groan,
And every rock and vale their plaints repeat;
For thee whose heart, imbued with passions warm,
Did, full-responsive to their music, make,
In calm or storm,
Soul-lifting melodies holy and divine,
All thy beloveds pine!
The darling minstrel of the woods once more
Is panting to be heard
By thy sleeping heart that knew to adore,
And ever was upstirred
To responding tunes by her full-throated strain.
Deep mourns the mourner, but she mourns in vain,
Like a nymph over her departed swain!

Ah ! woe is me, me who every hour pant
For music, when no music is extant !
Ah, woe is me ! long-silent is thy lyre,
        Thy Nature-singing lyre,
Whose empyreal notes in my heart inspire
        An ever-burning fire !
Return thou, Nature's purest child, return !
        Oh, thou return anew !
And with thee bring back each extinguished star
Who from his ever-glorious home afar
        Sheds influence benign !
You all return, and to my heart renew
Your rapturous notes like some fresh-falling dew,
        That I may cease to pine !

VII

Sleep, souls divine, till sleep be sleep no more,
But a waking unto eternity!
Say, are you still asleep ? aye me ! wherefore,
Wherefore unto me this high need should be ?
You have waken'd to Heavens of eternal moon,
And left behind, alas ! a sordid boon—
        A muse divorcèd world,
In a net of dissolute joys encircled,
        And in an inward chaos hurled !
You have waken'd to your God with purgèd souls,
        Immortal named in the Heaven's rolls !
Your breath, co-mingling with His sacred breath,
Breathed upon the world and breathes beyond death.
Sleep, and from your sky-silent home
Let your unburied thunder-voice outcome
        On the world's awakening ears !
Sleep, yet wake through the length of countless years,
        And still, O still invest
Each living thing with your ethereal breath !
Sleep, and make the world roll to your behest,
        And so live beyond death !

1900.

THE EFFECT OF NATURE

When I behold e'en with the common eye
All these Thy beauties in confusion lie,
Which accelerate the mind, and exhilarate
The heart, my passions I cannot abate;
Nor can I not with certainty aver,
When my soul pours forth many a fervour,
That the splendour of thy works would extort
Grateful hymns from lips with athéism fraught;
And would subdue the most infidel heart
Into the pure conviction that Thou Art.

Written in 1897 on the Hill.

THE LOVER'S DESIRES

O rise, O rise, O rise,
Rise on my heart once more,
O love, with thy piercing eyes,
And thy radiance round me pour!

Be thou the dew of the morning,
And I the pining flower;
And thou, my bosom adorning,
Make that bosom thy bower!

Be I the moss-bedecked wall,
And thou the moss overgrown;
And, climbing without fear to fall,
Make my bosom thy throne!

Be thou the secret-wooing moon,
And I the moon-betrothèd sea;
And singing thy amorous tune,
Thou shower thy beams on me!

Be thou the fountain flowing,
And I the bird on its brink;
That I, full thirsty growing,
Deep from thy bosom may drink!

Be thou the honey in the core,
And I the thirsty bee ;
That my lingering lips through every pore
Thy sweetness may sip from thee !

Be we each other's heart,
And each other's moon and sun ;
That, though other lovers may part,
We two shall remain as one.

July, 1901.

WHERE IS THE GIVING?

" GIVE freely who from me receive and take,"
Spake and speaks the voice of God ; but, alas !
Where is the giving ? Taking for your sake
Is all ye crave ; that had, you blindly pass,
Though with full hands, by them that cry aloud
" O give, O give ! " Is there no gift to make ?
Hath not the ryot worked and sown and ploughed
For you and all ? Why, then, for your own sake
You treasure up your coins, heap upon heap ?
Fie upon your gold, if it cannot extend
To them who, stung by pinch of want, do weep,
Whose frames from long-sustained starvation bend.
What if the sowing hands refused to toil,
And forsook the field in a fruitless waste ?
Can the living world live without a soil ?
Can you then your delicious viands taste ?
Why grudge a meagre coin from your giant wealth,
A morsel from your table above your need ?
Wealth and luxury are the bane of health.
Hath not the gracious Nature from first decreed
That " take and give " is her pioneer law ?
O shame, that you should thus abuse her grace !
Would she not sigh and weep, if Nature saw
Her bounties sealed up in a secret place ?
She showers on you that others you should bathe ;
But ah ! them who should be your chiefest care,
You look on with scorn and superior hate !
You unhuman among human flow'rs fair !

O you narrow souls! O you little hearts!
That wholly centred in yourselves do live,
All will be left behind when life departs;
Then is there no "take" to the asking "give"?
Lo! even through your death Heaven gives you life,
The sweetest of all gifts that man can crave.
Let hunger cease and stop the butcher's knife;
Serve not your selfish gold, make gold your slave.
God gives that you might take and freely give,
Not that you drink and glut your own base thirst;
Give and give more, if you hope to receive.
The beating pulses unaware might burst;
Then fill with your full hands the barren hand,
That, blessing thus, you also would be blest.
Gold is after all like the seashore sand,
Frail and in as elusive splendour drest.
Give, give wherever there prevails a dearth;
Nor let your pride th' importunate repel,
Lest Heaven be theirs who wept and wailed on earth,
And you be shown the yawning gate of hell!

January, 1900.

A DESIRE FOR THE SEA

WHAT joy to find in the ocean my grave!
What joy to be wafted upon the wave
Of the sea that hither and thither hurls!
A grave in the crystal palace of pearls,
Inwrought with a pomp and fraught with no pain;
Free from all spite, free from the world's disdain.
Ah! the sea—the eternal sea I love
Above all things of God, whose voices move
My heart and soul to the Soul all supreme.
O for a vision of the twilight dream,
That visits the sea with moon on her throne,
Wiping with love the tears of waves that mourn!
O for a dwelling in the ocean's light,
To sing with the sirens of loves' delight,
And see the secrets in its depth may be,
When a heaven of moonlight is on the sea!

What heaven of joy to see the moonbeams shine
On my secret dwelling, if one were mine
Deep in the caves of the unconquered sea,
And dance with the waves' tumultuous glee.
What privacy of golden glory were mine,
Were I thus lodged in the ocean divine!
Oh, be the ocean my home and my grave,
Sung by the mermaids, and clothed with the wave!
No wreaths would I crave of ivy or vine,
If o'er my tomb the sun and moon did shine.
I long in the bosom of ocean to sleep,
Mourned by no tears save the billows that weep.
O, that God fulfilled this burning desire,
Calmly to sleep with the waves that retire!

September 30th, 1901.

HEART'S SECRET CRAVINGS

A SONG

O THAT I were the morning dew
To kiss the bosom of the flower;
Or like sunrise and sunset hue
To pour, rising and setting, the shower

Of welcome and farewell kisses!
O that I were the moon-beloved star,
To feel love's higher blisses,
And shed my light from afar!

Oh, mine those secret and mysterious ways
Trod by no feet save the moon's,
Illumed by no light save the starry rays,
And mellowed with ethereal tunes!

O that I were a summer bird
And earth my summer-bower,
That by the singing passion stirred,
I would pour out my shower!

O that I were the water-lily,
  To dance with mirth at my own sweet will,
And to save me from the winter chilly
  To sleep in my river's bosom still!

O that I were a floating cloud,
  That I for the earth might toil,
And laughing and rolling and thundering loud,
  Bathe in rain-showers the famishing soil!

O that I were a pebble at sea-shore,
  Undreaming of woe or of death,
That the waves on my heart may pour
  Their full-awakening breath!—

O that I were a beam in the moon
  To smile on the dreary night,
That mortals might hail me their boon,
  And relish ecstatic delight!

O that I were the mighty sea,
  Witness of comings and goings,
And of all the changes to be,
  And exult in the moonbeams' wooings!

O that I were a spirit of skies,
  Keeper of men's secret doings,
That I might see with pitiful eyes
  Sin's all-sorrowful ruings!

O that I were a child again,
  Divinely unconscious of sin,
And of the regret of the man,
  And be what I once had been!

Alas, alas, alas for me!
  With all these cravings of heart,
No change in my heart I see—
  I tremble with sin and start.

July 28th, 1901.

A DIRGE

O LOVE! O light and life!
O night and brother-Death!
O hate and scorn and strife!—
I feel your several breath.
Ye wind and air and sea!
The same I love ye still;
For I have joyed in ye,
And sung, though without skill,
In songs that will not live,
But perish in the dust;
To Death my songs I give,
If die at last all must.

The wind that laughed is still;
The spring that smiled is fled,
Why not, prescribed by quill,
My empty words be dead?
The sea that sang with awe;
The love which brightly shone;
The light which birth first saw:
All, all, alas! are gone.
The life that beat is still;
The breath that stirred is fled;
Maybe it is God's will,
That all things must be dead.

But one thing keeps its breath,
Though other things be gone.
'Tis thou, O ravenous Death!
Living through night and dawn.
Thou lordest o'er the earth:
The earth thy subject is.
Wherever is thy birth
There is the death of bliss.
Thou wilt not die away.
If all things sleep and die
And wither and decay,
Oh, why may I not sigh?

LONDON, *April 16th*, 1902.

TO A BIRD FLYING EARTHWARD FROM THE SKIES

I

WHAT makes thee now descend so low?
Dost thou bring here a tale of woe
Or love in thy sweet note?
What word from the sky to the earth?
What oozings of wild grief or mirth
From thy melodious throat?

II

A dirge or requiem of death?
Or what of joy a joyous breath?
What song of songs of love?
What light of lights upon thy wing,
As thou dost earthward sail and sing
From thy bright heaven above?

III

Or doth thy heart, there love-forlorn,
Fly here to seek a joy new-born,
Where joy it shall not find?
Why dost thou leave thy home of song
To mix on earth with baser throng
And seek a humbler mind?

IV

As thou on wings dost earthward sail
With lips alit with some love-tale
Thou tellest in thy strain,
Dost thou not feel the weight of air,
The weight of woe, the weight of care,
That gird this planet vain?

V

No word for me, for word who pine?
No word, O poetess divine,
Out from thy warbling tongue?
No face heart-seen though eye-unseen
Thou bearest on thy fluttering wing
Whence melodies are sung?

VI

Come, come ! for on thy wings I trace
A dead yet living soul-loved face
In God's own splendour drest ;
One face fair as the full-blown moon
I see, and sigh to lose it soon,
Down hanging from thy breast.

VII

It is my mother, godlike fair,
Borne on the wings that in the air
Hither and thither swing,
With soothing strains perched on her lips,
Where dives my soul, and largely sips,
That in my heart yet ring.

VIII

And must thou go ? Alas ! the boon,
As the night-chaos hails the moon,
With joy I hailed but now.
And now thou biddest me adieu,
And minglest in the azure hue—
I ask, Oh, where art thou ?

IX

O stay ! why haste thee to depart ?
Sing for others as my own heart,
And stay ever so more !
Sing some sad sweet soul-soothing strain,
My heart will answer thee again,
"Thy soul is in thy song."

Away, away ! or let me fly,
With thee, and vanish in the sky,
Borne on thy tuneful wing,
That I may leave the earth woe-worn,
And 'scape to Heaven to be reborn,
Singing as thou dost sing.

1899.

THE INEXPRESSIBLE

WOE, woe is me, O God, that Thou art there
And I am here!
How could my heart this separation bear?
Oh, how endure
Thee far from it, and yet so near?
Thee how could I assure,
That Thou predominant and all-supreme
Dwell'st ever in my heart, athirst for Thee?
Were I nearer Thee than I do seem,
What sweet consolation divine would be
My heritage of bliss;
Oh, could I kiss
Thy unapproachable feet,
The very sorrow would be sweet!
Divinest as thou art,
Will human divine be
Wedded to immortality?
Oh, how burns my heart to embrace
Thee closer to thine heart
And see Thee face to face!
And love, that pure and sacred love,
That thoughts the holiest move—
Pure love, whose mansion is the deepest depth
Within the heart of hearts,
Whose quickening breath purifies the mortal breath,
Throws on my soul its transfiguring darts.
Is it not a pity,
O high-throned Deity,
That love like this, curing all sorrow and distress,
The heart can only feel, not tongue express?
Yet if Thou open'd wide my heart,
Its heart its inmost secrets would impart.
Ah me! ah me!
Forgive, sweet Father! thy divinity
Through the thickest cover sees
The most mysterious mysteries.
'Tis Thine to see and know, and mine to feel
What I cannot reveal.

October 7th, 1901.

SWEET MAID OF MY IDEAL LOVE

Sweet maid of my ideal love,
The image of my dream,
Like something from a place above,
Art thou what thou dost seem?

Trust thou the secret I declare,
These solemn vows receive,
And if for me alone thou care,
None other vows believe!

None other vows could be as true
As those that *I* pledge thee;
And let thy vows assure me too
That thou wilt love but me.

None other love could be as pure
As mine I offer thee;
None other love could be as sure
That it will love but thee.

Ah! wherefore do I love thee so,
Canst thou, or can I, tell?
I can't; dost thou thyself e'en know?
Such is love's subtle spell.

As sister or my wife?—nay more,
More than my heart can know.
I know not which, love or adore:
If so, let it be so?

My love for thee is chaste and pure,
As moonbeams' for the sea;
Wilt thou, sweet maid, not make me sure
That thou wilt love but me?

Thy soul and not thy face I love,
Nor I thy body crave;
I love what is like heavens above,
To lust not yet a slave.

The face is but the outward shell,
  As mortal as the clay ;
They truly sing who often tell
  'Tis frail as new-born day.

With soul I love thy soul and thee ;
  Thy face slips in my heart,
Like moon's face slipping in the sea,
  Unwilling to depart.

Thy kiss yet lingers on my lips,
  Like moon's kiss on the sea,
Ere in the ocean's heart she slips—
  Oh, shall I live in thee?

June, 1901.

A SOLEMN INVOCATION

I

Behold me at Thy feet Thy slave,
Who, while with weak, uncertain feet
And trembling heart my prayers repeat,
Thy audience to my cries I crave!

I call for Thee, I cry for Thee!
Oh, let not these cries be in vain!
But hear and let me cry again,
I call for Thee, I cry for Thee!

Take me Thy guest, be Thou my Host,
And from my heart expel the earth;
Make it pregnant with heavenly birth
And fill it with Thy Holy Ghost!

My life, my soul to Thee I lay,
And all the little I boast as mine;
All that was Thine, it shall be Thine;
I only 'wait the solemn day.

II

What is my own? Nothing ; for lo!
The thoughts on this white surface run,
These rhymes, these numbers that are done,
From Thee they come, to Thee they go.

All that I do and all I've done,
And what doth yet undone remain,
Could not, O Lord ! have been my gain,
If all had not from Thee begun.

All I have done, and all I do,
Cannot, therefore, be worth my boast ;
All in a moment would be lost,
And I be left to sigh and rue.

III

O grant, my Lord, that this my verse
May pass in no unworthy hand,
Nor that of the malignant band
Who are the bard's eternal curse.

O grant me this, and grant withal
That with Thy aid my muse may soar
Higher and higher than before,
And in its flight may never fall ;

On things divinest feed and think;
And with Thy help may hope to rise
From earth far, far into the skies,
And me with Thee still closer link.

IV

Without Thy help what were my muse
But void and vain? an infant's cry,
Cry raised in vain and doomed to die!
Without the Spirit Thou dost infuse

What were my soul but barren soil,
Sprung from the basest meanest breed,
And giving birth to rankest weed,
Replete with germs of waste and spoil ?

But with Thy ever-cried-for aid,
There would spring up another creed
Of purer and more fertile seed,
That cannot wither, cannot fade.

V

Let then the unkind world accuse
Me one, who vain, ambition-blind,
Sought for the fame he could not find—
Who only wantoned with the muse,

And, trying to approach her shrine,
Was by its awful aspect scared.
Let them decry ! let them discard !
How can, O Lord, this bitter brine

Pollute the waters of my stream,
Or check their flow ? How can they still
Its source embitter, though they fill
Their cup o' bitterness to the brim ?

Like the lion will I advance,
And 'gainst my each inferior foe,
Unarmed, yet armed with Thee, I'll go
With head uplift, and eye askance.

VI

I'll not on human favours hang,
Ever found so fickle and frail ;
Nor do I mean, nor wish to hail
That smoothly lying sweet-tongued gang

Whose words mean never what they say :
Sweet poison under false disguise.
I crave not for that hungry vice
That in the end can nothing pay.

By a false, seeming friendly tongue,
Which says those things it doth not mean
To praise the deeds that have not been,
I wish not that my praise be sung.

VII

In Thee and Thee alone I fain
My praise and fame would hope to win !
Stand Thou the world and me between,
And snap anon the hostile chain

That keeps my soul from Heaven's bright gate.
Oh, purge that soul of tainted earth,
That it may bear a skyey birth,
And revel in a happier state !

Lord or God or whate'er Thy name,
In Thee I live, I fare, I grow ;
All that I have to Thee I owe :
In Thee alone I seek my fame !

Friend who, while other friends desert,
Wilt still console and stand by me,
Nor leave Thy child that cries for Thee ;
For Thou, O Lord, dost know his worth.

February, 1898.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

At sweet sunset, before the fall of night—
The sole ruler before the birth of Light,
Which first at God's behest its beams unfurled
Over all the once uncorrupted world,
Whose primary birth was beheld of Adam's eyes
With admiration of divine surprise—
My eyes beheld, where the sun from above,
Hanging over the sea with sighs of love,
As if by some secret heavenly decree,
Was holding last communion with the sea,

A mystic Shape, woven from the golden thread
Of the setting sun, or some offspring bred
Of the ocean, clothed with the light of waves,
Risen from the grave of the sea's thousand graves.

That face, coming before the face of night,
Obscured my eyes with its celestial light.
Frail words of mortal tongue cannot express
The grace of that ethereal Loveliness;
Nor can the subtle, artful pencil paint,
Of that strange Attitude, an image faint,
But, conscious of many a wanting there,
Must throw away itself in blank despair;
A face, clothed with the glory of the sun,
Such as do angels see among their own;
Whose shooting appearance upon the earth
Would be the wonder of some heavenly birth;
As if an angel from her elysian home
In human flesh and blood on earth had come.
But flesh, nor aught of limb, I saw in it,
It was a fleshless soul. I saw it flit
Around the sinking sun, and o'er the sea,
Diviner than the sun's divinity.
Perchance a beam from yet unrisen moon,
Whose wings nor sunrise can eclipse nor prune.
Yet I beheld in that vision-clothed face
A perfect touch of womanliest grace;
Not the woman as she has now been seen,
But th' woman that might be and might have been.

Then all aloft upon her golden wings,
Singing melodies from song's hidden springs;
Melodies that rise from th' innermost heart,
Diffuse themselves in the wide air, and start
At their own sound and echo of their notes,
Thinking they were from varied spirits' throats,
The Vision me-ward flew with smiles serene,
With light mysterious as a river's sheen;
And from the eyes of that ethereal Grace,
Passed their heavenly light in my lightless face,
Touching the soul. Then face to face I stood,
And she disturbed the nobler in my blood,

That feeling secret influence divine,
Forgot its strife that, bitter as the brine,
Had spoilt the fragrant fountain of my joy.
I felt a secret joy, and, curious as the boy
Who sees strange things, unwonted to such sight,
And feels the stirring of a quick delight,
I nearer stole and with a deep surprise,
Addressed her thus, who stood before my eyes:

"Woman, or Angel or Spirit of God,
From what hid region hast thou hither trod,
Or rather flown, where Spirit such as thou
Is not by eye of men beheld—till now?
Soul-enchanting Phantom! where dost thou dwell?
In some ocean-cave, or some mountain-cell?
Or some sweet corner in a heaven unseen?
Or in the air? where has thy mansion been?
Do I behold a woman in thy face,
Or an angel in unpolluted grace
From the uttermost heaven, where love and light
Illume thy realm, and pierce the shadowy night,
And split darkness, and fling it on the earth
Where light and darkness have by turns their birth?
Or is it I beheld a broken beam
Of the celestial lady of my dream?
Oh, speak, love mine? in this thy fiery dart
Do I well see the longing of my heart?
And in thy light the soul that I invoke,
When earthly sufferings do my heart provoke?
Ah me! sweet love! if not am I deceived,
Why should I not be in thy arms received?"

Thus raving in excess of fleshless love
Towards the angel-woman did I move,
And with the conscious thought of pre-success,
To win from her a kiss of love's excess,—
Nay, not one, but a thousand kisses sweet,
As full as when the streams with rivers meet,
Or as the waves surcharge the hungry shore
With eternal kisses for evermore—

In madness of love I ran from the beach
With arms outstretched her arms divine to reach ;
And felt her deepest breath upon my cheek,
Whose warmth would animate the winter bleak,
When lo ! anon the womanly splendour sank,
And dark before my eyes there spread a blank.
Methought in scorn of mortal love she fled
Back unto her heav'n, not by lust decayed ;
As when from the moon's heart a sickly beam
Pays earth a visit of a twilight dream,
And vanishes as soon. I wept within,
That now that glory would no more be seen ;
But bethinking me of the Father's grace
I knelt, though I the vision could not trace,
And crying loud, though full dismayed with fears,
I prayed to her thus with repentant tears :

"Come back, come back ! do not depart in hate !
Listen ! I vow the love I consecrate
To thy soul will not be in touch with flesh.
I kneel, sweet love ! in an open abash
Of my mistaken desire ; though I see
No sin in the approach I made to thee.
Oh, curse me ! in the overthrow of sense
I offered (forgive, sweet love !) love's impudence,
Not of the flesh ; so thence pitying me,
In fulness of thy light come back to me."

She heard, and with grace of a being divine
Resumed her birth, and all her smiles benign,
Just as the moon, beneath the clouds long hid,
In pity of the world throws wide her lid
Once more, and in the fulness of her flush,
Spreads on earth again her ethereal blush.
Back by the silver wave she took her post,
The very image I, methought, had lost ;
And, who was full in sunset glory drest,
Close she was listening to my sighs represt,
With sacred heart and compassionate eyes.
With love unconquered even when it dies
I gazed on her, in silence of the awe
Roused into the soul by the face I saw.

My lips were sealed, for I was held by fear,
Till in accents, not heard by mortal ear,
Nor in the poet's wildest dream e'er sung,
These words fell pearl-like from her sacred tongue

"Who art thou thus presumptuously speak'st!
And dost such tenderest expressions twist
To thy purpose? Although these words are sweet.
To my unflattered ears they sound not meet.
How dar'st thou thus to an aëry spirit!
I scorn the earth who my thoughts inherit
From a Person none less than highest God.
Though to be immortal, yet of the sod,
Dare not insult me thus, who from my birth
In utmost heav'n, never touched the earth.
Clothed in the flesh, the maker of all woes
Methought my voice for thee would interpose,
And lead thee thence away from base desires;
Feeding thy breast on flames of holy fires,
I thought to save thee being headlong hurled,
Hoping to bear thee to diviner world.
But of the earth as thou dost seem to me,
So in the earth, fond man, content to be."

"Scorn not the earth shaped by the hand of God,
Though I, I pledge, am not to earth betrothed,
Nor to its stingy pleasures, I do not scorn,
As well thou may'st, the place where I was born.
Because I am, though to its pleasures blind,
Strong with the sense of love of humankind;
And I cherish, through a terrestrial lot,
The desire and the intervening thought
Of light and love and immortality.
These could be had, if one like thee could be
The spirit of my song, the only source
Of ideal and divine intercourse;
For I am one, who draw not on content
With what is, being restless and intent
Upon the search of what is yet to be,
Which I can only make with one like thee.

I could not live, if I were not to dream
Of the unseen ; say not that I blaspheme
Or speak presumptuously and in vain,
In self-commendation ; or that I feign
To have the thing which I do not possess.
I vow that deep within my heart's recess
There is a passion, a feeling sublime,
Unquenched by aught through all the range of time,
Interfused with a feeling yet more deep,
That will sleep not with the eternal sleep
But wake beyond the tomb, ever awake
In immortal love, that doth not forsake
The heart dedicated for evermore
To love and faith. Thy image I adore,
For thou art love's, nay, love itself beshrin'd
In aëry light and chastity divine.
In vain I sought thee in the sea and air,
And gave thee up on verge of deep despair,
And racked and tortured with the hideous thought
Of being accurst with a single lot,
Till there across the sunset-kissing sea
I beheld thy light darting towards me,
Whom I recognised my ideal love,
Whose joys, untasted, I had known not of.
If thou be she whom I through life have sought,
Cherished in the heart and nourished in thought,
Sweet love (if thou sanction such liberty)
I bind myself immortally to thee."

" Even so shall I bind my own heart too,
Eternally to thine, my love so true!
I joy with thee, dear heart, that thou hast past
The earth and hell, and found me here at last
From the heaven of heavens, where thy frequent calls
Reached my ears. I passed all heavenly halls,
Passed Hades, and crossing then the sunset bridge
On Cupid's wings, I passed each frozen ridge,
And floating and fluttering with love's own might
O'er the yielding sea, before the birth of night
On earth I lighted then in mortal state,
And found thee faithful here for me await,

Who hailed my advent and yet didst not know
Who and whence I was, and thou wondered how
I, whom woman thou gathered from my face,
Could descend on earth and my footsteps trace
On the sea-sand. Then I did hear thee groan,
When I my visage had from thee withdrawn,
Whereby was meant a trial of the trust
Placed in divine by a creature of the dust.
Then with a frown I sought thee to upbraid
In cold and angry words, but, undismayed,
Thy true and fearless soul did hunger still
For me, firm fixed in its unflinching will.
Assured, and reassured of love so true,
Back on the swiftest wings, I came in view,
And stood once more before thee face to face,
To meet thee in love's hot and-pure embrace."

So ceased my love; then near as love love brings,
She came, and within her prodigious wings
She gathered me. My soul awoke in hers,
And stirred, as when the soul of man bestirs
With divinest passion, to virtue wed.
I in ethereal radiance was arrayed
'Neath her collected wings, when I did fall
On her responsive heart, full hearing all
That lived and moved and ever stirred in her;
It was divinity within astir.
Then, as from some enchanting garden spread,
She from her heart of hearts such fragrance shed
As overwhelmed with its powers intense
Of odoriferous scent, my smelling sense;
Methought the odour from the feet of God,
When the Almighty steps chanced to have trod
Some elysian flowers, passed into my soul,
And with its fragrance sweetened up the whole;
And then we kissed, not lips to lips, for such
Of flesh was none. Great God! this was too much;
'Twas soul meeting a kindred soul in kiss,
Scorn not, nor laugh at this divinest bliss,
O mortal man! I scorn thy derision
If thou dost jeer that, struck with a vision,

Am I beguiled, or human heart like mine
Can ever wake into a heart divine.
Go, ask the man who inflamed with such fire
Hath cherished in his heart a like desire
Of imperishable love, if he hath found
Such love, or is he only vision-bound ?
She 'neath her full wings gathered me once more,
And thus, in accents sweeter than before :

" Love mine ! my heart of hearts ! O dearest soul !
For ever faithful be, and let the goal
Of thy ethereal love be only I.
Now thou art mine, as thou canst well espy
With thy own eyes, thus falling as thou dost
On my bosom ; but be more strong in trust.
Love without trust is a garden without flowers,
Or like a lost heaven, or like wasted bowers,
Where sunshine doth not come nor moonbeams bright,
Pierce their faded leaves at fall of night.
Conquer the flesh, live in the soul alone,
And thou shalt never find a cause to mourn
As many wretched of thy fellow kin.
Grow more in the soul now that thou hast seen,
Thus face to face, thy love for which thy thirst
Grew thirstier every day, until it burst
In a madness divine, and with a draught
From fountain of a love cherished in thought
And thus fulfilled in me, it hath allayed
Itself. Be firm, and do not be dismayed
By uncertain fears or imagined wrong ;
But sing of me in thy inspired song."

" Thou mysterious love ! O divinest grace !
Although thou woman bearest in thy face,
Could I have dreamt the fondest of my dreams
Would be fulfilled in thee ; and in these beams
Of the celestial light that girds thee round,
I could the virtue that I sought have found ;
Never did so Endymion behold
His Cynthia ; for she would as soon withhold
Her visage divine when her lover broke
His slumbers, and to see her face awoke.

Before thy pure soul as before a shrine,
Before the yon-sinking glory divine,
That he might the glorious message bear
To other worlds, and freely might declare,
Where he is hastening now, our wedlock pure,
And of the same all the heavens world assure,
I pledge my soul to thee and dedicate
The heart within the heart, and consecrate
The divine within to thy whole divine;
And that no angel shall I take as mine
In like nuptials, save thee and thee alone.
But ere from me thy glory is withdrawn,
Enspirit my song, and all the future strings
That I may tune; 'neath thy communing wings
Shelter me as now, when I strike my lyre,
And kindle in my heart love's ennobling fire.
And vow, that other love not knowing of
Thou shalt be the sole lady of my love."

"That vow have I already pledged to thee,
As thou hast made a kindred vow to me.
Now dive once more in my soul's innermost,
And, as in a maze, in that fountain lost,
Drink of that spring a deep immortal draught,
And tunes obedient to each inward thought
Shall o'erflow thy lips, even as the waves,
Roused from the depth of their invisible caves,
O'erwhelm the shore with kisses unreprest,
When tempest overtakes the ocean's breast.
A like tempest within thy heart will rage
Which within my own holds my heart its cage.
Remember, aught done by thee shall not 'scape
My ever-watchful eyes; hate none nor scrape
Acquaintance but with worth; patient and calm
Under severest sorrows: patience is a balm.
Through direst distress only hear my voice,
And with other spirits make not thy choice."

Beneath her gathered wings I was once more,
And, from her soul whom did my soul adore,
I drank, as I was bid, a draught so deep,
That with the drinking I straight went to sleep

And, conscious, by some secret force was hurled
In the trance of an unimagined world,
With beauties sown, and wondrous to behold,
With secrets thousandfold, not to be told,
Nor whispered in the mortal ear; I saw
What else I could nòt, with a sovereign awe.
Methought I saw the hidden springs of song
Which to the mystic Shelley did belong,
Wherein was housed poets' immortal lore,
Of whose pure waters such souls drink evermore;
And angels brightest, too heavenly to name,
Perchance the spirits who fallen souls reclaim.
But none was like the angel of my love
In all the heav'ns, and all the realms above.
Then I awoke, as from some wildest dream;
And when I looked around, the earth did seem
The elysian garden I had left behind,
But her presence being present in the mind,
And, recollecting all my angel spoke,
I thus once more the divine silence broke:

"All this is fine, with sweetest words besmeared,
Sweeter to me as I had never heard
Such grace and tenderness before till now.
I shall as constant in my heart as thou
Dost pledge, for ever be, but when I know
What gulf the heav'ns above from earth below
Separates, oh, my heart must fear and break,
Not so much for thy own, as for my sake,
That coming once, my love would come no more,
Nor I could kiss the soul that I adore."

"My love, fear no more; thy fears are in vain
Obedient to thy call, as oft again
I shall return, as thou wilt summon me;
For thou dost live in me, as I in thee.
To calls save thine, ever deaf my ears are;
For thy sweet sake from farthest world afar,
Winging the mountains, sun and moon and sea,
And all that in my wingèd way may be,

Scaring the wildest beasts within their caves,
And defying all, as rocks defy the waves,
I shall descend on earth, unchanged of heart,
And stay with thee, till thou wish me depart."

"Depart? ah me! stay, think not to depart!
Keep my soul awake with love's fiery dart.
Love makes equals of unequals; from above
Angels blend heart with human hearts in love.
My fears in part hath thy assurance quelled,
For the mightiest fear is yet unrepelled,
Whether in death, as once in life before,
I shall be thine again, or never more—
Or we from each other shall far be placed
As sunrise from sunset; by sin disgraced,
I fear me, I may pine for thee in hell,
While thou may'st weep for me where thou dost dwell."

"Love scorns the unannihilating death,
Hoping to live in an immortal breath.
Grieve not; 'tis with thee to be one again
In heaven, as on earth, or apart and twain,
According as thou art or false or true,
Or ever keepest me within thy view,
Or, changing, me thy divine love forsake,
And from me allured, human courtship make—
Which love is always intermixed with lust,
And other foul desires, as base as dust,
Save where the heart hath fixed itself on one,
And hath its own kindred by pure love won.
Do not descend to flesh: ascend in soul;
Leave earth behind, and let Heaven be thy goal."

As one, sleeping, strange solemn voices hears
In a dream, with alternate joys and fears,
I heard the music of those lips awake.
Methought that music God himself did make,
Or that the substituted voice of God
Was holding out the terrors of the rod.
It was a melody that charms the sea,
Exulting in its divine liberty;
Hearing which the music of the waves would ebb,
As if a mightier melody did stab

Their weaker voice, and every bird and beast
Would solemnly enjoy that singing feast,
Couched at the feet of that light-clothed seraph.
And human harmonies would scorn and laugh
Their vulgar boast, and the approaching night
Would pause awhile to listen with delight;
For so bewitching, so divinely strange
That voice, as if God did His own exchange.

"In conquest of the flesh I shall endeavour
For ever to live, and strive for ever
To scorn the vice and be a thing of worth,
To prepare myself for a happier birth,
Close to thy bosom, closer to thy soul;
And let my soul each day more heavenward goal.
If ever thou with compassionate eyes
See from thy dwelling in remotest skies
My fall, after I have attained a height,
(If one I could) with thy redeeming light
Clothe me again, even as the great sun
Doth with his splendour in the morn return,
And o'er the pining world his mantle throws,
Dispelling night that wailed with thousand woes.
Soul of my ideal love! save me hell,
And reassure me ere thou bid farewell,
That thou shall cling eternal to thy vow,
That I may smile as I am smiling now."

By my appeal touched deeply to her heart,
Nearer she came, unwilling to depart,
And sheltered me once more beneath her heart,
And, kissing, spake, "Belovèd as thou art,
And as I am, belovèd thou shalt be
Through death and life and all eternity.
We part, and though my image wilt thou miss,
My presence will linger, imparting bliss,
Which mortals in their dreams have known not of,
Save such as know like thee such lustless love.
To make thee sure of this immortal bliss,
I seal the promise with my soul's own kiss."

Then with the flying sun the Spirit fled,
And from her farthest heav'n her lustre shed

O'er the darkening earth, o'er the wailing waves,
And o'er the caves within the mortal graves.
The dead felt the touch and seemed to revive
In some higher heav'n, eternally alive.
Nor I beheld the darkness-veilèd night,
O'ershadowed by my love's transcendent light;
For how can darkness itself appear dark,
Though sun is sailing out within his bark,
When Love, vested in her eclipsing cloak,
Pierces the fiercest night, and splits its smoke?
Come in, come in, thou dark and dreary night!
Now I have amplest of my heart's delight.

October, 1901.

BOYHOOD

O LET me not forget that happy life of life,
When I, midway my teens,
Took Nature to my heart, my love and nurse and wife,
And all that intervenes
Between God and Man, and for the heart intertwines
All thoughts that are divine.
The past on my soul like a sunset glory shines.
What bliss had once been mine,
When my heart beat time with the music of the sea!
When I was yet a boy,
Sunrise, moonset, moonrise and sunset were to me
A glory and a joy.

When I was yet a boy, there nothing did I pass
In Nature unadored.
I loved the golden dance of sunbeams on the grass,
And joy on earth restored,
What time did moon from her celestial chamber peep,
And spreading full her wings,
Did o'er the vital hills with silver footsteps creep,
And wooed all sanguine things.
I watched the glorious march of passing cloud to cloud,
And all the stars arise;
And heard the chiming spheres that ever sang aloud
The glory of the skies.

Well do I remember all that is left behind,
    To which my thoughts yet cling;
Each sweet love-tale whispered by every passing wind
    Of summer or of spring;
And every sweet complaint of hope-lorn Philomel,
    In her archaic grove,
Of honeyed pledges made but only to repel
    The faith-endowèd love.
How often did I muse whether that mighty dread
    Would end human sorrow,
Or purer life beyond, just as the sunbeams shed
    Brighter light to-morrow.

How pure I was of heart, when not with shame I blushed!
    When I was yet a boy,
Oh, how the very heaven wherein I fluttered flushed
    With innocence of joy!
O happy happy life, when I nor knew nor felt
    The conscious qualms of sin!
And early in the thoughts of poesy I dwelt;
    O for days that have been!
Now sin and shame have followed innocence and joy;
    Life's infant sun is set,
And now I sigh and pine once more to be a boy,
    And shout in raptures yet!

Men deemed me gentle, rude, and proud with self-esteem,
    Veiled 'neath a stern reserve.
Had I been so aloof, had I not had a gleam
    Of what did God preserve
For me his grateful slave, though not a chosen son?
    Oft did my schoolmates ask
Wherefore the sportive crowd of gaiety did I shun,
    Unstealing from my task.
Could I have been to worldly intercourse so dead,
    Had I not early seen
The lonely path peculiar I was doomed to tread,
    With glorious sunshine green?

There was a time, when all the earth smiled green and fair,
    And all things heavenlike shone,
While yet my brow was smooth without the face of care.
    Alas for what is gone!

These remembrances in Heav'n will their lustre shed,
If memory survive
Beyond the tomb, where all things visibly are dead,
Nor seem thence to revive.
O let me yet recall those youthful scenes of glee,
Those happy days of yore,
Those days of innocence that never more will be,
Of heaven that is no more!

July 22nd, 1900.

IS THERE NO GOD?

TO ATHEISTS, MATERIALISTS, AND POSITIVISTS

THERE is a motion in the mighty universe
Of organic and inorganic things,
Which through its various motions is not seen,
And, though unseen, is felt where'er it moves.
It feels and makes itself so strongly felt,
That whoever doth not its power feel,
Must sure be blunt without the feeling sense.
There is a spirit which gives a life and soul
To senseless things, revolving through all parts,
Swifter than thought its arrow can fling.
This motion and this spirit is none but God—
Infinite, immaterial, immortal.

Evil goddess! that drawest to thy feet
All perverted and vision-narrowed souls,
Blind-eyed science! cursed supplanter of faith!
Enemy of man's friendship with his God!
O fly from us afar, who live in God,
And rear thy mighty empire (if aught of might
Be there in thy vulgar boast, denying God)
With all thy glorious philosophic train,
Who dive i' thy hollow and unhallowed sea,
But to be drowned, few seldom to be saved.
Why sow in simple hearts the baneful seeds
Of knowledge to which ignorance were sweet?

Why these pervert and make them foolish wise
With thy wisdom insane, availing naught?
" There is no God," cries thy misguided voice.
Alas! what profit canst thou hope to find
From an unprofitable cry, as vain
As wind that blows and dies out none knows where?
But if thou choose to dwell among us still,
Live to glorify that ever-glorious Name
Whose word is law, immutable and fixed.
And with thy voice uphold divine belief,
Make faith more faithful yet, and bless us all!
But if thou seek to win with vain attempts
The faithful from their God, thou shalt not win,
But crumble under feet, and grovel i' the dust.
Beware! for truth shall dawn at last and burst,
Through lies falling from thy arrogant lips.

O ye votaries of material life!
So faithful to your God, and ever His,
Ye sanctimonious souls! why not command
The world to bow and worship you their gods,
And bid them build shrines to your sacred names?
That's but a step beyond the blindest step
Which you, like blind and unreasoning waves,
That hither and thither toss, proud of their might,
And raise rash war, until they break at last!
Against the very rock they dare defy,
Presume to take to yield with conscious guilt.
" There is no God: we cannot see, and hence
We cannot prove," you cry like madmen wild,
Claiming reason proud privilege of man.
Are all things made for eye and mind? Are there
No things above the eye and mind of man?
Stand on the beach and stretch your subtle gaze
Far as the limit of the eye can reach,
And whither shall it pause? Across the line
Where ocean and the skies seem blent in one.
And over and above this sea-line bare
What other mightier oceans on the earth,
Roll and unroll, can you or see or tell?
Why then presume th' unsearchable to search,
And see that invisible for all time made?

Grant for your sake, that man from atom sprang,
But whence the heavens with their numerous host,
And unlike ours, with progeny divine?
Did sun evolve from sun, and moon from moon?
Beyond this visible and material world,
There's an invisible immaterial Soul
Whose breath is in the wind, and in the heart
And soul of man—the independent Soul
On whom men for their daily life depend,
Whence flow the very thoughts we dare to think?
From some inner fountain, some secret spring
Deep in the depth of heart; but whence the source?
The source, though unknowable, there sure must be;
And what must be, must be and ever is.
There are o'er your shoulders much higher heads,
Crowned with loftier thoughts and nobler aims
(Unless you are too vain to know the truth).
If this you can admit, why then disown
Over all these the highest Head of all?
In those assemblies where so often meet
The philanthropic intellect to talk
The public good, and that good to promote,
Takes not, by a unanimous consent,
The best and highest chair 'mong them the best,
Named president whose powers are extolled,
And who from his exalted station checks
The overbounding voice that must obey—
What shame in like obedience to a God?
Is there in divine spiritual affairs
No President of presidents, supreme,
To guide the good by the shadow of His light,
And save mankind by pity, grace, and love?
Whence is all goodness in this evil world?
From some primeval good? that good is God

Remember! the mightiest of human minds,
Whose brows are circled with the golden wreaths
Of everlasting fame, select of God,
Have owned o'er their own a mightier Mind,
From whom, like smooth and even waters flow,
Pure thoughts that dwell within the mind of man.

Is there no home for your thoughts to live in?
No receptacle for all coming from within?
And can you see this inner home of thought
That mortals by a common name call mind?
How can you call to sight th' unseeable God?
Because the dim horizon of your eye
Can never see what never can be seen,
Is man, therefore, all absolute on earth?
If so, then whence within the inward heart
That secret longing, that quenchless desire,
That nameless something in the heart of hearts,
Too, too divine to bear an earthly name?
Do you not feel the same? then woe is ye!
For lo! the meanest of the flying race
Craves for a higher flight, when it beholds
The supreme station of skylark i' th' skies.
Are you so much beneath this senseless thing?
O that your thoughts in proper channels ran,
Nor went astray, arriving at the last
To that mighty Channel that unseen rolls
For ever—that supremest Soul whose smile
Kindles despair with brightest hopes beyond.
If you promote the brotherhood of man,
Why not bless it with fatherhood of God?
Without our aspiration to a God,
A soul supreme for human aims, we are
Like ships drifting to an undestin'd goal.
Why then seek the Eternal to dethrone,
And the Indestructible to destroy?
Mighty they are not who disown the might
Of that mightiest Might that takes no foe.
Oh why sever your fellowship with God?
"We know Him not, because we cannot see"
Is that your plea? is that your sole defence?
Alas! then sure your wisdom is insane,
While mine, more humble, is more sane and safe.

Peace, peace to ye! and I shall cease to sing,
Until peace, dovelike through the awful storm
That overtakes your minds, descends on you,
More tranquil than the perfect placid calm

That settles over the morning peaceful waves,
That wailed all night and howled and boiled with rage.
If all that I have said be truth indeed,
Let then the truth possess your truthless hearts !
If there is no God, then you are our gods ;
But if there *is*—alas ! then where are ye ?

August, 1901.

LINES WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT THE LOVELY HILL ——

Across the parting peepings of the sun,
Who from his heavenly daylight tour returns
To his western home, like a lord of light,
The magnificent queen of night surmounts
With regal pride her bright eternal throne
O' ethereal silver, that spreads over all,
With her love for, and of, him who is gone.
At her life-breathing touch, the very woods
And fields, that else slumbering were, awake
And raptures swell the sunset-wailing skies.
She looks on the ocean's pellucid breast
And wonders at her kin within its depth,
Though mortals in that form do recognise
The image of her own, serenely cast.
And then the moon in heaven stoops down to kiss
The moon within the deep—O holy love !
Now the vaporous circles pass by her limb,
And leave her glorious face without a taint,
And stars like retinue of maids stand round
To pay their homage to Her Majesty.
Now half-eclipsing clouds cover her half,
While other half illumes the chaotic world ;
And now full overshadowing clouds assail
The heavenly maid and her army arraigned
In uniformal light ; the under earth
Seems struck with darkness of a sudden woe.
At last the queen her entire portrait spreads
On the silvery canvas, suffused with beams.

It looks as the heaven of eternal day
Is lowered on the earth of night and death.
The earth is a heaven of moonlight serene,
And mountains seem to swim in a moonlight sea ;
They to the moon lift up their austere brows,
Breathing their prayers from their silent hearts,
And worship her, eternally divine ;
While the wild cat'racts, 'pealing to the skies,
Respond to sunset orisons of birds.
The moon from her own station high enjoys
The earth's heavenly repast, and with a smile
Lends her own heart in Nature's merriment.

O joy to be once more among my loves !
Here on this spot how often have I paused,
In an awful solemnity of soul,
And in intense leavening of the heart,
Here, ah, here 'neath the moon's serenest face,
And flinging from my worldly heart the world,
I thought, and then sat in a state of muse,
As sullen as the love-deluded maid,
Asking her own heart the meaning unknown
Of violent throbbings of her inner self,
Of those mad raptures surging 'gainst her blood,
Whose only mansion is the innermost soul.
For Nature's love runs through my blood immense,
And all the pulses of my heart beat not
But to the breath of Nature ; I rejoice,
And my heart leaps within its secret home
To find itself once more among its joys.
O joy ! that my heart is once more a sea
Of wild waves rolling with tumultuous joys
I pause within myself, and lifting up
Soul's inner eyes to the responsive skies,
Ask them the secret of the why and whence,
When all the stars unfurl their golden flags
Whereon they write the mystery beyond ;
And birds take up the sign, and thence renew
Their own foretellings of a life unseen,
In an intense harmony of melodious sounds.
Great God ! what pious prophecies outpour
From these most truthful hearts imbued with love !

Sing on, sing on, ye joyous birds, sing on
Of everlasting joy, immortal bliss,
But, chief above all, that eternal Love
Whose shadow is the earth, whose prophetic voice
Is echoed by your notes that make the mounts
Tremble in their root and charm the deaf rocks,
And with their varied music thrill my heart!
There is a moony rapture in your hearts
Swelling your descants and amorous delights,
Whose breath within my heart of hearts is borne
By the delicious zephyrs that westward blow,
Deep from the bosom of the sunset moon.
I feel it all, and oh, how keenly too!
That feeling alone is my breath and life.
Thus sing on for ever, ye songsters sweet!
Ye faithful hearts among a faithless world,
And let your awful sounds, adoring Him
Who is, from rock to rock reverberate!
And with these rocks, the careless shepherd-boy,
And my own voice, with yours and his made one,
Respond with full heart to your sunset psalms.
Nor will the dear mountains not echo these,
In whom have I recognised a Soul supreme,
Pregnant with whose breath all things live on earth.

Oh, here how often have I wished the fool,
The very spot, where I am standing now,
To pause awhile, and, thrown off from his pride,
That doth not see the ever-living breath,
Drop his faithless heart in its inward thought,
And bow his head in Nature's worship low—
I mean the fool, who proud of mortal power
And loath to recognise a higher Hand,
And reconcile himself with Him that lives,
Calls to proof the great unprovable Might,
In the delusion of his obstinate heart—
Here let his heart, by foul denial nursed,
Listen to the sincerities of birds,
That chant themselves in their sweet solitude,
Eternal adoration of their God.
Here, oh, only here, in the silent breath
Of mountains, his dim eyes will sure perceive

A higher Soul, breathing imperishable thought,
The shadow of whose light is the rising sun.
Here also, if he stands one moment pure,
Whose unambitious soul doth not behold
Life beyond life, but thinks its end fulfilled
Beneath the hollow of the earth, its grave,
Him will the sinking sunset intimate
The secret unproclaimed of the to come.
O wretched thought, of consolation void,
That grave should be the end of endless soul!
Here let him stand, and with full eyes behold
How clouds, like fleecy rocks woven round the moon,
Or like mysterious images imprest
Upon the silvery surface of the skies,
Soon hie away, and the moon shines again
With all her peerless radiance undefiled
And unpolluted by their smoky breath—
Divinity plodding through its evil time—
So will the soul, once from the thraldom freed
Of the while-conquering flesh, escape to God.
Forgive Thy disowner, O pitying Heart!
Alas! he knows not what he asks and does.
Thus will he stumble on for ever, till he,
Born in Thee again an eternal soul,
Beholds the gleam of a diviner Light.
Meanwhile, sweet Father, the erring fool forgive!
Thy ways from his are far as heaven from earth.

July 27th, 1901.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE HILL —

NOWHERE I turned, but I saw Nature smile
Around me. But here, with bewildered eyes,
I see her in her wildest spread, sublime,
Nor can I trust my eyes, though they can see,
But deem this heaven on earth is but a dream;
Yet will I still behold and still rejoice.
Great God! Thy hand is proved so perfect here,
That Heaven's own presence seems to smile around,
Or perchance the scenes special charms have worn,

Knowing their mad lover hither will resort,
What time the morn-proclaiming king of day
Shoots forth his light, and o'er the aspect throws
From far his dazzling gold, of birth divine;
Here, like a lover who by promise meets,
At some secluded spot, his nymph belov'd,
Concealed from human eyes, have I repaired.
The sweetest of warblers, that greets with joy
The fresh-smiling morn, sings away the hours,
Deep in the bosom of the woods unseen,
As if it means thither to invite my feet,
Or wake me to the heavenly charms around,
Or make me mindful of its Maker's praise.

Oh, when was Nature more profuse than now?
When more beautiful, or more sublime?
The mountains, swimming in the dewy light,
Raised aloft their imposing heads of green.
Mount behind mount, hill behind hill, disposed,
And rock behind rock concealed, fairest shone
The landscape. Below soft velvet-turfs were seen,
Washed with the morning dew, and freshly decked
In the gorgeous green, beloved of eye.
The very skies, enamoured of the sight,
Hung down their silvery heads, and fast embraced
Each mountain and hill, and stooped down to kiss,
When heaven and earth seemed blended into one.
All the green lawns like grassy carpets seemed
Spread out afresh for the child-stricken birds,
Who thereon could perch at their own free will,
And nestle, void of harm, their new-born brood.
'Mongst these, predominant stood forth a hill
With all its pleasing variety of shades
And hues, by its great Maker meant to be
The rampart of its fenceless sister-hills;
While close by at its feet, renowned of yore
The sacred river flowed and leaped with joy.
Embracing these, stood out the lofty trees,
Resembling close a circled theatre of seats
Raised upon seats, and with such skill disposed
As looked the leafy garlands of the woods.
In the midst of this peaceful row peeped out,

Conspicuous, like to a human head,
Which of its native soil deprived, is left
A white surface round, of all beauty void,
A naked tree that stood, shorn of its leaves,
Like a figure shrunk, destitute of grace.
Alas! what havocs the ruinous hand
Of Time had wrought on this once graceful form!
Time was indeed when this derelict was
A woody beauty of unrivalled grace,
Perchance the cynosure of its sister-trees.
But that time was gone and its grace withal.
Tall hanging rocks, depending in the air,
By the sweet zephyrs fanned that eastward blew,
Whose charms needed no artificial touch,
Like lords of the wilderness, o'erlooked the vales,
With an invitation to the wandering eye
To look beyond. But beyond the sight-balls
Could not obtain, nor could discover aught
Of interest, but saw infinitude.
Looking adown, the curious eyes beheld
Deep valleys, lying in an infinite stretch,
Who held the aspect in a wild embrace,
Greedy to devour with wide-open jaws,
As the tiger its prey, the mounts and hills.
Thus they were prone prodigious, to whose length
And illimitable width and breadth compared,
The broadest of our roads were but a span,
Nay an atom, and dwindled unto naught.
So vast, endless, and infinite they seemed.

Here awful silence reigned. No leaf astir;
No woody warblers tuned their native notes:
All was silent and fearful as the grave,
With fear that consoled, not frightened, with awe-
Fear that pierces and sanctifies the soul,
I beheld a Spirit that roamed, unseen,
A Motion that trod the pathless woods, unheard,
A Presence which pervaded all the space,
A Presence that I saw and felt, with Whom,
While made divine, I held mute converse long,
And heard a Voice responding to my heart.

I looked—I saw an everlasting life
Beyond this Life; death is life beyond death.
Again the voice was heard to speak, again
I listened. Then, all in meditation rapt,
I mused, was silent, and again I paused,
Rapturously awaiting that happiest day
When, all my thoughts fixed upon Heav'n alone,
My soul, distempered from the earthly clay,
Shall be, upon the wings of hope upborne,
Wafted to those eternal regions high
Of eternal light and eternal life.

May, 1899.

THE POETIC GRANDFATHER AND THE GRANDCHILD

"The harp, the harp, the harp!
Oh, take up the harp, daddy dear,
And with native fingers sharp,
In accents sweet and clear,
On your varied lute
Sing of the dreams of the youth."

"The harp, the harp, my child,
Is alas! of its tunes unstrung,
And mute are its songs, sweet and wild,
That in those days were sung,
Those dreams come no more
That dawned in the days of yore."

"Nay nay, not so, not so,
But peace, peace to your weeping heart;
Is age the mother of woe?
Must dreams of youth depart,
And with setting youth
Wake no more their minion lute?"

"Tis so, alas! 'tis so,
Sweet child, stranger to cares of age
Nothing is constant below.

The sweet dreams that engage
The youth, gay and bright,
Cheer not the age with their light."

"Love is the youth of age,
Be love of your soul the pillow
And hope, the pillow of sage;
Sing of the leaping billow,
And with glad motion,
Sing of the limpid ocean."

"Sea was the soul of life,
A world of love and sympathy:
I watched its peace and its strife,
So dear it was to me.
But the sea now too
Mourns the youth, so light and true."

"They say you were a bard
They can never, never forget,
And who your music have heard,
Do still remember yet
How sweet was your voice
At which did their hearts rejoice."

"But an exile banished,
I am now like the setting sun.
Oh, for dreams that have vanished!
Oh, for days that are gone!
I was singing then;
But I cannot sing again."

"What makes you low and sad,
When all would have you sing again?
Pray you sing again, dear dad!
And boy, woman and man
Fain will hear once more,
As in those sweet days of yore."

"Those days and dreams are gone!
I cannot sing, dear child, as then,
I like the meridian sun,
Did sing and please all men.
To retune my lute,
O give, give me back my youth!"

SECRETS REVEALED AFTER DEATH

THE secret of what we are now,
The secret of what we shall be,
And the secret of why and how,
What man on earth as yet can see?

The secret of what is no more,
The secret of what has been once,
The secret of what is before,
What mortal yet reads in a trance?

The secret of first human life,
The secret of bliss and of woe,
And the secret of sea-born-strife,
Can human mind or gauge or know?

The secret of soul met in soul,
The secret of heart turned from heart,
And the secret of years that roll,
Can man to brother-man impart?

The secret of love in fountains,
The secret of a voice in vale,
The secret of life in mountains,
Can the weak power of man unveil?

The secret of soul's higher craving,
And the secret of heaven and hell,
The secret of a soul's depraving,
Can mortals divine or foretell?

The love of the sun and the moon,
The love of the moon and her star
That ever sings its amorous tune,
Men know not of secrets afar.

The love of the stream for the sea,
The love of the sea for the river,
Of things that are for things to be,
We cannot tell, may we endeavour.

The love of Divine for human,
And of human for the Divine,
The delight of the day's return,
Man asks, "God, are these secrets Thine?"

And yet never response is given
Save a voice in the ear of man,
From 'neath the earth or from the Heaven,
"Presume not these secrets to scan."

These secrets after death will be
A living truth, no idle dream;
When man, O God, shall wake in Thee,
And see thy unbeholden beam;

When Peace, with an almighty power,
Will be born from the womb of strife;
And on the happy dead will shower
Free gift of an immortal life.

Sept. 23rd, 1901.

A VISION OF THE PROPHET

A BLESSED woman's soul once sleeping saw,
In a scarce visiting dream the virtuous see,
A face of unearthly majesty and awe,
Of one who was of earth; enthroned was he
'Mong circles and semicircles of golden clouds;
While on his lap there lay his sacred book,
And all was mantled in celestial shrouds.
In the holy Writ he cast a casual look,
Then brooding full over the sleeping soul,
With eyes bespeaking unspeakable grace,
And holding in his hand his God—his scroll,
He smiled forth love upon the woman's face.
He spoke not aught, but made some secret sign,
More meaning than speech, which some bliss foretold.
From head to foot the vision was divine,
Whose locks were touched not with the earthly gold,

But more they matched the lucid silver skies,
That did on him like heavenly maids attend,
And sing symphonies in his Paradise.
As nearer did he the woman-ward bend.
She madly cried " It is my Prophet own,"
Then heard afar an infant's midnight cry,
Sounding on her sleeping ears like a groan,
And now relaxing in a stifled sigh;
And she awoke—oh, where?

Thou who beheld this soul-beholden dream,
How pure of soul must thy own nature be!
How very like that soul whose golden beam,
With visitings divine, stole over thee,
In embalming sleep that in Heaven awoke,
Sweetened with its odorous atmosphere,
Thy chaste night-resting soul, when slumber broke,
And on wings bore it to the highest sphere!
The vision thou espied was naught but thou
Fulfilling the reward of a goodly life,
And reaping the fruit of seeds which thou dost sow
With thy own hands. O let not care nor strife
Embitter thy life, by virtue made so sweet;
But crowned with inward chastity sublime,
Walk like a goddess on the earth, with feet
On vice, through all the range of evil time,
That, thus adorned by virtue's fadeless crown
And the light of God beaming on thy face,
Even such glory on thy soul may dawn,
And make thee a thing of immortal grace.
Keep thy ideal which is harboured once
Within thy soul of soul, for God's own sake,
Which will bring thee this dream's many like returns,
Nor ever thee throughout thy life forsake.
O soul of God in a woman so divine,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, for Heaven is thine!

August, 1901.

THE DIVINE LOVERS

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE MOON

"EARTH smiled below with pure delight
When I, first King of day,
Illumed its bounds with heated light
And chaos chased away.

"When first with life and light and love
I over darkness hovered,
Earth turned a part of heavens above
And looked like heavens lowered.

"Great is my power and profuse;
I save from jaws of death
The fading flow'r, when I infuse
Life in its dying breath.

"I clothe with charms the mounts and hills,
The sea in gold I dress;
I dance upon the wailing rills
And cheer them in distress.

"I rise with bright ethereal hues,
And when my lips I part,
I rain cn earth a shower of dews
Deep into the flower's heart.

"From age to age my name is sung,
Breeder of life immense,
Though oft blasphemed by human tongue
That wants the grateful sense.

"God gave me day, as thee the night;
Thou art my love and life,
Thou art my soul's divine delight,
My heavenly maiden wife."

"Thou gentle lover of my soul,
I am thy virgin-wife;
All light in me, or part or whole,
Is but thy light and life.

" Like all the things on earth below,
From thee I life receive,
And to the nightly world of woe
From what I take I give.

" All things at nightfall on the earth
With darkness thick opprest,
I light, and with my new-born birth
With silver life invest.

" I am like thee, god-lover mine,
The source of pure delight ;
Like thee I too am sung divine,
The poetess of night.

" How smiles the night with joy and life
When I am on my throne;
For peace I bring in place of strife,
Whene'er my face is shown.

" I touch the poet's noblest part
With thoughts and words divine ;
With hopes revive the fainting heart,
But by the breath of thine.

" The poet hails me Queen of night,
As thee the King of day,
And with sweet thoughts of pure delight
Sings all the night away.

" Then wherefore should we weep and cry ?
Men are ingrate and rude,
The poet sings ; then wherefore sigh
O'er men's ingratitude ? "

" Thy ways and mine are one and same ;
We two are blent in one.
The bard endows with deathless fame
The lovers, Moon and Sun."

July, 1901.

TO THE VIRTUOUS LADY WHOSE SOLE DELIGHT WAS CHASTITY AND POESY

THOU woman with the soul of God,
Ethereal-heart'd, though of the sod!
What chaste harmonious numbers roll
From out thy sublime-thoughtèd soul!

Thy very breath from heaven is borne;
Thy thoughts with skies are interwoven;
The light in thine inspired eyes
Blends with the radiance of the skies.

Thy heart is like a mighty sea,
Wherefrom what waves of joy may be
Out-dashing as by heaven-touched spell,
Whose bosom holiest raptures swell!

Thy mind must be a taintless home
(Where low desires of earth not come)
Of thoughts that live beyond the tomb,
And with their light dispel all gloom.

Thy soul is ever heavenward soaring
To see its God, the earth abhorring;
It sleeps on earth, but to awake
In Heaven, where Love doth ne'er forsake.

Thy soul it is a sacred shrine
Of hopes and aims the most divine;
Nor earth pollutes thy earthless breath,
That doth not fear the hand of Death.

Ah! when I saw thy sun-souled face,
I in that lovely mould did trace
The beauty of a god whose home
Was there where angels ever roam.

And when I heard thy goddess-voice
My heart did like the sea rejoice,
That leaps what time it hears the tune
Whisper'd to the waves by evening moon.

But when I met thy thrilling glance,
O then, my God! as in a trance
I seemed to leave the lustful earth
And woke to a sublimer birth.

Methought an angel earthward flew,
And all around her splendour threw;
Thy voice did sound as of the skies,
Or of the heavenliest paradise.

The 'wildered moon in heavens doth see
Her own sweet face in sunset sea;
Ah! even so I could have seen
My image in thy face serene,

Had not thine higher ways and mood
Forbid my footsteps to intrude
Where holier thine for ever press—
Let thine my lesser soul yet bless!

Still let thy soul to mine incline:
For me thoughts chastest intertwine.
Oh, let thine eyes still me-ward smile,
And like thee make me pure awhile.

Live pure, and when thy days are done,
Glorious as the full-souled sun,
Stand to thy God, in radiance clothed,
By angels hailed, by God unloathed.

August 28th, 1901.

DEJECTION CONSOLED

O WHITHER shall I turn my restless heart,
To lull it in repose—a calm relief?
Even the fading sunbeams that depart
Lend sigh for sigh and breathe into my grief.

How quell the turmoils of a weary soul,
To make it smile, and find it rest again?
In my hand I hold the immortal scroll
Of my soul-wedded Wordsworth, but in vain.

What pang smites my soul? Do I feel a loss?
Let my sad heart sigh with the sighing sun,
Or soar beyond the skies, or pause across
The space, where sunset and the sea are one!

Not are yet consoled by delusive skies
The sobbings of my heart and soul that weep;
Though the bright moon and the heav'n's minor eyes
Smile o'er the sea in its evening sleep.

Now change the skies and wear a smile benign,
The white and translucent canvas imprest
With images of God. Nature makes sign
That living things should be withdrawn to rest.

Yet at the bottom of my heart I feel
A heavy depression, some nameless woe.
In vain may the beauties of night reveal
And spread their portraits on the earth below.

These very mountains and these hills sublime,
These vales and dales, and this young warbling brook,
And even this beloved book of rhyme
Wear in my eyes a melancholy look.

I cannot smile. A joy hath passed away,
And with that joy the glory of a dream:
A bright vision of a serener day,
O for a glimpse of its departing beam!

Soul cries within "I have no more delight,
I have relinquished every earthly joy;
I see before me stretch a dawnless night,
A transient world with frailty of a toy.

"Great spirits from the earth have passed away.
Where is their dwelling light? why no more seen?
Behold their brothers a visionary ray
Of what they are now and what once had been!

"What use was given of a weary life?
Of hate, and love and unison of hearts?
Of peace so closely interwove with strife,
If all should end in death, when life departs?"

Uprose a voice from the attentive vale,
Whose unintelligible sounds first fell
Upon my ear like a cold ocean-gale,
More like winter's loud and blustering yell.

"Men in their end begin to end no more.
Far the ocean of that Beginning lies,
Though thou, O spirit, canst not see its shore,
With all the lustre of thy inward eyes."

So spake the voice from the deep vale below,
Like a siren's or mermaid's of the sea.
I feel it now as then I felt, and know
It was the voice of Immortality.

The dream is past; the glory still remains,
And I behold a fair unearthly sight:
Fair creatures wearing not the face of pains,
Who ever smile like spirits of delight.

Wherefore then these cries that are like the wind,
O soul? or why with fate and fortune cope,
When dust is all that thou shalt leave behind?
In vain they suffer who suffer without hope.

Now grieve no more a grief without a name;
No earthly power can thy peace destroy;
Though now weighed down by pangs of flesh and frame,
The end of all thy sufferings is joy.

July 6th, 1901.

THE POETESS OF THE WOOD

THOU sweet poetess of the wood and grove!
Whene'er I hearken to each wondrous note
That bursts forth from thy melodious throat,
With such ecstatic joy and wild surprise
I look up to heaven with wondering eyes,
As if I hear ethereal strains above.

As men, for ever mortal guests on earth,
Envy the angelic superior host,
Because their envied a diviner birth,
And a being diviner dare to boast;
So even I, what time I hear thy voice,
Envy thee kind Heaven's most peculiar choice.

Behold! the very woods and forests wide,
Enchanted by thy music wondrous sweet,
Listen quietly with a deep amaze
And cast around them their bewildered gaze
In search of thee, their love and joy and pride,
And, waking from their dreams, their minstrel greet.
What charms are thine that lulled the night to rest,
And fill with thousand hopes the hopeless breast!
Whoe'er hath not that heard thee once to sing,
Sleeping, in his ear felt that voice to ring?
And whoever, that once hath heard thy voice,
Not longed once more for that hour to rejoice?
Though often have I heard thy music sung,
I little understand thy mystic tongue!
May I, thus unseen, express thee a witch
Who doth with her notes every heart bewitch?
The virgin's lyre, or the poet's sweet lute,
However tuneful, or the shepherd's flute,
In vain shall these combine, all, all in vain
To match thy matchless celestial strain!

Pour forth thy fervours to thy Maker's praise,
Who doth thee so above thy rivals raise;
Who gave thee an unapproached tuneful tongue
That varied melodies so oft hath sung.
Sing on, sweet warbler! seeing, yet unseen!
In vain search my eyes whither thou hast been.
Sing on, sing on, and, singing, do inspire
The faithful poet's love and Heaven-kindled fire!
But chief, when thou singest, let thy mystic lays
For ever sing and hymn thy Maker's praise!
Wherever thou roamest, sweet bird of fame,
On thy sweet tongue convey that hallowed Name.

December 1897.

THE SOUL TO THE FLESH

"Thou revelling in thy mirth art doomed to die,
And 'neath the dust from whence thou came
Oblivious ever lie,
Nor rise the same
As I.

"Curse thy riotous and unhallowed mirth,
Which though, sunk in an inward grave,
Thou deem'st thy heaven on earth,
Thou canst not have
My birth.

"Thy very foul rebellion is thy death,
Wherein thyself dost thou enroll,
Which doth pollute my breath;
Yet not my whole
Changeth.

"Thou dost thy God-giv'n strength emasculate;
Thy native might thyself assail,
And findest it too late
Then to bewail
Thy state.

"Alas! my holy voice for ever slept
When first thou gav'st thyself to vice;
And when thou madest this theft,
And didst rejoice,
I wept.

"Yet shall I pass to a diviner state,
While thy folly consumes thy whole,
And bitter makes thy fate;
For I, the soul,
Am great.

"O listen yet that woe is wrought by crime,
And curb thy inward fiery war.
Feed on all thoughts sublime,
And wait, not far,
Thy time.

"That Virtue hath her holy happiness,
A reward that waits her afar,
Which is man's blessedness,
And thy foul war
Repress.

"Thou shalt for ever sleep beneath the sod,
And none to thee shall homage make,
By meanest footsteps trod;
While I shall wake
To God."

August, 1901.

THE CALL

THE moon and one clear star,...
When stars in heavens are none,
That beckon me afar,
Beyond the risen moon, beyond the sunken sun,

The signal do I see,
Not with a sinking heart,
That sayeth unto me,
"Prepare to meet thy God; the earthly must depart.'

I hear, I hear the call,
To which I must respond;
With the departed all,
One day I must be one, this moon and star beyond

Take heart, sweet soul of mine!
Thy home is not the grave!
For thou art all divine,
Whom flesh cannot pollute, nor earth can hold a slave.

Gaze on yon moon and star,
Divine as thou wilt be!
They never can debar
Thy flight unto the skies which thou dost yet not see.

Shine, shine, ye star and moon!
Shine in your sacred love!
Man's is a greater boon,
His soul, he mortal though, will shine your light above.

September 29th, 1901.

"BREAK, BREAK, O WEEPING HEART!"

Break, break, O weeping heart!
Break in thy mute agony!
And in silence lock up thy plaints,
Since hope is not left to thee!

Fall, fall, O stifled tears!
Fall on in a ceaseless stream;
For vanished from me is the heaven of love,
And fled is its golden dream.

Weep, weep, my broken soul,
Weep awake and asleep!
Weep for the love that hath broken its vow;
Nothing is left but to weep!

Sigh, sigh, O wretched heart!
Thou canst not but choose to weep!
And hope, though robbed of all hopes on earth,
In death thy sorrows will sleep!

Oh, joy for the birds that sing
With their hearts so light and free!
But sighing and weeping and pining for ever,
There is no joy for me!

The sun that sets will rise,
And the birds renew their strain,
But the heavenly days of a love that is cold
Will never smile again!

September 29th, 1901.

THE HATING LOVER TO THE HATED BELOVED

THROW not at me that scornful glance :
Thy hate cannot affect my heart,
Nor can it feel thy hateful dart ;
Such glances do my hate enhance.

Strong with the sense of love and hate,
Nay, stronger then when hate inspires,
In my heart's depths, its fiercest fires,
I cannot feel this altered state.

For where I love my life I give,
But where I hate I take the same.
The name of hate, as well the name
Of love, from me their force receive.

Warm with the heat of sun, and wild
With all the coldness of the moon,
From love I turn to hate as soon,
Strange Nature's strange peculiar child.

Methought my fate was sealed with thine ;
Both one in deep immortal love,
What time my heart did gladly move
To thine, and thine respond to mine.

Fool that I was to waste my heart
Upon a loveless soul, no more
Than dust, and vainly to adore
One false and faithless as thou art.

Oh, had I known, as now I know,
How much from thee I was apart,
As love from hate, in soul and heart,
I had not bowed my head so low.

Proud from my birth, love humbled me
And sometimes brought me to thy feet
In tricks of love ; methought how sweet
And proud it was to kneel by thee !

When I think of thy amorous tricks,
Now bitter through their memory
In hate, as sweet in love, of thee,
What burning tears flow down my cheeks !

From all thy kisses I recoil,
As from so many serpent stings.
But with those foul and venom things ;
Thank God, my soul thou didst not spoil

Live in the flesh, so dear to thee ;
Despise the soul, as thou art wont ;
And let those evil spirits haunt
Thy soul, that fright the moonless sea

Aye, scorn the soul ; soul thou hast none,
Dust as thou art again to dust
Without a soul return thou must
Nor rise anew with rising sun.

Men talk of Heaven and Hell, where dwell
Their kin : turn in thy heart and see
All that thou canst, though dark it be,
And find, if not a heaven, a hell.

October 1st, 1901.

ON LOOKING INTO SHELLEY'S EYES IN A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE POET

I

Is this a pair of human eyes,
Or fairest stars in moonlit skies,
I gaze upon ?
Could human eyes so ever shine ?
Or like this even stars divine
Had ever shone ?

II

O God! what light is in these eyes!
What light like this shines in the skies?
Is it Thine own?
O Heaven! what heaven is in these eyes!
What heaven like this beyond the skies
Was ever shown?

III

O light of God in human eyes!
O light unborrowed of the skies,
Shine on my heart!
And from thy heaven of faith and love,
Purer than all the realms above,
Reflect thy dart!

IV

O soul of God, in human eyes
Diviner than divinest skies,
Shine on my soul!
Thou sweetest soul in purest eyes,
O let thy light that shames the skies,
Illume the whole!

FOR THREE THINGS AM I BORN

O THOU sweet Love! shall I not feel
Thy sweetest joy and bliss?
Thou soul of life, wilt thou reveal
Thy face I may not miss?
Be bliss or woe! I hold it faith
Love is for ever mine!
In love's pure stream my lips will bathe,
Till all be made divine.
For so I say, be woe or weal,
This I can ever prove,
One sweet joy am I born to feel,
And that one joy is Love!

O thou fair Muse! who mov'st my heart,
  Shall I not thee embrace?
And feel within thy fiery dart,
  And see thy radiant face?
Through life's whole journey, brief or long,
  My lips will be alit,
I know, with an eternal song,
  And song my heart will greet.
Thence though to me grief's tears may flow,
  And sorrows come in throng,
One great bliss am I born to know,
  And that one bliss is Song!

O Thou great God I cannot reach!
  May I not hope to see,
When this life's journey's done, the beach
  Of Thy Eternity?
My soul cries peace and gives solace
  Through inward world of pain,
That I one day shall see Thy face,
  Nor is the hope yet vain.
Be thou, sweet soul! what thou may'st be,
  Thou mayest feel the rod;
One pure face am I born to see
  And that one face is God!

January, 1901.

DISAPPOINTMENT

I AM no more what love should have made,
If she whom I loved had been true.
True, love is a fearful trade,
And whoever exchanges shall rue.
I am no more what I should have been,
If she whom I loved were not frail;
Oh, I see not what I should have seen,
If she whom I loved did not fail.

I teach what I've bitterly learnt:
Love, coming too sudden, too sudden will go.

Hers came like a dream ; like a vision it went,
Where or to whom I care not to know.
Ye men ! beware of a maiden's love ;
Trust not her love, oh, trust not her smiles !
Though your heart they may melt and move,
The smiles of a maiden are wiles.

Sighing in secret, who reckons my sighs ?
Dejected, who gives me solace ?
Weeping, who sees the drops in my eyes,
Or the grief impressed on my face ?
Thus am I wasting and pining away,
Unbeheld, unwatched of her eyes,
From even to night, from midnight to day,
Existing on desolate sighs.

Wherefore did I the fair flower see,
I wherefore its fragrance enjoyed,
If destined mine never to be,
With matter most abject alloyed ?
In the folly of love, a wonderful price
I had set on that diamond so false,
With lustre so fair to entice ;
But oh, 'twas a stone in disguise.

She had a false unwomanly heart ;
Her eyes had for all men a wink.
Alas ! hearts may unite and part,
But, love-fooled, I paused not to think.
Her heart seemed a heaven of truth,
Methought the truth I read in her eyes ;
Alas ! she left without pity or ruth,
For her heart was a hell of lies.

O earth, be kind and open thy womb,
And me in thy hollow receive ;
That there in my unconscious tomb,
No more I may sorrow or grieve !
And thou, O sea, when thy waters are high,
Convey me afar on thy wave,
And with a groan and a last long sigh,
In thy depths prepare me a grave.

MY LOVE'S INFLUENCE

I

As moonbeams shine upon the sea,
As sunbeams glitter on the mounts,
As starlight twinkles on the founts,—
So do thou shine on me!
Shine on, sweet love! O ever shine
With light of Love pure and divine!
Thy light lights up my darkest way,
And guides me on my journey lone,
Like moonbeams o'er the midnight thrown,
Bright as the new-born day.

II

Far sweeter than the angel's voice,
More thrilling than the warbling throats
I hear thy strange heart-capturing notes,
And in my soul rejoice!
Sing on, sweet love! O ever sing,
And to my bosom closer cling;
What time I feel a lonely pain,
Like raindrops on the drooping flow'r,
Pour on the life-reviving shower
Of Love's delicious strains.

III

Far brighter than the heavens' great sun,
That with a father's anxious care
Beams on the world so bright and fair,
O sweet one, wooed and won,
Thy starry eyes beam on my soul
And lighten me throughout the whole!
O let thy heart mix in mine own,
That I—let then betide what will—
In fulness of the heart may feel,
I am no more alone!

June 16th, 1901.

A LAMENT AND AN ADVICE

To-day we live,
To-morrow where? I do believe
The life of man
Is as uncertain as 'tis vain.
At tide the sea
Renews with joy its melody;
At ebb and fall
Where is its joy, its music all?
Now shines the sun,
But when the evening hours return
What doth it seem?
That life, this life is but a dream.
At night the moon
Doth brightly shine, and vanish soon,
When morn returns:
All things must live and die by turns.
This hour we joy,
Man and child and woman and boy;
The next we grieve
And pray death might at last relieve.
Men might regret
That I have died, and might forget
That I had lived;
They might proclaim I have achieved
A glorious fame,
And might to-morrow curse my name;
All nature is
A great life of uncertainties.

Yes, wise it is
To doubt the fortune's certainties,
And fortune's smile;
What most doth please, doth most beguile.
Fame is a girl
Who will play with and kiss your curl
But to forsake
When better one his way will make.

As lips of maid
So luring sweet, with frailty laid,
Frail is fame's smile,
For it will tarry but awhile.
Nor ever trust
To love, for love, they say, is dust
And base as clay,
Though I know not what love would say.
Sages have said,
That love is with thick fears inlaid;
Let it be so.
Be it a bliss, or be it woe,
Live well the day,
And do your best while here you stay,
For with the morn
Death might come in to blow his horn.

October 4th, 1901.

"WILT THOU LOVE ME AS I LOVE THEE?"

Wilt thou love me as I love thee,
Without a change or hate?
Wilt thou love me as I love thee,
Through every altered state?

Say, wilt thou never hate me, dear,
As I will never do,
And wilt thou ever keep thee near,
And draw me nearer too?

And wilt thou ever smile on me,
Through every weal and woe?
And wilt thou bear a heart with me,
When my own heart is low?

And wilt thou wet thine own sweet eyes,
When tears my eyes bedew,
And make for me a paradise
Of joys for ever new?

And think of me when I am dead,
    And pray for me above?
And wilt thou have one tear to shed
    O'er thy departed love?

Ah, then my soul, though I depart,
    Will wake in Love's pure birth,
And live here in thy faithful heart,
    Though it may leave the earth.

"SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP"

    SLEEP, sleep, sleep,
Thou perturbed soul of the earth!
And think in thy slumber of death,
    And curse not thy mortal birth!

    Dream, dream, dream,
Of heavenly days that are gone!
And fearless of the terror of death,
    Dream of the golden dawn!

    Sigh, sigh, sigh,
Ye broken hearts of the earth;
Despised and deceived and deserted of love,
    Whom Cupid lends not his mirth!

    Hope, hope, hope,
Ye wretched souls in despair!
With the birth of the far-breaking dawn,
    Perchance your morrow is fair.

    See, see, see,
Ye lazy, unopening eyes,
There is so much to see and achieve,
    Beyond the bare visible skies!

    Look, look, look
Behind, before, and afar,
For somewhere above the mortal sight
    There shines a hidden star.

Burn, burn, burn,
Thou transient taper of life ;
A blast of the wind will blow out thy breath
And end thy sorrow and strife.

Sail, sail, sail,
O immortal soul of man,
From the shore where thy ship will embark
Thou wilt not sail again.

THE INFANT'S DEATH

A SONG

Foul winter hath come and blown
The lovely primrose grown
In the sweet garden of life,
Of love without hate and strife.

How lovely thou wert and fair,
When nor mortal grief nor care
Had yet had their seat on thy brow;
But all is finished now!

How fresh was thy rose's bloom!
How sweet their blooming perfume!
Oh, now how pale thy rosy cheek
Like the snow in winter bleak!

How bright was the light in thine eyes,
Which quenched in its grave now lies!
Thy heart of its hopes unfulfilled
Now lieth for ever stilled.

How hopeful thou smiled and wept!
Away by death is all swept;
'Tis we who are doomed to weep—
Thou sleep'st in a smiling sleep.

The life that flickered in its lamp
Is now made cold by the damp
And the dark wintry hand of death,
O sweet mortal of a breath !

Death came to thee at last,
And around thy temples fast
Bound a fair garland of life,
And freed thee from care and strife.

Past is the sorrow of night ;
With day comes new delight.
Thou livest in a sweeter breath ;
Why should we weep thy death ?

December, 1900.

TO JEALOUSY

Go thou from me, dark Jealousy !
Who do not feel thy venom bite ;
And boast not thou canst torture me,
Or thou my callous heart canst smite.

Go thou there where thy sting is felt !
I am indifferent to hate ;
My soul is not with hate perplext,
In love and sympathy so great.

Thou canst not make a great soul weep
Though it may have its evil time ;
Through clouds it sure again will peep,
As glorious as the sun sublime.

Thine eyes in a burning fire roll,
And oft I see thy sneering frown ;
How different must be thy soul
That doth not wear truth's golden crown

I love all that which is thy hate ;
Thy hate increases every day ;
Thou shalt grovel in thy abject state ;
Thou canst not scare my soul away.

Tell them who love and cherish thee,
That they mistake in me their foe ;
Thy blows can never conquer me :
They shall on me a boon bestow.

That bosom thou envenomest,
Which thou dost like a lover feed ;
Woe to the heart that feels the pest
Of jealous falsehood's heinous breed !

There is a sneer behind thy jest,
A wolf behind thy sheeply stare.
Cursed is the heart thy hand hath prest ;
For thee, for thee, is dark despair.

Thou art a snake within its cover,
A tiger in the garb of sheep,
A hater that feigns the lover,
Feeding on jealous hatred deep.

I hate thee in thy loving mood,
Weaving thy web of various guiles ;
I love thee when thy glances rude
Betray what means thy serpent-smiles.

Its web the plotting spider spreads,
The guileless insects to ensnare ;
E'en so thou weav'st thy thousand threads
For them whose sight thou canst not bear.

Though oft in the vast universe
Good is with faithless ill repaid,
Thy curse serves to repay with curse
The vulgar heart with thee inlaid.

August, 1901.

THE INDESCRIBABLE

THERE is a ghastly grandeur in the storm,
There's a majesty in the rolling sea,
There is a Shaper in the human form,
There is a garment round the summer tree ;
There is a Spirit round the mounts and hills,
There is a glory in the roseate morn,
There is a sweet heaven in the moonlit rills,
There is a lesson in the rose's thorn ;
There's a romance round the celestial throng,
There is a laughter in the passing cloud,
There is a name in the nightingale's song,
There is a rapture in the starry crowd ;
There is a Presence in the lonely vale,
There is a warning in the winter-wind,
There is a whisper in the summer-gale,
There is a passion in the feathered kind ;
There is a beauty in the sunrise hue,
There is a promise in the sunset faint,
There is a meekness in the morning dew
That words can never paint.

Did the great Mother-Nature ever yield
To the weak human art of brush or quill?
Can highest genius on the canvas build,
Or make subservient to its utmost skill
The splendour of the stars, or the rage of storm,
The quiet or the uproar of the sea,
The mighty Hand that shaped the human form,
The perished image of the leaf-shorn tree,
The piteous aspect of the dying flow'r,
Or, faithful to its art, the skyey vault,
Or the sunrise hue with the dewy shower,
And speak itself exempt from common fault?
Man cannot imitate great Nature's art,
Or put his soul in Nature's breathing soul !
Nature is ever to be felt at heart,
Wherein one Spirit moves and sways the whole.

I love, I love them all in bliss or woe,
Though I can paint not that peculiar love,
That finds a blessing in God's works below.
A certain passion and sensation move
My soul to one bright hope to be fulfilled,
When in the arms of Death, semblance of sleep,
This little heart will be for ever stilled,
And a curtain fall o'er sufferings that weep;
That hope which o'er every turbulent scene
And rough and wintry way of life doth shed
The heavenly summer everlasting green,
And tinges all that lives, and all that's dead,
All that is on earth and in heavens above,
With the colouring of immortal Love.

July, 1901.

SONNETS

MILTON

To thee whom Muse above the rest doth raise,
Who, though thou saw not, yet didst inward look,
And reared with thy voice an immortal book,
These tributary rhymes were little praise.
Thou hast thy own Parnassus, from whose height
With such transcendent lustre dost thou shine,
That inferior stars blush to see thy light,
All eclipsed by thy radiance divine.
They confound how each inglorious hour,
'Midst a train of curses could such blessings shower!
And wonder deep that, as thou nearer came
To Heaven, thou higher soared and didst not fall.
Behold! to thee bow these great heirs of fame,
Thyself, save one, the greatest of them all!.

November, 1899.

NIGHTINGALE

Thou that sing'st away unseen in the grove,
To thee what tribute can my numbers pay,
Unfit to match thy early morning's lay,
Or thy night's ethereal song of love?
Divine bird! could my voice be sweet as thine,
Or should kind Nature be pleased to bestow
The gift that I could sing as well as thou,
The world would listen to each song of mine!

Lend me, sweet warbler, thy pure music lend!
Or if I ask a boon thou canst not give,
With lesser mine thy richer accents blend!
Since for thy God alone thou seem'st to live,
When'er thou pourest forth thy heavenly lays,
Forget not thou to sing thy Maker's praise.

November, 1899.

WORDSWORTH

It was thine to love Nature and adore,
And like Philomel that thrills the forest wild,
Thou sang'st, by Nature nursed her faithful child,
With him who did above Aonia soar;
And when, standing on some familiar peak,
Thou gazed at mountains, hills and rocks and woods,
Thou found'st a speech which thou alone couldst speak,
For in the mountains was thy joy and food.
What soul was thine that, as a chosen star,
Retreating, so shines from his distant home,
That all to him with adoration come,
Fled from us and shed her light from afar?
Thy soul to Nature was so closely tied,
That all the nature wept when thou hadst died.

November, 1899.

REFLECTIONS

When I ponder, and pausing, think again
How little first I knew, how much I learnt
And did, ere ten summers twice came and went,
I find the onward march so little gain,
And blush to find such sinful waste of life,
Though others may, and perhaps may justly deem
That mine was not an unprofitable strife,
And that all is as they would wish it seem.
But to me the advance of twice ten years,
Though not wasted in indolence and sloth,
Seems a waste, or so small a gain appears,
Nor doth to 'vantage prove my inward growth.
Be it more or less, worse or better be,
I care not, if I live secure in Thee.

December, 1899.

ROSE

When men have praised and bards have sung thy name,
Though here they could no more than only praise
And sing of thee in loose imperfect lays,
A tribute at my hands thou well canst claim.
Thou flower of Paradise! in hall and bower,
In garden where a virgin dost thou grow,
How strongly men feel thy diffusive power,
And smell of love and joy where thou dost blow!
And when the dulness of my heart to cure
I kiss thy lips with all their charms that lure,
How then like a coy virgin dost thou blush,
As if my touch profaned thy bosom pure,
Half in virgin-smile, half in angry flush;
For earth thou never wast, though thou art here.

December, 1899.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

Too much! it is too much; oh, now no more!
Too much in th' world of the world have I been,
And wearied ere I've reached my final teen,
I wish not to be what I was before.
I'd rather stop my commerce with the world,
For what avails this mutual fellowship,
With every soul in inner darkness hurled,
And falsehood tainting every mortal lip?
I would rather fly from a scene like this,
And divorced with men and with them no more,
Seek home with Thee and at Thy feet adore,
With nothing to corrupt my heavenly bliss.
Wearied and forlorn, now let me retire,
And live aloof, till latest day expire.

December, 1899.

SHAKESPEARE

Thou all-embracing god! what carest thou
For such a meed of vulgar rhymes from me,
When through all time and all eternity,
Thou shinest like the sun whom gods endow

With immortal fame ; and all mortals bow,
With love and adoration at thy shrine,
To thee as unto a man-god divine?
For ever wilt thou be what thou art now.
Earth and heavens rejoiced at thy heavenly birth,
And stars and moons and suns more fair and bright,
To celebrate the grand event on earth,
Illumed the skies with all their secret light.
And when thy mighty heart had stilled its breath,
All heavens sang thee a requiem of death.

December, 1899.

TO THE DEITY

If by my prayers could Thy heart be moved,
Offered in the spirit which Thou dost give
(Without prayers in peace I cannot live) ;
If all my prayers were by Thee approved,
What higher ambition in the world that I
Should crave or seek ? O God ! what else is there
For me to pine for but to cry and cry
For Thy attention and Thy love and care ?
What if hurled in the valley of contempt,
At me foul glances, dark as night, were cast ?
Father ! I would mock at their vain attempt,
And unscathed escape through the howling blast.
Be Thou my only Guardian and my Friend,
My Joy, my Hope, that cheers me to the end !

December, 1899.

TO THE SAME

Should I one moment cease to hear Thy voice
Ever heard round the mountains and the hills,
And resounded in oceans, streams, and rills,
Hearing which all human souls rejoice ;
Or, for a moment cut off from Thy choice,
And no more in light but in darkness hurled,
I mingle—fate unblest !—with the busy world,
O speak to me that I may quit the noise !
Sweet God ! smile Thou on me while others frown,

Nor me, Thy mortal sinful child, forsake,
Nor suffer me to sink still lower down ;
But let me still, redeemed, forgiven, make
My home with Thee, and sceptred with Thy crown,
My inward soul cry out "Awake, awake."

December, 1899.

FAME

THE wise from the fond thought of fame recoil.
O how wretched he who would wish his name
Wafted to distant lands on wings of fame !
Fame and glory befriend not honest toil.
Whoever in its field hath roamed abroad,
Hath failed to find, though late, full of despair,
That he must leave that region half untrod,
And shun that path, for there is danger there ?
I'd rather be a bird and sing all day,
Unheard of men, in my own quiet nook,
And as I tune my solitary lay
I'd sip of love from a whispering brook,
Than wish my name with each day's fair increase
Travel beyond the everlasting seas.

December, 1899.

LOVE'S APPEAL TO LOVE

IF thou, O love, couldst bring me this relief,
That if I should be where I can no more
Have sight of the dear image I adore,
I yet could strengthen more the sweet belief,
That of all thy thoughts, O dear one ! the chief
Would be for me, and in each severed hour
Thy love would feel an increasing power,
I then should have no thought for other grief.
If even in thy absence thou couldst prove
That mine except no image wouldst thou kiss,
And thou couldst feel and grow more bold in love,
Or I could know that thou wouldst never miss
Me from thy sight, though us fate while remove,
Earth were heaven, and life everlasting bliss !

December, 1899.

MY MOTHER

If but for a moment wouldst thou return
From thy happy home of eternal rest,
And once again holding me to thy breast,
Impart a kiss to thy sorrowing son,
It were bliss far beyond a mortal dream.
Or of the vanished light I can see no more
Could I catch, howsoever faint, a beam,
I might behold the face that I adore.
Fond dupe, thy son, to raise a fruitless cry
'Gainst Nature's unyielding, immutable laws ;
To heave remembrance's recalling sigh,
And call on God to change His fixèd course ;
To feed on hopes that cannot have fulfil,
To cry a moment and at once be still !

December, 1899.

KEATS

Were I immortal as thou art, sweet Keats !
Or were my name immortal stamped, I would,
Without being presumptuously rude,
Lay my immortality at thy feet.
Thou didst not die thy death, ethereal bard !
Never, never, thus wedded to thy lute.
Time or jealousy could not thy song discard,
Though death hath rendered it untimely mute.
Sweetest chanter ! the inimitable voice
I heard, as of a god that walked the earth,
Could not be stifled by envy's loudest noise,
Born of the heavens with an immortal birth.
Inheritor of lasting fame and praise
" A joy for ever " are thy priceless lays !

July, 1900.

LIFE AND DEATH

When I pause and think we must cease to be
One hope, coupled with a truth, is left behind
Like a sweet rest and comfort to the mind—

That we are creatures of eternity.
O thou bright soul of immortality!
Thine is the kingdom of eternal day,
From whence, I ween, thou wilt not pass away
Into death again or obscurity.
Thou art immortal, or who could endure
Thus to be lost and not to be regained—
The mere farce of to be, and be no more!
Though thou art on the earth awhile detained,
Thou shalt be what thou never wast before,
A life eternal, free, and unconstrained.

July, 1900.

IN CONTINUATION OF THE SAME

Why do mortals to worldly sorrows bend?
In vain are we tied to this earthly life,
And in vain we endure this severe strife!
No, no; it could not be without an end;
There must a Because on a Why attend:
A living hope beyond an empty dream;
A quenchless drop from the celestial Stream;
A blessing from the everlasting Hand.

To think and feel, and yet to feel no more
The bitter agonies of a tortured soul;
To live, as we had never lived before,
A life which will be one eternal whole;
To love without hate and to adore,
With no solemn peal the death-hour to toll!

July, 1900.

BEAUTY INDESTRUCTIBLE

Beauty and joy can never wholly die.
Sweet visions of delight may fly away,
Yet will I see, full many a lovely day,
On the white canvas of the silvery sky,
The cold ethereal moon busy at her task
Of throwing her girdle round the human earth,
Though now and then the clouds her face may mask,
And the starry sphere dance with new-born mirth.

Thus will kind Nature still for us retain
Beauty that never dies and pure delight,
If dreams and visions not return again,
Dreamt in the lap of many a vanished night.
No beauty shines and wholly dies away
But leaves behind of joy a lingering ray.

July, 1900.

JOY BEYOND GRIEF

THERE is enough of joy beyond our earth
If all our earthly joys away have fled,
And all our sorrows may not yet be dead,
Yet sudden happiness may have its birth,
And yet can we enjoy the longed-for mirth;
Still, still, there is joy in the midst of grief
And still can we find comfort and relief,
If we look beyond where joy hath no dearth.

Beyond, beyond the dark clouds let us gaze
Upon those thousand brilliant lights that gleam,
And looking on their bright celestial rays,
Find joy beyond this visionary dream.
And then let us from our memory efface
That we are drinking yet from sorrow's stream!

July, 1900.

A PEEP BEYOND

WHEN I stand and gaze on the starlit skies,
And think upon the wonders that may be
Beyond the skies which I but dimly see,
And wildly stare, and with a vain surmise,
With an unquiet heart, and 'trancèd eyes,
See those orbs, nothing when my sight debars,
Stand in heavens like a soldiery of stars,
My guilty soul her own false voice decries.

Save this none other thought she could endure,
That earth is false and heaven alone is true,

And thinking of this truth she feels quite sure,
Whoever trusts to earth at last shall rue ;
And dreaming only of those regions pure,
Scorns earth as a bubble of vain ado.

August, 1900.

LOVE'S ASSURANCE

ASSURE me that thy love is not a flower
Which in summer blooming, yields to the blast
From Winter's gory hands and dies at last ;
And that its strength, its fervour and its power
Could not be impaired by the bitter shower
Of Winter's rage-torrents, however drear ;
But be through all the seasons of the year
The same it dawned beneath the sacred bower.

I then no more would murmur or complain,
And from a lover's absent tears refrain.
If thou couldst prove that thou wouldst never cease
To love me ever with a lover's heart,
I would move about with a soul at ease,
For thou wilt love me, though from thee apart.

August, 1900.

TO MY FATHER

THE day hath dawned, and though the night is past,
I do not smile as smiles the newborn day,
Smit with a grief that ne'er will wear away,
Nursed in a memory that with life will last.
Five and ten years of sorrow have I seen,
And yet the stream of my tears is not quenched ;
Though in the midst of pleasures have I been,
All the long years my grief have not retrenched.

Prince-souled father ! obeying conscience' laws
Thou lived untainted with inglorious shame.
I shed these tears o'er thy remembered name,
And will, till gratitude itself will pause
And cease to recognise thy well-earned claim.
Thou art in Heaven, O father, plead my cause !

August 23rd, 1900.

LOST LOVE

ALAS! set is the sun that once was bright—
Set, oh, set for ever, no more to rise,
As will the sun of the orient skies,
The great and mighty sun of golden light,
And in its place is left eternal night,
Uncheered by those smiles which Cupid lent,
When lips with lips and soul with soul had blent,
And nothing seemed dark to my sunny sight.
Gone for ever are the sweet days of love.
Now thou art changed, who wast, so once methought,
Enduring as the sun ; but I knew not
That thou, O shame, wouldst thus inconstant prove.
Thee it hath left the freedom of the air ;
To me an outward hell of dark despair.

November, 1900.

TO ——

To you, O woman with a woman's soul!
Who like a secret sudden angel came
To save from shame a wronged and injured name,
Close on the hour my heart and mind did roll
In the ocean of a thousand agonies,
I tender up this verse, perchance whose worth
Be no more than its burial in its birth,
With lasting thanks, and newborn ecstasies!

Friend as you are of mine and her I love,
A friend ever remain! and from above
Heavens will their blessings shed upon your head,
And help you to do what is only good.
We both will bless your soul, as now we shed.
Reward of our eternal gratitude.

TO MY FRIEND

A FRIEND! a brother! nay, more than these thou art;
In thee the image of myself I see,
More than I can say what thou art to me:
My life, my soul, my heart within the heart,

Like to the sole star to the evening moon,
That never doth but to the night-Queen move,
Have I been unto thee—immortal boon,
Both one eternal in eternal love.

I fear no dark, nor the dreariest night;
Nor all the roughness of a wintry day,
For even 'midst darkness I in thy light
Still can walk, still can catch a kindred ray
From thy wild eyes, safe and secure in thee.
What the sun's to the world, thou art to me.

October, 1900.

TO MY SILENT FRIEND

WHEREFORE is thy tongue sealed up in its house,
Sweet friend? as if, leaping beyond its bound
It hath withdrawn, thus silent in its sound?
O speak once more, and let thy voice arouse
My drooping heart! Here sings the nightingale,
Piercing my soul with its intensest note;
But oh, what is this music from the vale
To one sweet sound from thy melodious throat?

Three suns and moons have risen since and set,
Cheering my lone path with their welcome smiles;
And yet, alas! my dear, dear friend! O yet
No sound from thee my weeping heart beguiles.
Though much hast thou spoken since we did part,
I pray thee speak, or it will break my heart.

TO MY ABSENT FRIEND

THINK not that, though from my heavenliest bliss
Awhile cut off by chance, O friend of friends,
Thou art forgotten! My soul thee-ward bends
And drowns itself in thine with inner kiss.
Why needest thou my love's spontaneous proof?
The deeper passion, mighty as the sea,
Rolls on to thy heart, like a stream aloof
From haunt of men, revolving but to thee.

Thou canst not gauge th' innermost well of love,
That in its destined and eternal course
Doth like the skies in divine silence move,
Whose depth is disturbed by Love's quickest force,
As vast as the infinite heavens above,
Whose inner prayer thy lost hopes restores.

August, 1901.

TIME'S ETERNITY

THE parting knell that tolls out the year old
Tolls in the new ; the stars that die, or seem
To die, whom ignorant mortals mortal deem,
Die not, but live in those that new unfold.
Thus Time itself is like time's deathless souls
That live and die and have new life again,
And like Eternity's twin-sister rolls,
Nor counts it change as change, but laughs it vain.

Change is not change that wears an altered face;
The new year repeats the same old year's tale.
Time hails time changed, and yet behind can trace
The dead waves that had in dead years their sail.
Earth hails the change which doth the earth embrace,
And vales and dales and gales resound—all hail !

TO SIR HENRY IRVING

THOU wert as yet a dream ; but when I woke,
And on the stage I looked upon thy sight,
Thrilled by the touch of an unknown delight,
My heart stood still. My soul its slumber broke,
And woke in thine, Irving, for thou canst move
The heart to joy and tears, love, hate, and sighs,
Murderer in murder, lover in love,
Piercing the soul with magic of thy eyes.

Nature unthriftingly hath dealt with thee;
That thou art so, it could not be in vain.
Who knows what yet is in her secrecy ?
Thou Genius of the stage, thou wondrous man !
The actor in the man must stop with thee,
The like of thee we may not see again.

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